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to Power

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

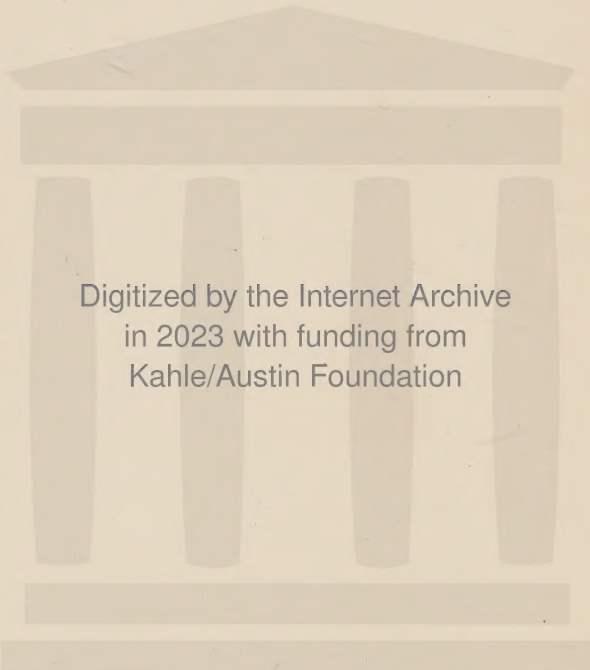


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PATHS TO POWER

*CENTRAL CHURCH
SERMONS*

BY
FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.



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THESE STUDIES OF SOME OF THE PATHS TO POWER ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
IN THE LOVE OF GOD, TO THOSE WITH WHOM AND
FOR WHOM I HAVE
LIVED AND LABORED WITH JOY IN
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND CENTRAL CHURCH
CHICAGO

—F. W. GUNSAULUS

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FOREWORD

Much of what is contained in this volume has appeared elsewhere. But not until last summer, at various Chautauquas, and this autumn, from my own pulpit, have I had opportunity to speak this message continuously and with unifying aim.

I have consented to the publication of these discourses, partly that I may redeem a promise made to my congregation at the Auditorium, Chicago, and to summer assemblies to which they have been given, but chiefly that the hope of their helping more of my fellow-men to greater spiritual efficiency may be realized. The messages, which have now taken this form by the aid of a shorthand reporter and the publishers, were first delivered and more briefly at Central Church on Sunday mornings in the Auditorium. I have, however, retained the larger treatment of these themes which the entire morning hour at the Summer Assembly made advisable. Here, each year, thousands of Sunday-school teachers, ministers, theological students, and lay-workers convene for instruction and guidance in the things of faith. This course of sermon-lectures is now sent forth without the abbreviation more wisely and always associated with my sermons from Central Church pulpit, because I have obeyed the wishes of these studious friends rather than my own. These addresses recall many bright and inspiring

occasions in my life and work with earnest men and women. God has wrought, at the time of our obeying these truths, even to the transformation of human weakness into power. That the printed words may have something, at least, of the helpful influence which He has already given to the spoken word, is my sincere prayer offered this morning as I begin the twentieth year of my ministry in Chicago.

F. W. G.

CENTRAL CHURCH, May 15, 1905.

I

POWER THROUGH A VISION OF GOD

"And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush, and he looked, and behold! the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed." Exod. iii. 2.

THE person and the scene are most familiar. It is Moses, the serious, no longer young, man, pausing on the threshold of a great career to behold the vision of God, and in it to find the secret of power for a long and hard life. Every man brings his history with him. This is the boy, now filled with the energies of manhood, who had been hidden from the fiendish eye of the slave power in Egypt, and who had floated with the tide in the little ark of bulrushes made by a mother's loving hand, and watched by a sister's anxious eyes. This is the lad, now wise with the learning which later made Greece and Rome, Germany and England, stand mute before the Pyramids and Sphinx, who had walked in the royal paths of Pharaoh's daughter and listened with a brain all crowded with far-reaching policies and alluring prospects to the brooding message of the Nile. This was the youth, now more deeply musing upon a man's problems, who had once been stung with anger at witnessing a blow from an Egyptian master upon the back of an Hebrew slave. He executed a swift

vengeance, and hid the lifeless body of the tyrant in the sand. Then he had fled from the palace of royalty, and found the tenderness of human love in his exile. And now, at the moment of this scene, he has left the flock of Jethro, which he has been keeping near the Mountain of God, and found himself at a cross-roads in life. This old record still breathes of that pastoral beauty and still holds the sublimity of that historic spot:

“And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, and he looked, and behold! the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed.” And Moses said, “I will now turn aside and see this great sight—why the bush is not burned.” And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said “Moses, Moses,” and he said, “here am I.” And He said, “Draw not hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. “Moreover,” he said, “I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God.”

The great truth to whose light and helpfulness I want to bring all the other truths which are illuminated in this significant occurrence is this, that in a true vision which the soul obtains of God, and in the method by which God vouchsafes that vision, lies the secret of power. Moses never before had an intelligent, and therefore adequate, hold upon himself; never

before had he a just conception of how his own life took hold of other lives and bound itself up with the fate of human society and the reign of God in the world. In the vision of God he gained the vision of himself as a being of duties and opportunities.

It is interesting to study the inner life of Moses before the vision of this burning bush and afterward. Nothing in the whole Bible more clearly than this gives the portrait of a man's spiritual self in those moments of mingled hotheadedness and indifference which are likeliest to occur before he finds God and himself in some hour of commanding vision, contrasted with the portrait of that other self when, by that vision, he has become an intelligent and conscientious force which knows no wasteful outburst of energy nor a moment in which its constant vitality is not at work. Years before Moses had felt, in that sympathetic and unintelligent way in which men feel the pressure of great wrongs, especially the atrocity of Egyptian bondage. He himself was an Hebrew in blood and inherited mental method. When an Hebrew was receiving the cruel stroke, he dispatched the Egyptian boss immediately. Was it patriotism? It was an unregulated and thoughtless outburst of indignation, which, so far as we know, did not spring from or leave a single fruitful purpose in his heart. Indeed, it left him poorer as to the equipment which a constructive reformer must have, rather than richer. There is always something enervating and dissipating in those fire-sweeping movements of the soul which kindle when the outbursting flame has not come from

a great truth or a torch-like principle lighting men on to a definite goal. He had to leave the very place where he ultimately had to do his duty, if ever it was to be done. Moses fled from the court of the king, and after years of love and exile, wherein not a word is spoken, so far as we know, of the unchanged problem which he encountered in that beaten slave, and which he does not seem at all to try to solve, we find him an Oriental shepherd. He is well married; why should he trouble himself about the big world and its perplexing questions? He reclines on the soft turf and counts the feeding flocks of a rich father-in-law; why should he worry about the people who are unfortunate enough to be in slavery, and fortunate enough to care little about it? Let the fanatics take care of those matters. He once was all ablaze, too. And he may think, as he looks out from the mountain-side over the delightful valley, that his enthusiasm cost dearly enough. Many men emptied of real power by a sudden discharge of very worthy wrath feel just that. But now, before the wretched self-content which keeps many a well-housed son-in-law and many an untroubled man from being of service to his race—just before that self-satisfied, comfortable, and easy life puts its cheap crown on, the native man in this shepherd has wakened to behold the vision of God. He sees the burning bush, and it means the revealing omnipotence of righteousness and the glowing but perpetual victory of truth. It gives another aspect to everything.

Many a man has had all his experience, save the recognition of the burning bush. You, too, have

been living in a world full of sin and cruelty and crime. In your ardent youth you have seen some proud iniquity beat its slave, and you have hurled yourself against it to put it out of existence. But there has been no guiding principle at the bottom of your act, no peerless truth lay like a revelation in your soul, no profound righteousness shone like a star above the swelling anger of your indignant spirit. More than these, no historical movement growing out of God's perpetual program authenticated your act. And that experience in trying to help the world has left you so much less strong. It has exiled you from the very society in which you expected to shine, and where you ought to have influenced men. It has so thoroughly impressed you with the littleness of your own power and the loneliness of your single effort that you are half ashamed that you tried to do anything at all. As with Moses, domestic life is now your chief concern. You have retired. To be well fed and well clothed mean more than they ever meant. To have a respectable income, even if it comes only by a fortunate marriage; to be sure of an easy, quiet life; to muse about nature; and at a great distance to pity the unfortunate—these are now of seductive value. When men talk with enthusiasm about other flaming truths of God, it is enough to remind them that once you were on fire, too, and that you burned out with great rapidity; also, that these glowing moments are engagingly brilliant, but full of dangerous heat and consuming flame. Your dead Egyptian did not save Israel.

Now, shall we stop there? Our lawless, anarchic attack upon wrong had no hope of right in it. No vision of the Permanent Righteousness working in and through all man's life shone through it. Is it possible that God has not for us all the revelation of Himself in the burning bush? Is it not certain that this same transforming power which then appealed to Moses and made out of a self-contented and easy life, a life whose flood of beneficent influence reaches the world of to-day, waits in the as yet unrecognized flame in some commonplace fact along the pathway of our lives, to transform us and to save?

Look at Moses after this vision! He has found God; and he has found himself as a man of duties and opportunities. Before he was easy and content; now there blazes in his spirit the flame of truth which shall become an ensign for the great revolution. It is fed upon a permanent and living experience. No longer shall the beautiful pastures enchant his spirit; now no foot of land shall be but cursed to him so long as Egypt bears the footstep of a slave. Before he was isolated and knew nothing of that fellow-feeling which soon made the life he lived and the life his kinsmen lived one. Now the full responsibility of humanity is upon him. He has a consciousness of being and living in the presence of God, and the luxuriant and selfish individualism goes out as the true sense of personality comes into him. How strange and new is everything! This thing is God's affair. Over the splendid sky under which he was delightedly watching the flock, was written, "Let my

people go!" On the rock against which he leaned, or in whose shade he fell asleep aforetime, quivered the words, "Let my people go!" In the playful brook and along the broad river on whose banks he had stood in easy grace and pastoral mood, there sounded the alarm to Pharaoh, the tocsin of war to the Egyptian throne, witnessing to the first movement toward freedom for the hapless slave, "Let my people go!" God had revealed Himself to Moses, and Moses was a transformed man.

What was that burning bush to Moses? What is it to men to-day? It was and yet is the vision of the fact that truth will burn, and by its burning, illuminate, and yet it is inconsumable. Principles will flame with living fire and make the very air to glow and quiver with heat, yet they are indestructible. Right, love of God, and love of man, will blaze in their significance and tremble with their withering or beneficent fire, but they know no consumption nor waste. They cannot be reduced to ashes; they are as eternal as God. That little thorn-bush which Moses saw has gone down into history. But it is not alone. It may be, it ought to be, in your experience and mine. It will be so, if we permit our God to reveal Himself to us. Do not think of it as an item of ancient history—a thing only of the irrevocable past. It is a permanent fact in God's spiritual universe. Wherever any noble creature of God has seen the truth, which, through a thousand heated struggles has burned its way into the damp air that men breathe, and perpetuated its existence while it

has made tropics in some polar region of public sentiment—wherever a man has seen it safe after all the fury of fire, still standing and burning with a divine glory—there has been the vision of the burning bush. Wherever any soul has observed a flaming principle, which, through dismal times has sent its illumination afar, still blazing after the eyes of men have been entranced by its revelation, waiting also while it glows with the fervor of God, and lighting up a new era or scattering the darkness of some new danger—there has been the vision of the burning bush. Wherever the quenchless right which has trembled with the divine fire through long ages, and warmed the chilly air and made bright the landscape around it, is seen even yet to abide in the furnace-heat of its old splendor and awaken men to new duties—there is the burning bush. Wherever some great heart feels the inextinguishable love of humanity which has known the drenching rains of centuries of doubt and despair, and still believes that man is God's child, and is ready with the old unconsumable enthusiasm to brave defeat and endure danger for man's sake—there the burning bush of Moses stands, and there a new Moses finds God.

What a commonplace thing was that little bush! Many a man had passed it and seen nothing. Moses, it may be, had looked at it before, but no revelation came until God shone in it and gave to its very commonplaceness the Divine glory of His presence. Yet that is the way of God in the whole history of human life. This is the history of power. The revelation

of Himself in the commonplace is one of the most interesting facts of God's dealings with men. God will not overwhelm his fine souls. He will educate them into fineness of sight. And the more we see of the nature of this burning bush the more we discover of the educational fitness of this characteristic of the event—I mean its littleness.

We all know that the point in every man's history, where he becomes the true and earnest man he ought to be, is where he is taken with the permanency and missionary quality of truth and right and love. "Try and enter by the *small door*," said Jesus. He went so far as to say, "Blessed is he who not having seen at all, yet has believed." Power comes by the quality, not by the quantity of revealed fact to a man. Love lives by loving. Truth is truest when burning. How shall a man know that? It is certain that God must get him to feel this, in utter independence of bulk or size or the multitude of the circumstances in which truth comes to him. What did Moses find in the burning bush which was not present in the controversy with the Egyptian taskmaster? Then, if he had stopped his indignation long enough to get an intelligent view of the facts involved, he would have read on the big sky the same vast realities. Right was right then. Truth was the indestructible thing then. Love of humanity was the same great power then. It was just as bad to whip that poor Hebrew; Egyptian slavery had the same rotten foundation as to principle then. The same enthusiasm for humanity thundered against the outrage of a nation in bondage

which spoke after the vision of the burning bush. There was just as much in the earlier contest with the Egyptian to create a reformer, just as much of principle and righteousness involved, as there was in the burning bush. But there was not as much of Moses. How did the bush arouse this man? Why, God was in it—that made the decisive difference. Never before did Moses see God shining in the truth that he was to feed upon through a long revolution; never had he seen the Omnipotent One behind the principle of it all. It was unilluminated and meaningless without God, and it had not yet roused him. Never before did he know that his love for man was God's love for man in him. All this the burning bush, with its voice, taught him. That bush without the flame was as insignificant as abstract truth without God in it and through it is always insignificant. That bush, dry and thorny, without the flame, was just as significant as is much of what we talk of as our love of humanity, where no God of love shines through it, and, as He makes it blaze, still keeps it from destruction. Only God's interest in abstractions makes them realities of life.

Just this makes the difference in men of a certain sort and their working power. Many good men have the paths of their lives hedged by the same bushes, the same uninspired principles, the same unilluminated truths, the same impersonal righteousness. These are as meaningless oftentimes as was the bush by the wayside. But some rare men have seen behind and within the abstract truth, the personal Head

of the universe! Around and through the principles which they rely upon, are the glory and power of the Sovereign of men and things. Shining through the fact of righteousness is the righteous God. Great is the hour for him, when a man sees that. O what a change this vision makes in men! Now, and ever after, they are ready for effort and service. They are practical idealists, while others by their side are speculative only. They are for action, while the others are content with meditation only. And the history of human helpfulness attests the significance to mankind of that moment in the life of any pastoral, quiet, self-satisfied Moses, when the same fact which was but a thorny and cold thing to another soul begins to glow and burn and at last to speak to him with the personal voice of God. That is the burning bush.

It is a great thing to know that along one's pathway are such things as great principles and eternal right and valid truths; but it is much more when a man cannot look upon a great principle without seeing and hearing in it the authority of God over his soul. Don't put yourself off with anything which goes less deep than this. Information is no substitute for experience. Around the person of every Moses of reform or helpful serviceableness to mankind, there have been noisy multitudes who were able to tell more about the growth and history of the bush than Moses knew, or needed to know. It is the soul who hears and confesses the voice of God in the flame—he alone leads every Israel out toward the land of promise.

Right here, then, I think we may return to think

a little more of God's most interesting method of leading men, as it reveals itself in the mind of Moses. I have spoken of the commonplaceness of that bush. None but the Divine Educator of Moses would have revealed the secret of heaven and earth there. And yet, in the burning bush always every Moses first sees and hears God. The burning bush is the testimony to the presence of infinity, all unrevealed to our eyes oftentimes, in the least important of the circumstances and occasions of life. Never until Moses could see and hear God in that little flickering flame, in the modest and unattractive bush by the wayside, could he or would he have been the man out of whom the beneficent revolutionist and statesman of coming days might come. Truth is truth, right is right, principle is principle, everywhere. O if we only could feel this! A man who can never see the divine authority of truth until some great council or convention proclaims it has none of the material in him for human leadership. He who never recognizes principle, until its illustration is drawn huge upon the skies of history and colored into its vividness by a nation or a church, has none of the seer in him; and the seers lead the world. God might have spoken to Moses by some big event, in some vast way. That would have fitly shown how massive God's hand or voice was, but that would not have found the interior and essential Moses which the trying future would demand. Moses had work before him to do, as has every man, which must be left undone by any soul whose sight is not fine enough to discover the significance of that incandescent bush,

...

and whose ear is not deft enough to catch the voice which spake in the midst of its flame. Never has there been a great leader or a real helper of men who has failed to see that truth, principle, right, each is one. That eye alone can understand the larger which sees intelligently the less. A man must know the infinity inside the right, burning but inconsumable, which is trampled upon or struggled for, in some neighborhood event in human life. He must be able to see the Divine Self inside the principle which shines above any little transaction of man with man. Only so can society create a commonwealth. He must know the God in the right or the truth which is begging for championship in some insignificant occurrence, in the whirl of business, the rush of trade, the movement of society, the action of each man with his fellow.

To see that is to see the burning bush. The philosophy of it all is this—all great and little transactions and contests have the same truth and the same right and the same principle involved. What are the basic forces of statesmanship? The forces which lie beneath the individual's simplest duty reach to God's throne. No man is likely to stand strongly for purity and truth in any public capacity who has not beheld them and listened to God's voice inside of them, in some burning bush near to his own personal pathway. And again, if his statesmanship reaches the lofty moral grandeur of that of Moses, it will do so only by bearing up through all the wider circles and realms of his career what he saw in the solitude and seriousness of his other days in some burning

bush. God's training of the eye of Moses began where, by His grace, all training for great deeds must be begun. Give a boy the ability and desire to discover the presence of God as Ruler, as Judge, as Inspirer, in every truth, in every principle, wherever he finds it, let him learn to hear the Divine Voice speaking out of it in the least event of life wherein the right burns and is not consumed, and you have fitted his soul for the loftiest duties of earth. When he comes to Sinai's thunder and lightning he shall understand them. With intelligent courage he may die grandly this side of Canaan, and with an absolute faith in the omnipresence and omnipotence of truth and justice; because God flames in them, he will strike there, as a fortune, the forbidding rock of experience; out of it hidden streams shall rush, and he shall fall, like Moses, into "the Everlasting arms."

Poetry, and indeed all literature, reveal life so truly that the personal note which we hear in this story is there nearly omnipotent. Nothing can extract the personal element from life, when it is lived or interpreted at its highest. As we look back over the career of Moses, we find necessity for what I shall call the personalistic attitude toward life and its tasks. His business in the world was strenuous enough to bring out the integer of character. Almost from the first, Moses was not a man to get on without a consciousness of the Eternal Personality. We say that some men are more personal than others. Surely the note of personality was so intense and vibrant in Moses, that is, he was so much of a per-

sonality, that the universe would have been lonely and vacant to him, had he not dealt with the personality of God in all his work. This gives him what we find in Browning's poetry—a personal attitude toward a personal God. We all agree that there is truth, but not the whole truth, in Matthew Arnold's words:

“ ‘Yes, write it in the rock,’ St. Bernard said,
 ‘Grave it on brass with adamantine pen!
 ’Tis God himself becomes apparent, when
 God’s wisdom and God’s goodness are display’d.

“ ‘For God of these his attributes is made.’
 Well spake the impetuous Saint, and bore of men
 The suffrage captive; now, not one in ten
 Recalls the obscure opposer he outweigh’d.

“ ‘God’s wisdom and God’s goodness!—Ay, but fools
 Misdefine these till God knows them no more.
 Wisdom and goodness, they are God!—what schools

“ ‘Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore?
 This no Saint preaches, and this no church rules:
 ’Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.”

God is more than wisdom or goodness. He makes them what they are. God was not the bush to Moses. God was in the Voice in the bush, and God made the bush to burn, and not to consume away. But here is another utterance often quoted by those who dispense with the idea of personality. We have Tennyson singing:

“ ‘God is law,’ say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
 For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

“ ‘Law is God,’ say some; ‘no God at all,’ says the fool;
 ‘For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool.’

“ ‘And the ear of man cannot hear, the eye of man cannot see;
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?’”

No; He is more than the vision. Moses would not confuse the vision with Him Who is behind the vision. He would rather say, in those other lines of Tennyson:

“Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!”

Moses' spirit and grasp, his mental attitude and discovery—these are more nearly represented in the great words of Browning, who has been called “the poet of personality”:

“All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour;
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground, to lose itself in the sky,
Are *music sent up to God* by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.”

Moses would have appeared very uninteresting and crude to Matthew Arnold with his pale impersonalism. Robert Louis Stevenson said that he pitied Arnold, on hearing of his death, because he thought Matthew Arnold would not like God. The personality of Moses clung to and was reinforced through personal relationships with God.

Moses would end his life in a song, like his farewell address, but not like that sobbing and scolding poem which is logical consequence of Tennyson's later pantheism as expressed in his “Locksley Hall

Sixty Years After." What a reply that was from the Moses-like man—Gladstone! He completely contrasted its dark account of things with the triumphs wrought in an era which had not lost a personal faith in a personal God. Gladstone had been working with Moses, in and through the tortuous and troublesome events of time. That was a mighty personal life which began at the burning bush, recognizing something behind the bush, and speaking within the bush—something which was not the bush itself, and yet gave significance to the bush, for God Himself makes right to be right, and principle to be principle, and truth to be truth, because He is essential Being, and the Soul of all. All powerful leadership depends upon recognizing the Life behind what else were dead enough, and coldly abstract—principle, truth, and even goodness itself.

We all know that George Eliot had great quickening and molding power as a literary artist, but when she came to create or to reproduce the features of a great personality like Savonarola, she had to abandon the region of vague impersonality, however direct and strong might be the influences of abstract duty and truth and virtue upon her own mind. She had to get him up in some other atmosphere than that of her fancied "choir of the Invisible," as she understood that choir to be constituted. She reveals the striking personality of the Italian reformer only in the vivid and vivifying atmosphere of a personal God.

George Eliot has touched this strain of personality in her poem on the death of Moses. She looked like

a Jewess, because her mind and heart were thus formed. She had the Hebraic conception of the "*I am that I am*," namely, the continuous soul of history binding the consequences of triumphs and experiences of one age to those of another and through one increasing purpose. She dropped into our literature the jewel-statement "Our finest hope is finest memory." So it was to Moses, as he led that procession onward, following the bones of Joseph. Moses' task had such roots in the past of Israel, and it had to bring forth such fruit in the future of Israel, that nothing but the vision of the Soul of all history, the Eternal One who unifies all eras in His own comprehensive life, could have intellectually equipped Moses for his privilege and duty in the world. This was the sap, making all alive from root to fruit. George Eliot herself forsakes the idea that impersonal law will hold human beings to their duty. Israel must have law incarnate. She confesses the worth of such a personality as Moses' in her concluding words, spoken, as she says, by "Invisible Will":

"He has no tomb;

He dwells not with you dead; He lives as law."

Personality is the blossoming place of power at its highest.

Moses' personality was Israel's anchor. How much was that of God to him! Creative and regulative, stimulating and bracing, is the personality of God. Every Moses must hear the Everlasting One saying to his soul, with the intimacy which binds

Moses to his God in a task which concerns them both: "I have surely visited you and seen that which is done to you in Egypt, and I will bring you up and they shall hearken to thy voice." I dread the weakening which must be the consequence of a lack of vivid faith in personality. Human power is the result of Divine power in a man. Moses' personality was strengthened by his vision of God's personality. The power with which Moses spoke to Egyptian tyranny is the consequence of the power with which God first spoke to Moses himself.

Are we not making too much of this event in the life of Moses and of its lesson? Ask the writer to the Hebrews, when, in his eloquence, he pauses at the name of Moses, as he mentions the imperial names of Jewish story, for the purpose of asserting the quality of true faith. He says: "Moses, when he came to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for *he endured as seeing Him who is invisible.*" That, then, was the secret power of his career—his vision of the invisible. That was the turning-point in his life, when he saw in the visible burning bush the Invisible God. Ever after that, in any problem, let this man get again the experience at that bush, and he is fearless and capable. Too much of this

event? Ask Moses himself, when life's course is run and the hour of lonely death on Nebo has come to him. His note of praise, his song of triumph, and the seer-like farewell address of that ancient leader gain their most rapturous tone when he looks back through the long years, across the perplexing questions, and over the terrible struggles, and sees one chord of life quivering through all the past, and he prays for the "good will of Him Who dwelt in the bush." There the secret of power was found. Sinai was but the unfolding of what the bush suggested, and the glory of his old age was but the maturer splendor in sunset of this early illumination.

My brother, you and I will never have any more power, until we have more reverence like that of Moses. It is very characteristic of so rare a spirit as Moses, that he should say, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." "I will see *why*"—curiosity and awe, how beautifully mingled! For when Moses first noticed it, it was simply "a great sight"—a flame which did not consume. Every quality of mind which the study of his after-life may discover was enlisted here. Always the deeper the nature, the more genuine is its wonder, the more profound is its sense of mystery. There never was a seer without great strength of imagination. Any other great idealist must have stood, as did Moses, with the power of his soul made alert and startled into extraordinary activity by this unprecedented appearance. Just that impressive surprise and wonder will possess every other really sincere spirit

who shall come up, in some hour of God's revealing providence, face to face with the fact that every truth and every divine sentiment or passion burns with the heat of its own God-given suggestiveness and force, yet never is destroyed. Moses is safe from profaning the spot with his familiarities, only after he hears the Divine Voice saying: "Draw not nigh hither; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Just that questioning advance which Moses made toward that bush will be made by any true soul when first it sees, somewhere along life's pathway, any principle flashing with flame and blazing with heat in some contest of right with wrong, and yet yielding nothing to the combustion, losing nothing in the fiercest fire. He is a dull man who, unlike Moses, does not feel that it is thus far "the great sight" of his life.

It comes to the young student of history like a day of Divine revelation. He sees what his soul finds is the miracle of all goodness. He looks into his own time. Here is a truth, which away back there in the centuries gone, was apparently burning up. Men said the little bush would soon consume to ashes. Wiseacres declared, with patronizing smile, "O it will have its day, and then cease to trouble sensible people." Still it burned. Another century came, and its Moses saw it, and many a poor, lean soul said, "O you would better attend to your flock. Don't spend your life working in the air. These sheep demand your attention"—all forgetful that principles, and not sheep, rule the world. Still the bush burned. Hampden's great age came, and some

Washington saw it. Still it burned. Another era came, and Lincoln saw it—still it burned, and it has never consumed away.

More often, as the student of history knows, does the true Moses see it in the complexity of some little personal problem of man's ordinary life. Then he says to himself, "Why, this is the principle for nations as well as for individuals." Then some Swiss Republic comes from that burning bush. Wordsworth's words become true:

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules
Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

But the fact does not satisfy. Its mystery charms and excites the mind. Moses turned aside and said, "I will see this great sight, *why* the bush is not burnt."

Many a Moses has stopped with ethical formulas and endeavors of subtle analysis for years to find out *why* the bush is not burnt. Why does right last and wrong reduce itself to ashes? Why does the enthusiasm for humanity seem to gain with every fresh sparkle of the flame, and why does the cruel carelessness of barbarism consume away? Why does truth live by expending itself and error die by its missionary efforts? No question can keep an earnest soul with so subtle a charm.

God deals with the human soul after the same principle of Divine leadership, in every age. Never can the profoundest speculation on the subject make

the mystery less interesting. Moses met another method of God, the moment he advanced toward the bush. God said to him what, at some time in the study of such mysteries, He says to every thoughtful soul, "*Moses, Moses.*" He touched for the first time the personal self of the Hebrew leader with His own Personal Self. "Here am I," said Moses. In his discovery of God, Moses had found himself, as every soul must. Then comes into action the old method of God with the soul, when He says to it: "This mystery is the mystery which inheres in Me and My presence in the true, the good, and the beautiful. It is not yours to understand, but to use. You are standing on holy ground now. 'Draw not hither. Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.'"

This is a great step in the progress of any soul toward the practical, useful understanding of God. Then it obeys this voice out from the heat of the flame. Many a soul stands by that bush and loses all the benefit of God's revelation of himself in the true, the good, the beautiful, blazing yet unconsumed, because it will not recognize that the mystery of it is to be used as a mystery, not to be analyzed into the category of life's comprehended facts. God says to our speculation and rationalism: "Draw not hither. Take off thy shoes from off thy feet. The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Heaven pity the soul which has no holy ground! After all, it is the reserve of life. Everything else may grow arid and meaningless, but if there lies somewhere in the soul a mystery which, like this, may be given to every

spirit, a mystery which charms and soothes, which also excites and controls, a mystery with a voice in it proclaiming its right to be and remain a mystery, *there* it has a sacred spot, its holy ground, to which it may ever return and find all the old power. Men are great by the length and breadth of "holy ground" in their lives.

Only by this vision of the missionary, and yet eternal, qualities of the true and the beautiful and the good, does the soul ever find the continuity of human history. And that is what every Moses must get into his mind, heart, and will. God is behind in ages gone; God is here as He was there. All history is sacred. It is all a revelation of God—"I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob." The divine continuity gets into a sublime minute. One fact connects and relates the ages. A man can never deal grandly with life's problems in other than the spacious eternity of God. A powerful stroke means room behind—retrospective; and room in front—perspective. Jesus had a true consciousness of God when He said, "Before Abraham was *I am*." Power in idea and execution belongs to the man who is sure that the sovereign energy of the universe is not merely the "I am," still less the "I was," or "I shall be," but the "*I am that I am*." How personal it all comes to be! God is in right and He makes it flame with meaning. He is the fire in principle, the blaze in love, the burning power in truth. They are the beacon-fires of the race's pilgrimage. Alone they last while the generations pass away. Man is never out of sight of their

ardent glow. His children come to hear the same voice from the center of the flame—the voice which has scarcely died away on the ears of their father. Human life is thus, under God, one and indivisible.

Bring these truths into your life, my dear friends. Stand by your enthusiasm of love; it is your most significant hour. Fear not that any good or truth can consume away, though it seems to be burning up. Love the mystery of the burning bush so much as to trust your life to it. Do not try to understand it, but use it, and you will find it out. Be reverent. Keep your “holy ground,” and when death comes it will be enough to have “the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush.”

Principle, unnoticed and trampled upon by the wayside, yet all on fire with God; Right, so cold and thorny without it, ablaze with a personal presence; Truth, unheeded and commonplace, yet aflame with a divine significance—these, there and then, were vouchsafed to Moses. He was a “prophet” because he saw these. No man can do the prophet’s business without *at least* this experience as part of his equipment. More will come and must come, before we may have complete power. The greater Prophet, which these visions enabled his eye to foresee afar down the ages, has come. The song of Moses has its own fit and loftier strains in the Song of the Lamb. They who sing find them one anthem in heaven. No more does man depend upon some rare insight, some finer sense of the seer, some vision of the coming truth which is not consumed. Jesus has been in the world, is in the world to-day, and says, “I am the

truth." Truth was aflame yet unconsumed to Moses' eyes; truth is incarnate and burns without loss of splendor or of heat in the soul of the Christ. Moses knew not, until his eye of prophetic vision rested upon Christ, what the burning bush had of profound meaning. Never, until we gaze in adoring love upon Jesus our Lord, buffeted, tried, scorned, hated, persecuted, led upon Calvary, crucified on the spot wherefrom the ages have lit their torches by His burning yet inconsumable life—never until the Incarnate Truth at the moment of its hottest flame proves itself most indestructible, does God, in the burning bush of Moses, become the prophet of God in the illuminating, yet inconsumable, person of Christ. The lesson of the Old and New Testaments is the same. God has no revelation which does not lead to and teach this and every other spiritual fact in the Incarnation. Once Moses was to find the secret of his life in God's revealing of Himself in the light of the blazing bush. To-day every soul is to find the secret of its life in that complete revealing which God makes of Himself in One who says, "I—I am the light of the world." That light kindles by every pathway, yet it does not fail. Jesus lives in every great and little movement of our life, and when the blaze of His glory seems to consume to ashes some truth, some principle, we discover that He is its very life; and that it is never so safe as when it is flaming with His quenchless love for man. May we to-day draw reverently near this burning yet unconsumed life, and be saved.

II

ENDURING POWER THROUGH A DEEPER VISION OF GOD

"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Hebrews xi. 27.

A NATION is said to be humanity on a large scale. Certain it is that you may profitably study the human soul in a more ample atmosphere, if you direct your attention to a whole people or the race. The lines come out more vividly. It is of the greatest advantage when you may study both its typical man and his nation together, especially when their features and energies and limitations are revealed as they confront a common problem, and when they thus move before you, each influencing the other toward a common destiny. When we thus study them, as we have been studying Moses and the Hebrew people, we soon perceive that what makes a great leader for a nation will make a great nation for him to lead. Another and more specific idea will stand out, both in nation-building and in the building of the personal character,—faith in the worthiness of the Divine Character to dominate and guide life is the primary and the most important thing. The conviction that all-mightiness is all-goodness is the generating conviction that brings forth the essential and highest life of a people or of the separate soul.

It has the supreme educative function. It alone fathers and mothers that spiritual impulse and outlook which take the form of stable government. Tell me the character of what, or of Whom, you acknowledge as your governor, and I will find the portrait of it, or Him, in your character as one governed.

Now, some one may say, "Well, if you are going to try the character, even if you are to examine the worthiness of what you own as the Divine Force or Father in the universe, you are only making a mightier god of your own testing powers; you are taking the Eternal and Omnipotent from His throne, and you are placing Him under an examination in which the examiner is more nearly supreme than the thing or being examined." There is no answer to this, except that which arises from the fact that God and man are at one in moral faculty. Because of this alone, is any understanding or communion possible as between them. As a matter of fact, the Supreme Power appeals to you and to me for a recognition of His moral supremacy. Everywhere God says, "Come, let us reason together." We will not forget that we are a long way anterior to the Christ's vision of Divine Fatherhood, when we think of Moses and his age and his problem as to duty and God. But, if we have grasped earlier truth, we will see all later truth come out of it. This man Moses, if he gets hold of truth, will inevitably prophesy Jesus Christ Who shall come with more truth about God; for it is not Moses' truth and Jesus' truth, but it is Truth—all truths being one. God is not superior to

His revelation of Himself in man as a being made in His image, even if we cannot step from Moses to Jesus and speak of man as God's son, realizing his life in the Fatherhood of God. His right to rule us abides on the ground of a common moral perception between us. Man is so made—we may say he is so God-like—he has such native elements of moral supremacy in himself that he will recognize and bow to infinite worth, even though *he* be finite. Worthiness will appeal to him not in vain; and he will discover a basis for estimating things and beings, not by quantity, but by quality, not because the universe and God are infinite as to space or time, but because they have about, or in them, what *ought* to be everywhere and what *ought* to be always. Beneath it all is the confidence that, in the long run, *what ought to be must be*. Goodness only is might.

It was a great and simple word of Dorner, that the most important discovery of our time is the essential unity of man and God. We may call this rationalism, if we like, but so long as the Supreme Power of the universe appeals to man's supremest powers of apprehension for a larger understanding of Himself—so long as the Highest appeals to the highest in man through the highest, whether that highest be an abstract idea of goodness or a concrete personal Christ, Incarnate Goodness—*so long*, man's highest faculties will at least assume that he must trust more and more this authorization and his right of appreciating and pronouncing upon everything in accordance with worth and worths, all through the universe.

This view of your prerogative and mine, this confidence in the sincerity of the challenge which the Unseen Power of the universe offers to our faculties of appreciation, is in harmony with a vitalizing and conquering faith. It is a faith that works itself out in this way, sometimes; we first realize that what we respect and obey as *power* manifests itself in the universe as physical; that is, it is brawn and bone. A little later, perhaps a long time later, we begin to see that brawn and bone are under the dominion of brain. Real power, finer and higher power, comes of brain or through brain. Thinkings make and remake things. Latest of all, do we realize that the highest and most efficient power is neither physical nor mental, but moral. The issue lies not in what brawn may determine, neither does it lie in what brain decides, but it lies in what conscience says. "What *ought* to be?" is the all-inclusive question. As wisdom is a greater power than mere power, so righteousness is a greater wisdom than mere wisdom. As wisdom is the sanction and guide of power and enforces power, so righteousness is the guide and sanction of wisdom, and it alone makes wisdom perpetually wise. Anything or anybody who would be truly supreme in the soul must therefore make a *moral* alliance with the soul. Worthiness will triumph, and some time we shall hear the anthem "*Worthy* is the Lamb that was slain—worthy *to receive power*." In this light, Lotze has said, "The world of worths is the key to the world of forms."

A Moses can never do the work of a Moses in the

world, until he sees sanctions for the laws which proceed out of the plans and purposes of the Infinite—yes, such sanctions, as that, when they are spoken, they have their undoubted echo in his own character. A faith that has power in it for life's crises and its tasks is a faith which comes of character resting upon character. Nobody has lived far into the life which is possible to a man, without realizing this. I do not deny that this seems to put an awful, and almost perilous, jurisdiction in the hands of human reason; but if man is to live a reasonable life, he must believe that this is a reasonable universe; if he is to live a wise life, he must believe that it is a universe embodying wisdom; if he is to live a good life, he must believe that it is a good universe. If he is to believe any of these things, the Supreme and Infinite Mastery which gives laws to his life and appeals to his consciousness must at least seem to him to be the Reason, and Wisdom, and Goodness behind and in all things. This alone will be his God.

We must go even further than this. Our age has heard an eloquent but somewhat misinformed man appeal from certain irrational, unwise, and, as I believe, base views of the Eternal God. That appeal has carried the day at the centers of human self-respect, and men have thrown off many conceptions of the Ruler of the universe which do not accord with morality, wisdom, and reason. The question has been asked, "Is God a Christian?" with the same interest with which Moses asked of God, with less understanding of revelation: "What is Thy name?"

“An honest man is the noblest work of God,” was the ancient saying recently turned into the glittering statement: “An honest God is the noblest work of man.” Do not be disturbed at anybody who sees beneath apparent ribaldry a truth of value. It does take character to influence character and build it. As man grows stronger in intellectual activity, he realizes what a mighty proposition it is which asserts the being of God and that it is a thing to be mightily proved or attested. Modern thinking has shown this. We owe more than this to our modern thinking and experience. We see that the existence of God for us really depends on character. Our Moses has encountered difficulties in his duties and opportunities as a man which have driven him to seek not irreverently a vision of the ethical significance of the Being with Whom he has to do. Even the offensive dogmatism of infidelity has not failed to serve the true God. Hideous masks have been torn away. If it is atheistic philosophy which makes it impossible for our Moses to believe in God on what was formerly sufficient evidence, it is man’s interest in and his serious and noble labor for grand ends which have made him reach down and up into the nature of God and accept Him only as man has grasped nothing less than the hands of Infinite Love. God’s existence cannot fade before a laugh; God’s character, upon which man relies, when he does anything manly or godlike, appears glorious in the furnace heat of man’s great trial.

But the fact that sincere men have found their

way through the sneers and coarse humor of a peripatetic joker and reached the point of asking the question "Who and what is my God that I should obey Him and be guided by Him?" is very significant. It is not such a frightening event as that men anywhere should remain careless as to their conceptions of God, or, the moral description of what men prefer to speak of as the Universal Energy behind and in all things. You will remember George McDonald's four lines:

"Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God;
As I wad do were I Lord God,
And Ye were Martin Elginbrodde."

Poor David could well have said of this epitaph, "I'm no sure a' ta gither aboot hoo ye'll tak' it, for it souns rather fearsome at first hearin' o't." There is a hopeful reverence in it. A true poet makes the tragedy of Saul's life appear only when Saul fears that "The Almighty greater is, than good." Man will say these things because self-respect has its root in a respectable deity. They have been repeated, not altogether faithlessly, but often with the deepest understanding of the perplexing interests of souls who would revere as well as adore the Infinite above them. There is a theology of civilization. The order of progress is first, "the new heavens," then "the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." We cannot be unconcerned about the character of our God. Man is aware that if the *A* string in his nature is to respond as the sound-waves come

upon it, it must respond because the *A* tone comes commandingly to it, upon or within those sound-waves.

The Moses of the twentieth century, whether he is to lead a mob of serfs from some Egypt of humiliation and darkness to some Canaan of civilization and life, or just to make a march for his own soul from the external splendor where he is dying to Mt. Nebo where he lives most when he dies—*this* Moses cannot be indifferent to the moral authoritativeness of the Being above him. His laws he cannot obey at the springs of his character, unless he at least thinks he *ought* to obey them. If they are good for him to obey, it is his to frame them into codes for conduct. These laws must be the utterance of the very nature of the Power which ought to rule, and will rule, only because it is right and wise and efficient that He should rule. The real and true name of God, spoken *to* the soul, because it is spoken *in* the soul, will make it seem reasonable, wise, and good to enshrine these laws in all life and make life their new expression. What his God *is* to him—not what his God may have been to others, not what his God may be even to him—this and this alone will create and give color to his loyalty, or transform it into disloyalty; it will give clearness to his thinking, or it will muddle his brain to inefficiency; it will give steadiness and strength to his will, or it will soften his purpose into impotence.

I urge you to-day to look your own task squarely in the face, refusing to underestimate what it teaches of the seriousness of life and its demands upon you.

But as you do this, stand sympathetically by this man Moses and see if your problem is not at root his problem. Where am I to get enduring power? What did his vision of God do for him and through him, toward the civilization of himself and the civilization of the people whom he influenced? This will be for us to ask searching questions of our ideas of God and their effect upon us.

The author of the letter to the Hebrews tells us that it was Moses' vision of the invisible which gave him power to endure. "He endured as seeing *Him* Who is invisible." This quality of endurance goes deep and has a comprehensive hold upon the entire character of a man. Endurance is not the effluence of some one beacon-like faculty. It is not the manifestation of what we call genius. It belongs oftener to the less brilliant of the children of men. Moses was no more a genius than was Washington or Alfred. No separate faculty, or federation of several faculties, stood out and reigned in that partial and weird splendor which amazes us in Napoleon or fascinates us in Alexander. Yet these other and plainer men are the men who endured through their life here, and the streams of their influence are more enduringly potent to-day than they ever were before. The truth is, that the most profound and inclusive question to be raised with reference to the greatest of the servants of mankind is this, *how did he endure?* And if you may obtain a sight of the hidden resource by which he was enabled just to last through it all, or stand it, as we say, till his work was done, you have

the secret of the man revealed in the power that made him and the secret of the power that made the man disclosed in its product—the man himself. No ordinary, temporary, or partial influence or ability can make a man an enduring man. Men may be made so that they fight one good battle, and even furnish flashes of splendor from an interior flame in several contests, when they are fed interiorly and nurtured on something less than the highest truth and the eternal reason. They play an aspect of life's game well. But life is a many-sided and long game, and you get your enduring man, only when *all* the faculties of his mind and the affections of his heart and the purposes of his will are drawn in orderly obedience and eager loyalty around a common and supreme reality which suffuses them all with its glow and welds them all into the unity of character.

How shall human capacities and faculties be thus formed into a squadron of power? How shall *all* of a man be organized or reorganized? I do not doubt that this is the first personal problem which is encountered by every such a man as Moses. We have seen his weakness in his apparently most brilliant moment, when impulse was not associated with idea, when passion was unrelated to principle, and he slew the Egyptian slave-master. He did not lack intense and vigorous abilities, but he lacked self-organization and self-sovereignty. No human soul ever obtained these—self-organization and self-sovereignty—without being organized by Something whose sovereignty was so unquestioned and commanding that every special

power of mind and body hastened into orderly relationship with every other. Then the whole man found himself grandly obedient to the Power which made him powerful, to the Wisdom that made him wise, the Reason that made him reasonable—shall I not say it?—to the *Goodness* that made him good. The business immediately before Moses, as it lay in the plan of God and in the hope of man, offered him no holiday task. It required nothing short of the enduring power which must get on without salvos of welcome to hostile camps and gay banners fluttering hospitality in difficult territory. His work would require the confederation of all the faculties of his intellect, his emotions, and his will. He would have to bear, in order that he might do. He would experience strains upon himself, before he could relieve the strain upon others. In short, he would have to live such a life—victory would be so hidden within defeat all the way through it—that its fitting close would be his own death, the most sublime and pathetic in all history, on a lonely mountain and this side of the visible triumph of his heroic ideals.

I once read of an edifice in which the sun shone down through a mighty lens fixed at the summit and crowning the central point of an ample dome. The sun seemed to love to pour his very self through the transparent glass which shivered with radiance at the triumphal point where all the lines of that dome met, after mounting so nobly from the pillars below upon which the dome itself rested. As a consequence, the light fell into the building in such a way that

every room opening from the center, where gleamed the glorious cross, was filled with radiance. Such was the nature of Moses under the revelation of God, and any true characterization of his power must always portray the centralness of the man. The greatest of all facts and factors—God—shone down into the soul of this man. The Highest poured His nature into Moses at the highest point in the nature of Moses. That is the point in every man's nature where man's character accepts the character of God as *goodness*. The realms of intellect and sensibilities and will are like deflecting rooms below. The lofty and revealing opening from man's finite nature into God's revelation of His infinite Self is the place of faith. There occur the mighty events of man's life in God and God's life in man. There, if at all, my friend, God has captured you, by the overwhelming presence of Himself in human nature, and then you said, "*God is good.*" That is the most determinative sentence a man may speak. Let us see what and how this enabled Moses to endure.

He endured himself; he endured other people; he endured facts. Yes; Moses' first and continuous problem was with himself. In one of the colleges at Oxford, every stone of which is eloquent with some echoed name of worth or fame, a window still bears an etching which tells the story of the most decisive epoch in the life of the most chivalric and beloved of England's kings. It says merely this, that there he mastered himself. There his sovereignty over men's hearts and hands was won. No kinglier man in

faculty ever began to vindicate his right extraordinary to be a sovereign of men, than was this Moses, when he first found himself on his own hands—a fact to be endured. The number and weight of his abilities confuse such a man. His very strength casts an awfully thick shadow, when the sun is behind him. Men of shallow conceit, who were never kingly in gift and to whom the finer sovereignties are forever denied, never have a moment of this man's shadowed experience. Dante, with his soul of wastes, craggy summits, tortuous defiles of darkness opening into abysses of gloom—he knew the color and dripping midnight dews which Moses felt in his heart. Cromwell, with the awful grandeur of a national regeneration, at once a dream and a duty, disclosing itself to his faithful spirit, aware only of the infinite measurements of obligation which made every little pathway of time seek the roadway upon which God's axles blazed along—he knew the humiliating consciousness of weakness before God. In both these men there was no lack of that uneasy and unpromising self-scrutiny which makes one weaker still. Moses will always stand forth as the example of those who easily become over-sensitive about the significance of themselves, in the sincere effort to get rid of themselves. Introspection, begun in self-abasement, may grow egoism itself. You almost pity the man—for large size never renders a man less worthy of our sympathy—when he wakes to the real problem of himself and finds what is the measure of his possible success or failure, as every man does, in the presence of what

God and man are demanding at his hands. We commiserate still more the man who has never learned the meaning of his own life through looking into the life of others.

There is a nobility in Moses' first cry, as he surveys the Egypt which he sees from the back of the wilderness, and that Canaan which vaguely lifts itself as a yet unnamed goal before his imagination. "Who am *I* that *I* should go unto Pharaoh and bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" What honest nature worthy to do anything, in the way of emancipating men from their slaveries of sin and ignorance has not cried out, "Who am *I*?" He may appeal to his unique place and his training. But it is very easy, even when Moses is seeing justly his own unmatched position and the importance of himself—very easy indeed to weigh himself so often with these, that either comes to weigh too much rather than too little. "Who am *I*?" How soon this humility, which goes so far in self-depreciation, comes to be a diseased consciousness of self which prates too much! Oh, this first personal pronoun "*I*." Behind it, how often the human imagination has tarried so long, that, in the decay of courage, a certain phosphorescent fascination has gone forth from it. *I*—this is a more burdensome mystery, because we feel that we ought to know all about it. It is hard to tell when the soul of a noble but unorganized man passes from an underestimate of himself into an overestimate of his own importance as a problem. *I—I?*—The greatest blessing that can come to any

Moses—a blessing fundamental to all other blessings that may ever come to him—it is this, that, now and here, God lifts him out of himself and dominates him, as a mighty tide lifts some iridescent wave whose emerald summit has just broken into snow and commands it, engulfing its own with oceanic influences while the tidal music comprehends all subordinate melodies. So Cromwell was lifted out of himself. He learned to endure himself; and he cried out in truth, “One never mounts so high as when one does not know whether one is mounting.”

No fact can relieve a true man of the burden and embarrassment of his own personality, save one—the personality of God. An impersonal force will scarcely interest him. When Moses said, with sincere self-scrutiny, “Who am *I* that *I* should go unto Pharaoh?” he weighed Pharaoh’s personality in opposition to his own. Pharaoh and *I*—one was in the scale against the other, and it seemed an unequal contest. God answered Moses. Another personal pronoun “*I*” fell upon the air. It was the *I* of Almighty God. God said: “*Certainly I*”—I love that “*Certainly*” of God.—“*Certainly I will be with thee.*” The *I* of Moses was lifted and lost sight of, at least for one revealing moment, in the “*I*” of the God of Israel. How decidedly was Moses delivered from himself! Hear him now. A new question has come up in his mind; the old one about himself has gone. The emphasis of the enterprise is not now placed upon himself at all. His lesser “*I*” has vanished; the omniscient “*I*” alone is sovereign and

important; and Moses says, "When *I* shall say: The God of your fathers hath sent *me* unto you; and they shall say to *me*, What is His name? What shall *I* say unto them?" Then the Almighty answered in the gift of a name which was indeed a name, for it was a description of His own nature, "I AM THAT I AM." "JEHOVAH."

In this declaration, how comparatively unimportant seems the question of Moses, "*Who am I?*" My brother, it is never a fundamental question. God does not answer it to any hesitant soul, except in the revelation of Himself. The resources and inspirations of every great task are not in Moses, but in the power which he calls supreme. No man sees himself, or knows himself, except as he knows the life that is his life, the spirit that inspirits him. And to understand or to hold this revelation of God, one must use it. God's command to Moses is, "*Tell Israel: 'I AM hath sent me unto you.'*" How swiftly the tyrannical figure of Pharaoh which had lorded it in the thought of Moses, vanishes from his mind, when he braces himself with this new name, so fully descriptive of the character of God. Pharaoh was honest when he said: "*Who is 'I am that I am'?* I know not your '*I am that I am.*'"

To name the power of powers "*I am that I am*" is to declare that the Soul of all history and all hope everlastingly *is*. All true philosophy of history begins in that moment of which we have the account in the words: "And God spake unto Moses and said, I am Jehovah; and I appeared unto Abraham, unto

Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of *El-Shaddai* (The Omnipotent), but by the name Jehovah, '*I am that I am*,' I did not make myself known unto them." We cannot overestimate the new inflow of power which comes when one realizes that the Almighty One is the "*I am that I am*"—the living Soul of all public progress and of all personal history.

Every soul passes through these experiences with God, if that soul is on the way to power. God is not only All-Power, but All-Power with an *eternal* program. In his exile in Midian, Moses had found, still more grand and awe-inspiring than ever before, God as the Omnipotent One. There was enough in that name by which his fathers had worshiped God, and enough in their deeper experiences in obeying and serving Him as He was thus apprehended, to suggest, even at the time mentioned in the Book of Genesis, the name Jehovah. The latter was involved, but not yet evolved. But, at this hour, its meaning was truly revealed, as past ran through present into future events. Moses had to have an outlook. God uttered to the growing life of Israel the helpful truth. Here was a prophetic idea of God. Henceforth the people Moses was to lead, including himself, were "*the people*," not only of the Almighty, certainly not of Baal or Moloch; they were "*the people of Jehovah*." The Eternal now binds past, present, and future. A long step had been taken toward that far-off hour when the greater Jew, whose life was indeed a burning bush, would teach his followers to say, "*Our Father who art in heaven*." Here was the covenant-

ing God—the supreme God of promises. Ask yourself, “Has my Sovereign made me any promises? Is there anything promising in His character? Is there a future which makes the past sacred, God being in both?” If not, you have not taken the step toward spiritual power which I am trying to persuade you to take.

O my friend, tossed about with the superficialities of time, which are so easily stirred up because time is shallow as eternity is deep, I would that I could get you to experience something of the mental poise and comfort which come to one who has arduous toils and who must endure to the end, when the Supreme Power of this universe in which he works whispers it into his unquiet soul: “*I am that I am* hath sent you.” The past, present, future, alive with God! Ah! here is a fountain of power.

Moses is spoken of as the meek man. It is a word whose closer meaning here is “*tamed*.” No tamed man was ever born so; and no man or set of men, even no woman or set of women, no force or series of forces of earth, ever tamed a man. Moses’ mother, his sister Miriam, and even his wife did not tame this strong and passionate creature. They exercised their affections, admirations, and irritations upon him for many years in one or the other manner, but he could not be tamed by them. We are told by the apostle that “the tongue no man can tame”; and Moses had a tongue. Sometimes the tongue had Moses. He himself said he spoke unadvisedly with his lips. He was in another difficulty as to endur-

ing himself, on account of this matter of speech, for he even complained that he was not eloquent. Cromwell had a "sharp and untunable voice." Moses apparently so far misconceived the urgent necessity and the endowment for sober and constructive statesmanship, that he was willing to meet them with the limitations of the orator. Such men know not that even a Gladstone may talk too interestingly and long, and a Gordon die during the "cackle of debate." In other respects a great untamed man he was, and he had to "move upward, working out the beast." In his company, walk men like Jacob, Peter, Luther, and William the Silent—and they were all tamed men. No! it is true, "the tongue no man can tame," and least of all can any man tame a whole man. But God Himself can tame a man; and He tamed Moses into one of the greatest and best of His servants. Were we talking about Moses' endurance, and did we say that "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible"? Yes; he endured training in the invisible, by the Invisible One, as, for example, in the little burning bush. But you cannot fancy that intellect, heart, and will being trained by One less supreme over him than the "I AM THAT I AM." Intellectually, this gripped him. The Almighty One—Supreme Power would never have won his supreme powers. The power that moves in the history of man toward grand ends caught the imagination and confidence of Moses. He would see more later. All greatness reveals goodness.

Every man who does great things labors in the

eternal NOW. "*I am that I am* hath sent me." O, what illuminating and steadying power comes out of such a reflection! Of this power I have already spoken a little. I cannot speak too much. But this power is most clearly seen as it unfolds itself through the evolving life of Moses and that of every man. We must go with him through another crisis to realize that what is *involved* in this shall be *evolved*.

We behold Moses as a man with a job on his hands which requires jurisprudence. He is coming down from mountain-heights of vision with the revealed law which will, as he has right to think, establish and develop government and progress among his people. If they are ever to work with God, they must do it through obeying the law. Let us remember that God's own being which was described in this new name, "*I am that I am*," was to Moses the source and reason of the law. We know full well from our own family life, that, if declared law has any sanction within it, making it something that others feel deserves obedience upon their part, if it commends itself to us until it takes hold of our natures, it must be an expression of the very life behind the law. This gives one at least a personal interest in obeying. One does not otherwise have the conviction that obedience has a moral value. Here we are with the matter of personality again. It is the personal soul having some interest; through law and experience, with the personal ruler, that develops moral power. When the ten commandments were carried by Moses down the mountain-path and into the neighborhood of

the Hebrew camp, Moses was bearing to them the expressed will of God. He himself had risen to the lofty experience of communion with God, so far as God had revealed Himself as the "*I am that I am.*" God was no longer a name of Almighty Power, but a power for righteousness in man's life. Law for conduct had come. Jehovah was henceforth the living foe of iniquity, the reason of universal order, the pledge of ultimate, and therefore just, civilization. His people's business in the world, ever after that moment, as they moved against the dark background of contemporary religiosity and pompous superstition, was to "make for righteousness." Standing for this, Israel was to be the sublimest spectacle and the most efficient force in all the world. The nation possessed ideals for both the church and the state. These inhered in the law which was first God's intention written out, and, when accepted by them, it was the "Sovereign law, the state's collected will." But see what occurred.

In his ascent to Sinai's crest, Moses had not taken the people along with him, mentally and spiritually. He had been gone for a whole month. Such was the mental and moral altitude of Sinai that the idealist Moses was singularly remote from the Hebrewdom below the mountain summit. Isolation of greatness does not always produce power, even in a Moses. How far and how long he had been absent from them was made clear to him when, on returning, he heard music and dancing, and he saw them repeating the disgustful memories of Egypt, debasing

themselves and outraging his fidelity to God. They were actually worshiping the golden calf in an effort to hold to some kind of divinity. Was the "*I am that I am*" too metaphysical, too much a challenge to the intellect, too little an appeal to the heart? Certainly here was a moment when Moses needed to endure himself and others for whom he had pledged his life and his all; yes, he must endure himself while beholding a demonstration seemingly incontestable as proof that he must fail with his own people, for whom, under God, he had assumed leadership and labor. This was too much. Moses could not endure it. Down upon the common rocks and earth he threw the precious tables of stone, and they lay broken in the shadow of the mountain of God. So evident and painful was his people's moral disaster to the mind of the great commander that his sorrow knew no bounds. But what about his own moral disaster, when he failed to endure? Nothing is more pathetic than his grief when he realizes what has been lost, not only by their return to the foul god Apis of Egypt, but by his own failure to hold them and to hold himself in the critical hour of their national infancy. The wooden framework of the golden calf might be consumed in fire; its golden covering might be ground up and the powder strewn upon the brook which flowed from Mount Sinai. Guilty men might have to drink of it forever, as we always have to drink up our past. Three thousand men might be slain, and yet—and yet, none of this changed a single reality. Here still was the law. Had it not been broken? No, only

the tables on which it was written were broken. Here was Moses himself, and here was lawless humanity! Even yet civilization could not be achieved without laws which must be obeyed. The validity and sanction of every law, and even the law itself, were still real things in the nature and, therefore, in the plan of God. They were real in the necessary development, and, therefore, in the program of humanity. As long as God is Ultimate Being, and man is made in His image, whatever has occurred to make Moses lose hold of himself makes it only more evident that God and man *must* get together in the enterprise of government. No government can exist permanently without law which is the will of the governor and is to become the will of the governed. Moses will have to go back to the heights of Sinai. It is his greatest duty and his noblest privilege.

All of this story is the biography of your soul and mine, my dear friend. Read it again in your experience, if you will willingly again take the next step, which you need to take to obtain enduring power. It is no more evident, now and here, that Moses must have a deeper, richer, and a more commanding vision of God, than any which has been vouchsafed to him, in order that he may endure, than it is evident that you must have the same, and for the same reason. Moses' failure has been your failure; and it reveals the same incapacity for leadership. Shall I relate your experience? Long ago, the loftier element in your nature led you out of a certain slavery which your soul hated and feared. Like a gang of slaves,

the sightless lower elements of your nature followed along. The higher elements of your nature appeared at times to comprehend and catch the breath of far-off daytime—the worth of liberty. The lower self complained of the cost. On, over weary days and nights, your soul traveled, as did that Israelitish host, the lower elements of your nature often a little homesick for Egypt and muttering discontent. But the aspiring quality of your nature still kept control. At length, there came an experience with conscience. You always believed there was *The Almighty One* to deal with. Then you rose to the vision of the “*I am that I am*”—God in the history of the past and that of the future. The privilege of working with the Eternal Now was seen. God appeared interested in conduct. A more ethical power moved you toward Himself. Then you were led to Sinai. Sinai was wrapped in thunder-cloud and lit up with flame, as Conscience always is. O, it is a great hour when the highest faculty of one’s soul gets the moral law, God’s legislation, which is the utterance of God’s plan, revealing God’s nature! It is a sublime, if not the sublimest hour that any man knows when all the qualities of one’s nature accept this revelation from conscience and a man binds himself up with the ideas and purposes which God has for him. But, my dear friend, this did not occur. What did happen? Moses came down out of the mountain and his miserable crowd of stupid Hebrews were in a licentious orgy. We see the frightful distance between the best of one’s self and his worst. Is there anything as

discouraging as this for the Moses-part of a man? He has failed; they have failed; and the confusion of soul makes us think that even the law has failed, though it has not been tried as yet. We forgot that here is where law and government are to succeed if they are worthy of our trust. The tables of stone are smashed to pieces; the best in us has "waxed hot"; we have lost control of ourselves, and it is all over with morals and the enterprise of being good. Now what is to be done? Prayer and sorrow and pleading all over, *Moses must go back to the heights of Siani*; the soul must still have law, in order to have government, and the only law that will command a man's soul must be the revealed will of Him who made man in His own image, so that man may enter into His plan.

Do not fail to see that this is the crisis in the life of Moses. It means a good deal more now that he should again get right with God, than that the foolish people should get right with Moses. If he can get the right idea of God, and some deeper and more commanding view of the character of the Eternal Who is behind and within this law, he probably will be able to hold himself next time in such a crisis, and accomplish good with those who are depending upon him for order. O, perhaps, he will trust the law to meet disorder and its God to vanquish rebellions! He must first order himself; and that he may order himself, he must be ordered of the Being Who made him. *Efficient* as was the influence of the name "*I am that I am*," which newly and more profoundly

described God to His servant Moses, it was not *sufficient*. Moses must now have a more interior and inspiring vision of God. It must grip him at his innermost centers—in *his heart and will*. The sanction of the law had not hitherto been enough to enable Moses to endure such a shameful festivity as he saw there at the foot of Sinai; and so he simply got mad and let go the law in his wrath. Government had apparently perished; the necessity for government never was so stern and plain. Killing the guilty did not restore government; it never seemed so fruitless a way of dealing with men. Even the mind of Moses was not comprehensive enough—only the mind of Jehovah, as revealed in Christ, has proved to be comprehensive enough—to hold in one faith and hope both the law and the lawless. But something must be done in that direction. God must be revealed as having a *heart* toward blundering and sinning humanity. For Moses, without a divine outlook upon mankind, that orgy marked an hour for righteous indignation. He lost heart as well as head, just as you and I have done. God says to him, as He does to us, “Ascend Sinai again. Come alone—for you have been dizzied and confounded by a loud majority. You must realize the power of a minority of one with *Me* behind it; Come up early in the morning.” O, blessed moment, when we hear God saying to us, after we have lost the moral law because our lower self has overwhelmed our higher self with shamefulness, “Come up in the morning!” *Up*—that involves the greatest supposition of ethics. “Up” or “down”

morally means right or wrong, and that man is an ethical being. Moses went up obediently. O, the rich experience in going *up*, in reaching the crevices of the mountain of God! Have you never had it, my brother—the re-giving of the law of God to the same poor hands which threw it down because your heart had never felt God's heart behind it and in it all—the goodness of God? Nothing can describe it. You remember that when Moses went up the first time he saw thunders and lightnings only about God's presence. Now, "they saw the God of Israel; and there was under his feet, as it were, a paved work of sapphire stone, and, as it were, the very heaven for clearness." Such is the experience of a soul which has failed and gone obediently back for a new copy of the old law which it has transgressed, and which it cannot do without.

But Moses cannot receive the law again intellectually and spiritually without a larger power to take it—that is the power of faith. Faith is the character's confidence in a character. Moses must be more strongly apprehended of God, gripped by His character, that he may apprehend, grasp, and hold on. He will endure. He will endure, and why? You say your view of God makes little difference with your conduct? It alone makes an infinite difference. Moses will still be Moses; but he will never fail again where the sanction of the law is involved. Hear him pray: "*I beseech thee, show me thy glory.*" The divine answer came: "I will make *all my goodness* pass before thee; and I will proclaim

the name of Jehovah before thee." God did not decline to open His very heart to His servant, and Moses saw *goodness* reigning there. Intellect may be satisfied with Absolute Being; "*I am that I am.*" Will may worship the Almighty One. The heart of man will cleave to the Good God. Hidden in the cleft of the rock, we are told that Moses saw the "back" not the face of Him. O what beautiful child-talk this is to the soul! Always the goodness that comes to us is testimony that God *is* and is gone, to leave His effluence—*goodness*—elsewhere. But what a moral motive and sustaining power had come to hearten Moses! God's glory is His goodness—not His power, not His continuity, not His wisdom, not even His justice, not even His truth, related as these are in character; but His *goodness* is the deepest, truest reflection of Jehovah. The "*I am that I am*" is Being Absolute, Eternal, because He is the *All-Good*. Moses was leading to Christ, in whom we see that "*God is love.*" His heart was touched.

It marks a stage in the race's theology, and in the moral capital of any man. The test of a theology—which is man's view of the power that is supreme in the universe, the power with which, or with whom, he has to reckon—here and forever—the test of it all is found in the morality, the conduct, which that view inspires and establishes. O joy, that my God is good! God is God because He is essentially good. I must be good to be God-like. I fear we are often laboring and failing for lack of the power which this vision furnishes. Up to this later hour, the morality

of Israel could not be satisfactory, even in such an essential point as worship. Neither is yours or mine. It has broken down amidst a glorious, though a trying, series of events. No heavenly informer had yet answered to Israel's own heart the question, "O Jehovah, what is thy real glory?" Has the heart-throb of the Eternal touched us? Other nations before had made the power, or the wisdom, or the justice, or the truth of the Supreme One, to be its, or His, glory. They had found their life and institutions determined by this ideal. So we have built our lives, even at their best, with no direct and loved connection with the Highest. No Sinai code could enforce itself in human nature, trained toward some better idea of their own life, as Israel had been, if Moses and the people had felt nothing better behind their law as its authority—nothing better than power, or wisdom, or justice, or truth. Goodness alone is ultimate. Your soul and mine must be glad to say "O God, how I love thy law, for I love Thee," before government is possible in our deepest selves. God must get the consent of the governed in man's heart. The law alone was impotent, for there was, as yet, not evidence enough of the Christly element—*goodness*—shining through it, to command and win loyalty.

"All law," says Burke, "is benevolence acting by rule." We accept the rule, because of the benevolence which, we are persuaded, is behind it. That is to say, as history proves, Sinai's utterances are successful in producing morality only by sympathetically attaching the governed to the energy behind the law

by which government goes on. Thus this whole event is a Christian triumph, before Christianity was born. Moses was the prophet of Jesus Christ. The law here, in its failure, is a tutor leading to Christ—goodness embodied—Jehovah incarnate. At last we must come to Him. Christ indeed must write God's laws in our *hearts*. We must have Christ that we may see God's complete revelation of Himself. Every obedience of higher truth has led to the Incarnate God. Israel saw that God's goodness is His real glory. The nation was assured. They all took heart. "They drank of that spiritual rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ." Will you take heart? Then you must trust in the good God.

III

OVERSHADOWING POWER

"The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." Luke i. 35.

(A Christmas Morning Narration and Meditation.)

WHAT an announcement, at what a moment, to what a soul, and from what a source! "The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." The voice is that for which the human heart always listens when life's issues suddenly become infinite; it is the voice discerned only when a silent abyss springs between the tiny energy one has and the mighty duty one is called to; it is the only voice that travels sweetly through human speechlessness; it is the voice of God. The listener is a Jewish maiden who now knows an instant of startling revelation of herself and her place in God's awful universe. Nothing but the promise of power may brace her up and comfort her in such an hour of mingled light and shadow. It must be a particular kind of power. That power must be the power of the Highest, for her trial and triumph will exhaust all else in moral quality. She is so loftily called upon that any low supports will fail; yes, the inspirations usually called *high* will fail; even what people call the *higher* motive-powers will fail; only the power of the Highest will help her to stand the strain.

Why? Her child is to be "the Son of *the Highest*." When He comes, angels will sing "Glory to God in *the Highest*." Mary's spiritual income must be up to the level of her spiritual expenditure. It must be an affair of the Highest, all the way through. But more than this, that power will be *overshadowing* power, beneath whose kindly hiding the Christ may be born of a virgin and live His life along with her own.

Now, it would be idle for us to review the life of the Virgin Mother, if we were to assume that the power which steadied and sustained her was dealing with a nature whose humanity we do not share. Let us honor the Mother of Jesus with all just reverence; but let us not lose the help of her victories over trials of apparently peculiar severity, because we lack true insight into our own spiritual experiences. We shall find the mighty fact of motherhood in every human soul. It is irreverence to discard our own soul-privileges and powers. Mary's experience is the analogue of each soul. Goodness, the ideal, truth—God Himself is revealed by the human soul's mothering. "*Born of a Virgin*"—it is not a profound science or a true philosophy which would take that out of our creed. "Conceived by the Holy Spirit; born of a Virgin"—when that description of the advent of a new truth goes out of our account of it, we will have lost sight of one of the most revealing aspects of truth itself.

By and by, there will be a fuller statement of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Then we will acknowledge that a new truth, a new ideal, a new goodness of any kind comes without earthly fatherhood. The mind's

new and redeeming impulse is, "conceived of the Holy Spirit." Let a poet truly sing of the manner of song:

"Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
 In far retreats of elemental mind
 Obscurely comes and goes
 The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
 Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
 Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
 Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
 But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
 The meaning of the riddle of her might;
 Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
 Save the enigma of herself, she knows.
 The master could not tell, with all his lore,
 Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped."

Will we believe only this much as to the origin of all our best things? Yes; "the wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof; but thou dost not know whence it cometh or whither it goeth." As the human soul attains its mature power, it experiences the soft, sweet whispering of unaccountable spiritual impulse or the unheralded presence of a new ideal of life within it; and it can give no history of the result save that God must have done it. The best things we find in our minds have no human parentage. They are spoken not to us, but in us, and by the Holy Spirit.

Now, I propose, with all reverence and prayer, to claim for each soul the high privilege which comes from the soul's divine nature. I must believe in the presence of the Holy Spirit in the soul. I wish to speak some words to my soul and your soul, as we

walk and live with Mary—words that may help to sustain, comfort, guide, and illuminate any soul who would have the experience of bringing into this world a fresh vision of duty, a new power for righteousness, a higher ideal of life—any true energy of the Essential Christ.

We have already found this phrase, “The Power of the Highest,” to be a very illuminative one. Only in such an exhaustive experience as this which challenged the faith, obedience, and vision of Mary, may we understand it. Then we see that the highest power is the power of the Highest. That is the teaching we received from our study of Moses and his problem. Energy comes from the Divine Energizer. It is not the effect which Mary received from a *belief* that there *is* such a power, or from a belief *in* the power; it is nothing less than the presence and influence of the Highest *as the power* that makes Mary equal to her problem. God Himself, and He alone, can be powerful enough, and God alone can be powerful enough by His overshadowing. It is not primarily an inspiring, uplifting, commanding, or conquering power which this shrinking maiden needs—it is the *overshadowing* power; give her this and all else will come. Every soul must have it, in order to mother a fine hope and live along with the growing good that saves and the heroic ideal that leads the world to God.

Let us look sympathetically at Mary’s experience that we may happily see what may be our own, by the grace of God in us. There is no such moment

in a soul's life, as that when it secretly feels that something dear and sacred, a new truth, a new ideal, or a new vision is coming out of one's own life. Then when one realizes that this new and good thing is divinely originated, is more than we are, and that it will be the true Lord and Messiah of our life. No one may say that such an experience is impossible. Nay, rather, it is for each one of us. It is the birth of Christ in us. And true it is that

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn."

We must cling to this truth, if Christ is to be to us a living Christ.

In such an hour, when the soul is startled and solemnized by the discovery of some higher ideal of life pulsing within its own life, what else but the overshadowing of the Highest shall keep one steady? Let us look at Mary as she begins her journey to her cousin's house and to Elizabeth; and we ask at once, "Can even the power of the Highest overshadow this girl?" Can we not hear her sing to her heart, "He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret place of His tabernacle shall He hide me"? No maiden ever set out on a journey with a heart heavier with the reason for her going than did Mary of Nazareth, whose shy glances met the shadows in the deep valley out of which she was walking from Galilee toward the hill-country of Judea. Let us be reticent and true in speech! Mary, a home-keeping virgin, was coming upon an experience which she was right in supposing would give her an unenviable reputation. She was

soon to become a mother. It would make her seem an impure girl in the eyes of men, and it might result in her being an outcast and a despised one among her people. The overshadowing power accomplishes the divine work of protection from one's self and from the scrutiny of others, gradually. True, an angelic message had to come to Mary. But they who may hold converse with the heavenly visitants may hear also the chatter of fiends. The soul of Mary could not have escaped, even in the warm radiance of that unforgotten memory recently made by the angel of the Annunciation, the invasion of those cruel doubts and fears which stole in upon the meditations of this intensely Jewish girl trembling with her high destiny. Do not expect your soul to escape the fear that the usual and customary morality will be violated, even though your new thought be a mental Messiah among your dry repetitions. A new and redeeming vision—nobody can explain its advent to the Scribes and Pharisees of our life.

Mary traveled on, the whole landscape about her a memorial of the hours of light and leading in the story of her people. Circumstance and the light drifting afar from greater days—these alone, however, could not hold her up. Glorious traditions or bright recollections never can hold your soul up to its finest loyalty, when the privilege of truth has come. Yonder towered a well-known height. Yes, it was Carmel. If she faltered, she was beyond the reach of the voice of the Puritan-prophet, Elijah, who had endured his anguish of soul in those thick mountain-

forests. Like a monument of God's power to succor the despairing, the summit rose and burned with the sunset. It was very impressive and towering; but it was not as tall as her fear. Besides this, the rugged nature of Elijah had never felt the melody and stress of such an inbreathed hope as now dilated her life and then appeared too vast for her to entertain. Mary had to be overshadowed, both from the grandeur and the gloom of her condition. This gloom was upon her. She knew that no angel had known the awful cost to human faith which was made evident in those moments when a reaction followed the courageous belief which was hers. Then it was that she saw only the possible abyss of shame into which a girl of her lineage might fall. O the price which the soul pays for mothering a grand idea!

One hundred miles lay before Mary's timorous feet, ere she should reach Hebron amidst the hills—the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth. Her heart was even yet vibrating with the chord struck by the angel in her imagination. But an imagination touched so divinely could not always make music dominant over the discords encountered in the new and wondrous path leading to the house of her kinswoman. She would doubtless arrive, but even then the doorway might have shadows upon it, like the trouble of her spirit, when the angel first told her that the Lord was with her in a marvelous and as yet unfulfilled experience. Any soul that can hear God's Gabriel say "Thou art highly favored" is a soul which must have moments in which it can hear only the cry of birds of

prey like those which were then flying below the crest of snow-covered Hermon to which her eye often turned. More bold and clear than the height of Tabor, standing close to Hermon, was the fact which had impelled her to hasten to her kinswoman, Elizabeth. It must have become gloomy at times, as was the mountain at eventide. To whom else could she tell all her heart? Mary was strong in the citadel of her moral consciousness. She reigned over herself by right of whitest purity. But the shadows were deep, for they were those made by this lofty and intense light. God must often shade us from the glory of His own purpose. Then the darkness, too! Nazareth was a town with human beings in it, and Mary was human. These human beings were Jews who shrank with a divinely educated sensitiveness from the cold depths of public shame into which a Jewish maiden might be led to execration, and Mary was a Jewess not exempt from the effect of the opinions of her neighbors. O, to be over-shaded from their talk! She could tell people of the visit of the angel and of his great words, and that he had told her not to fear. But these recollections of hers might not assure them. She knew they would not believe those things in Nazareth. It was a lowly and narrow place—a spiritual Nazareth. Many there had forgotten the prophecy that the Messiah should be a virgin's babe. But the unforgetting God was with her. She would trust in His shadow, and she could sing the words of a psalm: "Thou shalt keep them secretly in thy pavilion, from the strife of tongues."

Something more than this quickened Mary's anxiety. At Nazareth was a Jew named Joseph; and if all the world went against her, it was just a woman's prayer that he would not flinch. She could endure it all, if he faltered not. She had promised to be his wife, by and by. Every one in Nazareth knew the village carpenter, and that she was betrothed to him. This was so nearly equal to marriage with Joseph, that a legal process would have to be gone through, even before the betrothal could be broken off. In him her property was vested, and he had vested his faith in her. His trustfulness and good reputation made her conscious of what he might suffer. Of him she was thinking, as her feet pressed the soil of the plain upon which the hosts of Israel had been valorous in victory and defeat. In his veins ran the finest blood in Israel. He was an heir to the kingdom, and his royal lineage had not vanished from his or her thought, though he was a workingman. God's effort to dignify labor, however, might now break Joseph's heart. O how often has a soul which has just been made certain that it is to nourish a fine, high, unpopular ideal into life—how often has *that* soul feared for some dear companion-soul who has also to pay the price of revelation!

The mountain-walls stood up near the sky, but the horizon of her trouble reached beyond them and to the ends of the world. It was a world-pain she felt; indeed, her unborn child was being educated in sorrow big with a world's blessing. Darker than the shadows on Carmel, which had deepened from purple

into common midnight, must have been the doubts that beset her as she tried to sleep, and dreamed of Nazareth, finding then that she had not left her questionings and problems behind. Possibly, the next morning, as Mary hurried on, a little home peeped from out the vaguely descried landscape dotted with hedges and palms and gardens, and the girl's heart was near to breaking when she mused upon the possibility that Joseph, whose espoused one was taking such a journey as this, might refuse, for what would appear to men the best of reasons, to keep his troth. Then the Power of the Highest overshadowed her.

While months had intervened between the betrothal of Joseph and Mary and the marriage, to which she, as one chosen for a bride, looked forward, these same months had brought their culture and development to the twain in the hill-country. They had given their bliss and hope especially to Elizabeth, wife of Zacharias. When Mary started out, Elizabeth was only a hundred miles away from Mary; but she seemed an infinite distance away, when Mary thought of the contrast in their cases. Of much concerning Elizabeth the angel had told Mary, and she reflected that her good cousin was a married woman—a priest's wife—and that her husband had been praying with her for years for the child who was soon to be born in that home joyous already with perfectly proper welcome. In these hours Mary drew for strength and comfort upon the experience which she had known with the same angel, Gabriel, who had spoken to Elizabeth, and the vast and rich hope it inspired

that now could not fade. It all came back to her assuringly. The Shadowing Power was there.

It is likely that, when Mary dwelt with the inspiring fancy of being the mother of the Messiah, it wandered radiantly over her soul, after she was betrothed to her beloved Joseph, who had a legal title by descent to the throne of King David. The angel had saluted her, and said to her tremulous spirit: "Hail, highly favored one, the Lord is with thee; blessed among women art thou." The simple-hearted Jewish girl was not less alarmed, and she was yet too fair-souled and too true to all the proprieties of her home, not to be troubled. But soon the noble power of her nature to entertain divine purposes and the plans of the Infinite asserted itself. Yet she considered. No fantastic conception of this lovely Hebrew maiden will ever be able to take away the beauty of the human portrait we have in her, when she "cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be." The angel had exceedingly honored her; he had said "Hail," as if in obeisance. It is refreshing and soothing to those less favored who still must question God's angels, to think of this virgin of our humanity pausing here and seeking light. This is the way—the path to the power which overshadows. She had not the larger expectancy of being the mother of the Messiah of humanity. High indeed was the power which had led her so far in faith. But only the power of *the Highest* could lead her on to the mightiest outlook upon destiny. "And the angel said unto her, 'Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found

favor with God. And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call His name JESUS. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever and of His kingdom there shall be no end.' ''

It has been an interesting fancy of the Greek Church that the angel discovered and accosted Mary at the village fountain, where the young people thronged. The Church of the Annunciation has therefore been builded over this fountain with as much pious devotion as inspired those who, on the other hand, believed that she was found by the angel in the grotto in which now two pillars rise to mark the spots on which the maiden and the messenger are said to have stood. Faith does not indulge a passionate exactitude as to time or place. God has hidden these spots and blurred these days oftentimes, for a spiritual kingdom might be hindered from convincing men by spiritual powers, if the minds of devotees had visible or accurately defined memorials to fondle. No; we do not know when or how or where our best things come. Here we have the attesting sign of the presence of the Holy Spirit. Deeper than the foundation-stones of those pillars, and greater than the beautiful church, are the permanent emotions and thoughts in our human nature which compel us to follow Mary beyond the valley in which nestled the little city of Nazareth. We go with her, evermore, as she walks on toward the hill-country. Every soul

that mothers any redeeming truth, love, or goodness for this needy world, has Mary's experience.

She was now traveling with her secret, as a poor girl might travel, on foot. She was going to see one who would be open-minded — Elizabeth. Perhaps the situation of Elizabeth might make her more deeply sympathetic than other friends and relatives. Did not your soul seek just such companionship when you were to utter an unfamiliar, fresh, and high truth? Mary longed to be hidden in the embrace of her cousin. There are no recorded words to indicate that Mary the Virgin was less than a self-poised and high-minded daughter of Israel, who thought little of the cares and limitations made by her poverty. She evidently thought much of her God and His grace. The devotional atmosphere of her home had been shot through and through with the glowing expectation of Israel, of course. The time was ripe for the event toward which every Israelite of the house of David had looked with a peculiar interest and abounding hope. She was full enough of eternity to measure up to her time. And so, the intellectual and spiritual greatness of Mary the Virgin Mother is seen in the manner in which, despite all possible doubts and fears, she followed the path pointed out by the angel. But let us never forget the origin and source of that greatness. It was the greatness which comes, as we shall see, from being overshadowed, and—because nothing else than God can cover the human soul—it comes from being overshadowed by the power of the Highest.

At length Mary is welcomed by Elizabeth. It is not strange that these daughters of the Orient, one in her virginal youth, the other radiant with a renascent youth and spring-time undismayed by the snows of age, found their psalm-like utterances allying their hearts with the deepest and sweetest melodies of Hebrew song, and unifying their expressions at last into the first great hymn of Christendom—The Magnificat. It was a noble hymn, yet the four majestic strophes of her song are thoroughly Jewish. What long paths of painful growth are before her! One of the sorrows of her Son must be this: that the Virgin Mother will not always comprehend Him or grasp the significance of His act, or even discover the real nature of His kingdom. This melody of hers had little of broadly human outlook. Perhaps Mary was never to arrive at her Son's point of view. From even this, the power of the Highest must overshadow her.

In this tragedy, life-long and deep, we will see the fine process of the overshadowing of the Highest. Nothing less can shade her from the awful light that falls from heaven upon us all who do not understand, but love. One fact alone steadies her, and may steady you. She tells the whole secret and her spiritual valor in her words, "He that is mighty hath done to me great things." Let my soul know that God has done it, and I can endure the fact that I do not understand my own best gift. The great God had made her mentally and spiritually great. The human and the divine elements mingled in her experi-

ence, when, on entering the house of Elizabeth, Mary heard a human voice speaking to her the same tidings which had come from the angel of God. Here is the truth of incarnation—God *in* and working *through* humanity with divine things. God overshadows us most often by giving us a good friend. It is not less divine for its human side.

We return with Mary, as we went with her to the hill-country. She is stronger now. She will be able, in the power of the Spirit of God to meet those who love her, to meet even the sharp, piercing sneer of the neighbors—yea, she can now meet even Joseph, her lover and her betrothed.

Here the power of the Highest overshadows the dear woman. Who would tell Joseph? God Himself had to tell Joseph the news. He had felt a strain on his heart-strings. Reasons for many unwelcome suspicions had multiplied. Perhaps gossip had reached him. He had at length concluded to put Mary away, by a writing of divorcement. But now the angel of God stood before him, and emphasizing the idea that the Messiah would save His people, thus touching the patriotic chord in the heart of Joseph, the Jew, the Divine Messenger commanded his inmost soul. Joseph was no ordinary man. The angel scattered the haunting doubts in the breast of the carpenter, and they were those doubts which would have clung tenaciously and successfully to the very life of a less divinely inspired and heroic human being. Mary was not to be forsaken. Soon she was in her own home, and with Joseph her husband. So and

only so will the Highest overshadow the lowliest, when any soul—yours or mine—is called upon to mother a kindly truth or goodness into this world.

And now we come to the time of His birth. Bring this process of God's grace with you as we advance. Look into your soul's history. Has your soul never known a Bethlehem? Every true heart has to go to Bethlehem before any fresh and redeeming truth or ideal can be born out of it. We pause at Mary's Bethlehem. It was crowded; the census was being taken; many were being enrolled; and the gathered crowds noisily moved through the moonlight which bathed the terraces and made clear the roadway to the caravansary of the town. The khan which they approached was filled with people, and the guests who had come earlier were perhaps not even asked to give up their accommodations to the travelers from Galilee. "There was no room for them in the inn." Dear soul, has this never happened to you—that life had no hospitality for your finest idea? It was awkward to have your noblest conviction born just then.

There never is room anywhere save in God's overshadowing. O how sweet and gracious is the mystery of it all—thank God for the shadow! It conceals the birth-hour of our best and noblest purpose; but it reveals God behind; for where there is a shadow, the Sun is attested. O how we need this experience as to the coming of truth! We expect the Messiah of man to come into our life by the regular ecclesiastical or political roadway, and we have not learned that every divine thing is conceived of

the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin soul, and comes humbly and has to make its way usually in spite of brutal emissaries of power, haughty priests, and stupid idlers who fill up the inns of life. It was a great opportunity for humanity to welcome divinity. This is the only true welcome for divinity, for Mary comes with her mother-pain, and the appeal of that which is to save us is made through human need. God gives us a human being to be kind to, in order that we may love Him. But we are not kind, and yet the true Christ is born.

What was human nature then is human nature now. Doubtless the little cave in the limestone hill has been greatly transformed. Ardent devotees have deepened it, and the less fundamental faith which always clings to circumstance and the locality of a thing, and not to the thing itself, has created and enlarged more grottoes than that in which the Babe was laid. It was not strange that such an emperor as was Justinian and such an empress as was Helena should erect an ecclesiastical memorial over the spot, and that matins and vespers should be sung by monks who worshiped and prayed and fasted and preached in the immediate vicinity of what was the first Christian edifice in human history. The silver star which now marks the birthplace may vanish; the burning lamps which illuminate the altar may go out; and it may be proven that the marble manger given by Pope Sixtus V. does not occupy the exact place of the rude one in which Jesus was actually born. All this makes little difference. The human soul abides and

repeats the history of Mary. The heart of every Christian man experiences the spiritual realities of which all these things are but symbols. The Christ is always born *in* the life of a man, *at* the lowliest point, in order that He may be divinest in His power to save. The goodness or the truth which redeems by coming into the world in and through us, comes in its babyhood. It throws its all pathetically upon our love. There is usually much question about its real genesis, but the crowded inn of life cannot prevent the birth of it. It is a little child at the first, and it can easily be killed; Herod shall not find it, nor harm it; inhospitality cannot deter, jealous anger cannot strangle, divinity. Its apparently true parentage is always made up of the Joseph-elements and the Mary-elements in the sincere and obedient soul. Yet it is conceived of the Holy Spirit. Watch for the sign of the appearance of some good thing in your soul. In the khan of worldly life, there is no room for Jesus to be born. He must come, if He comes at all, where human need is greatest.

But O, how all that has been good in us bows before the new goodness just born! Out on the fringe of this Bethlehem of the soul are groups of sincere and goodly thoughts and expectancies; the heavens grow divinely lustrous over them, and out from the mysterious light of the mind, some message-bearer of the Infinite comes, illuminating the dark earth and making fear impossible. The herald-angel yet sings. He is followed by other angels in multitudes. What are the names of these messengers from above us we

know not. Every soul which has lived an obedient life has heard that birth-song. We know only that they make us believe that the best yearnings of earth are felt in heaven and that the purposes of heaven touch the earth, if we are simple and true. They always sing a prelude to what our expectancies are to behold in our Bethlehem. When these expectancies arrive in the Bethlehem of the soul, they find a Saviour, who has been wrapped in swaddling-clothes by His mother, because there was no one else to do it. Then Bethlehem and the shepherds have a gospel. Then these shepherds become the first evangelists.

Is all this mystical? If it were not true in the soul of every true man to-day, it would not matter whether it were true or untrue outside the soul of man, in that far-off yesterday. Any man that lives in the Spirit knows that it is true. "A babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger"—this was, this is, this shall be ever the "sign" that something divine has come into human life. If you are looking for the new Christ for our world, look for a manger, not a throne, and search for a tiny, helpless baby, instead of a crowned thing. Only God's overshadowing will so shut out the proud glare that you and I will believe it.

What is the continuation of the history of every soul's spiritual motherhood? As if to distinguish her mental and spiritual attitude toward the events, and the future which they presaged, Luke says, "Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her

heart.” Once again, years after, when Jesus had indicated His relationship to His Father and His Father’s business, and they had gone down to Nazareth, Mary’s old home, Luke says, “His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.” It is evident, therefore, that Mary, the mother, only began to exercise the tender and profound prerogatives of motherhood at the moment when the angel and the shepherds were most voluble concerning these marvelous occurrences. Motherhood has its holy of holies, not in the brain, rationalistic and disputatious, but in the heart, simple and receptive of revelations which the head may not entertain. And only a mother’s heart may keep such things as these; only a mother’s heart’s experience may disentangle these things from all other things; only a mother’s heart may ponder upon them ceaselessly and find their meaning finally. The heart is the only secure repository for divine things. Jesus Himself was to ask a place for His throne in the affections of man. “Blessed are the pure in heart,” He said, “for they shall see God.” “With the heart,” we are told, “man believeth.” And if Mary had sought to keep these things and to ponder them elsewhere than in her heart, she would have forfeited the insight and revealing power which is given not only to the heart, but to motherhood. O what a problem to the soul that bears it is any newborn ideal! Keep it in the affections, if you would rear it well.

Mary had enough to ponder about. Any mother with a baby at her breast feels that he belongs to her,

and, if she is gifted with that large mental outlook as was Mary, she knows that he belongs also to God. She had to learn her Christianity from her child, and she did not know that He belonged to humanity as well as to God and His mother. Here was a mother with a child whom she had been nurturing through many months for enterprises of such pith and moment as took Him at once out of the range of her heart-beat. The glory which fell upon Him and which had wakened the shepherds from their sleep marked Him as One who was her own babe, and yet He was the divinely bestowed Messiah of Israel, beyond whose tiny feet paths were stretching out far away, she knew not whither. How these shepherds must have been borne in upon by a glory which, to her faith, was as unforeseen as it was awe-inspiring! The brain of the mother was dizzy. She could ponder these things only "in her heart." Doubtless her pondering included, at that time, a more searching and yearning wonder than that of the shepherds—a wonder which must afterward be enlarged as her boy reaches manhood and begins to be about His Father's business in redeeming a world to righteousness. Jesus, the loftiest, enters, as Jesus ever must, at the lowliest point. This fact is evidenced in the truth that even His mother did not know Him in all the grandeur and beauty of His divinity when He came. He had not even that height to stand upon—such was His humiliation. God overshadows, when the intellect has yielded to the heart. Is not this the history of that new truth born of your soul? It is yours, but it is all the

world's truth, God's truth. You will be led, O how far; and you will see, O how much by its light! Trust and be not afraid!

Sixty days had gone, and Mary was still pondering in her heart, when the intensity and fullness of her spiritual life was again relieved by an external circumstance. She must go to the Temple. Soon the spiritual reality which the act of circumcision symbolized had been performed. The lower life had been excised for the higher life. The law had been fulfilled. Even the rabbis would not be able to discount any of the future utterances of this child on this score. The first drop of blood He had given to the world had been shed in the repealing of the law, by His obeying it, and in the inauguration of a kingdom in which love was to be the fulfilling of all law. This was of the customary and must have composed Mary's strained mind. But the abnormal and wonderful come again to her.

Mary's Babe was being lifted out of her arms, as it seemed, by influences which her devoutness must gratefully honor, and which, nevertheless, left her simple mother-heart not wholly acquiescent. For the human mother can never quite let her child be anything else except her own babe. It was in the midst of tangled emotions, when the world of men was claiming Him and Mary was clinging to Him with more of mother-love, that aged Simeon, after blessing both of the parents, said to the mother, in whose heart alone these utterances could be left wisely and tenderly, "Behold this child is set for the fall and

rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against—(yea *a sword shall pierce through thine own soul, also*) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.” What was that he said about the sword and her heart? There must have been a sudden and loving pressure of the mother’s arms about her little one, when this strain of mingled major and minor tones opened to her mind a future which mercifully vanished before the inevitable Calvary came in sight. But Mary’s Calvary is only part of the cost of the soul’s mothering a new and true ideal. It belongs to you, to God, and to humanity, but your best ideal will reign only after being crucified.

And the wise men had come. In the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, five silver lamps illumine the painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds. The light streams across the little space, to what is called the Altar of the Magi. It is deeply suggestive to the Christian. But it is all true in the soul. In the same radiance of the spiritual life, there are memorials in every Christian experience whose outer symbols are found only in the visit of the simple and penniless shepherds and the visit of the learned and gift-bearing wise men of the East. The world which Jesus came to save must always contain worshipers as diverse in taste, environment, and manners as were these. The human soul has its simple, houseless sentiments, and its honored and sage ideas. Their true Christ is the same, and Him they all worship. It was in the hour in which the outside world—the vast realm of human beings which the Jew called Gentile—first saw

in the face of the Hebrew Messiah the world's Redeemer. It was a moment when science, still held in a cocoon of superstition, moved its wings in an air pledged to furnish it ultimately with inspiration and freedom. All that the hoary past had reaped in its rich harvest-field was presented, in that little home in Bethlehem, to One whose kingdom is of eternity. Earth's wisdom looked to truth in divine babyhood. The true star in the East—the intimation in the human soul that something which brings a better day is already here—is noticed, first by those intellectual and spiritual forces in our life which are usually outside the usual and conservative pale of our belief and thinking. Our fellow-religionists do not observe its light. It must always be strange to Mary to see the persons who follow the star.

Is there anything known of the star which they had followed? Whether it was a new star or an old one, a meteor or a constellation; whether it was seen only at night or even in the daytime, we know not; but we know that the heavens above Occident and Orient have been different for nineteen centuries. All this is a metaphor of the real world of the spirit. A new star crystallized in the space of the ideal to which men still look up. Out of the heart of human hopelessness the vague and glowing expectation hardened and throbbed and was planet-like; and typically Eastern wisdom has ever brought its gifts as it has followed that conviction to the very place in human thought and culture where the infantine Truth has been discerned. This is simple fact. This always

occurs when the soul bears a new ideal for an old and worn world or for an unredeemed life. Then the soul's dear new ideal must flee from some Herod to its Egypt. All this is repeatable and so it is really sacred history. The Gospel story lives because it is rehearsed in human experience. More of the story of Christ will be believed as man advances, because man at his best relives it. What was Egypt? Egypt had looked on the problem of life and destiny with unsurpassed faculty and steady ardor, until she abandoned it, despairing of its solution. Her gloomy agnosticism was embodied in the sphinx. And here was the sleuth-hunted child whose triumph in solving life's mystery would be as great as was the defeat of her philosophy. Of course the Herod in us cannot abide Christ. The soul knows how to flee with its infant ideal. But how were these persons, so limited in purse, enabled to take such a journey and to remain in Egypt for even a brief time? Let the beneficent and costly worship of the wise Persian visitors answer. These latter were now homeward bound on their four months' journey, but they had not only refused to help Herod to discover and destroy the kindly Child, they had, perhaps unwittingly, provided for His days and nights of safety in Egypt, through the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh left behind. It is so always; the old pays the expenses of the new; and every new truth is Herod-hunted to Egypt. Yet it comes back safely.

But let our narration conclude here this morning, and let us meditate. The fact is, that each and all of

us have called this ancient history, only because we have not confided in the truth that the Holy Spirit lives, broods, and reveals in and through the human soul. We have been blind to the way in which we may expect any goodness or truth or righteous impulse or high idea to come from us and to live in our world. My brother, is it not true that this Christmas morning would mark the beginning of a blessed era in your life, if you would *believe in the Holy Spirit*, if you would but take this biography of Mary and let Him make it a real contemporaneous account of your own soul? The most emptying poverty of life comes from your not believing that this Christmas story is a symbolic account, first of the power of each human soul to receive something sacred and holy in the way of a new idea, or a fresh inspiration, from the Holy Spirit; secondly, of the power to bring it forth as a redeeming Christly energy into the world of human beings; thirdly, of the power to nourish and guard that new and fine and infant "Holy Thing which is born of thee," to nurse it while you obey it, to watch it and protect it while it exalts you and leads you out, as the little Christ led Mary, into unexpected and almost unmeasured realms of wonder, hope, and grand self-sacrifice. Is it not something we cannot afford to lose out of our lives—I mean this faith that the best that is in our hearts is God-begotten, and that whatever our new and inspiring conception of life and the power to live it must cost, the soul must obey it and cling to it, whether it understands its glorious child or not, until it shall have passed into the world's blood

and nerve, and entered redemptively into all humanity? Let us begin to live this life by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Let each one say with me to-day: O my soul, when thou art troubled because some voice from afar tells thee that thou shalt mother some fair goodness which will be not only thy baby, but also thy God manifested unto thee, be not afraid. When other human beings around about thee look critically upon thee as thou comest nearer to that silent time when the truth or the goodness, or the new ideal is yet hidden in the sweet mystery before any eye may see what thou hast of beauty and loveliness to give to an unbeautiful and unlovely world, stay thou thyself upon Mary's God. When the birth-hour has come, and thou hast rapturous visions of thy new truth, or new goodness, or fresh impulse of nobility which has come to redeem the world, do not be discouraged that others have no room for you in the usual places where men and women tarry for a little while; the stable is all right, and the manger, too. Christ always first appears at that doorway of life near the ground where the Highest gets into the soul at its lowliest; be thou expectant and agree with God in this—that the sign of any Christ-appearance will be “a babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and in a manger.” Don't look for a royal garment and a pearl necklace as the mark of a new truth. It wears these only when it gets old, if at all. Expect and be ready for awful contrasts when the living Christ in thee comes forth and thou hast seen the rude manger in the stable, for the star will be

guiding wise men from the Orient, and the air will be vibrant with angel wings and song, and the East will pour glittering treasures at the feet of the newborn, and yet the stable and the manger, rough and cheerless, will still be there. O soul, it will take breadth, length, depth, and width of faith and vision for thee to take in these contrasts and to keep that confidence which is peace, when so many opposing and apparently contradictory things shall occur at the birth-time of any new and sublime thing. This also will be thy trial with thy new truth, that the Herod in thy nature will try to kill it. Nothing will prove to thee that thou hast a Christ-thing born of thee so much as the fact that everything bad in thee will be restless and eagerly on the path to slay the little one. Have courage and confidence, O my soul, for new thought will flee into the old, and it will be safe; your little one will have his Egypt, and you will be overshadowed as was Mary. These be expectations of thine when thou bearest any living and spirit-engendered thing to the world to be renewed and redeemed. O soul, thou wilt be first tried, not because the bad Herod in thy life will seek to kill the little Christ in thy world, but, long before that, thou wilt not have utter confidence in God's power with thyself. Dost thou know that God yet touches the mind of a human being, and that the best comes not from human parentage in us, but is "conceived of the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary?" O my soul, thou wilt be always seeking for some man-generated thought of goodness or a human ideal of life; but when it comes

forth it will not save. Nothing but that which is of the immaculate conception can command and exalt thee into communion with thy Creator.

O my soul, be ready and willing, when any precious and new vision comes from thy divinely touched life—be instantly obedient to it, and do not resist when thy heart has to be enlarged, and thy head grows dizzy with the feeling that while it is thine, it escapes thy tutelage. It belongs to all humanity, and it must get to all humanity; and it belongs to God, and it must sweep out from thee at an awful cost, into the wider life of God in His world. When some old Simeon and Anna, good people they are who have waited long, and who are suddenly cheered by thy new truth, when they take it up and thou seest it winged with a destiny which will carry it away from thee, do not be disheartened; for it is the cost thou art paying for having had great things done unto thee by the Highest. And, O last of all, when it is said unto thee with perfect, yet severe, truth, that “a sword shall pierce thine heart,” and thou dost first receive the intimation that every great thing and noble thing which has redeeming power must have its Calvary for its crucifixion, O my soul, *then* have a mighty trust, for this is the beginning of a continuous trial, and that trial comes along with the privilege which thou hast enjoyed of mothering a sublime thing. That trial will not cease, until thou seest the dearest and the best that thou hast ever known nailed to the cross—but “the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee,”—O my soul, even at Calvary.

IV

OVERSHADOWING POWER

"The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." Luke i. 35.

(A Christmas Evening Narration and Meditation.)

THE human heart does not exhaust a reverent interest in Mary and her Child. The mind has its questions to ask. Never was motherhood so eager, as to-day, to measure up to the divine privilege. Never did Mary's motherhood so command and satisfy every finest ideal. But what one of the dear mothers here would not like to know a little more of the manner of her progress with her child in that education, which is the education which every mother must guide and foster, and which was also so peculiarly personal and unlike that of other children because of the child's unique character and future?

When, if ever, did Mary the mother exhaust the power and resource of motherhood in telling her Child and explaining to Him the fact that He was the Messiah? When did she timorously and yet prayerfully venture to let Him into the secret of that day when Gabriel entered her chamber, she answered: "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word?" When did she relate to her little son the story of that night in the grotto, in the Bethlehem stable-yard, when the shepherds came and

found Him lying in a manger? When did she take up any of the fine presents which the Persian astrologers had brought to Him, if any of them were left after the journey to Egypt and back again, and seek to impress upon His young mind the significance of the more than one hundred days' pilgrimage by the Magi, in bringing honor unto Him?

The fact that these are unanswered questions means that for us the duty of life must be illumined elsewhere. We leave these questions and fancied answers, with the sacred silence in the gospel stories. If ever these questions had been answered—and they would have been answered, if we possessed a humanly composed tale rather than a divinely inspired history—the answers must have invaded the holy privacy of those hours when, at eventide, the Child of Mary, tired of His play, and yet unsatisfied with the message of His playmates to His musing life, looked out into the West beyond Esdraelon and the range of Carmel, as the sun was sinking and the Infinite wooed the finite into its mystery. But what a wonderful life was opening before that mother's eyes! In a sense which robs Jesus of Nazareth of no ray of His divinity, it must be said that His divinity was a discovery to Him through His humanity. Mary was to behold that discovery. Who could shade her eyes from its glory save the Highest? Mary was to be herself a fact by which He was to rise into a dignity and grandeur which would bewilder her if she saw clearly and at once. God will Himself overshadow her, as He has on the way back from Egypt.

They are in their own country again, and Herod is dead. Did you expect them at Jerusalem? No. Did you expect them at Bethlehem? You will not find them there. The world's Emancipator, the one soul of history, who was to illustrate divinity at its loftiest by dwelling in humanity at its lowliest, must not avoid Nazareth. Why not rear Him in David's royal city? No greatest inspirations for history flow through that conduit. Not aristocratic Bethlehem at all, only some Nazareth will try and train your new ideal. Jesus must spend the days and months of open-eyed boyhood and the responsive and resilient years of youth there, and nowhere else. So, when Joseph reached Palestine on the return from Egypt, his plans for residence at Bethlehem were changed, and he proceeded to Nazareth, where he had loved Mary, and where his home was now to be.

Wherever Nazareth was in the geography of man's physical life, it is the name of that realm in his spiritual life which associates itself with that which saves men. Yes, prophecy has reason in it: "He shall be called a Nazarene." Jesus—"His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins"—Jesus, *the Christ*, must ever be "Jesus of Nazareth" who "passeth by." There are limits even upon Almighty Love, when Love seeks truly to reveal Himself. God, who is the Highest, cannot rear the Son of the Highest ethically, save in the atmosphere and by the aid of the problems of the lowliest. Bethlehem curls its superior lip at the mention of Nazareth, not perhaps

because Nazareth is as low as Bethlehem thinks, but because Bethlehem thinks so; yet the King of men must bring good out of Nazareth. Nazareth was the triumph of the commonplace. Doubtless Nazareth was not the frightfully despicable little town which we often hear described so realistically. The effort to make it contrast violently with its chief citizen is not suggestive. Joseph and Mary were not so straitened in any condition as to forcefully set them in contrast with other people. They experienced only the poverty which is quite unconscious of itself. Joseph and Mary were poor, as most of the human race are poor; but theirs was not the sort of poverty to furnish forth a hero and heroine because they lived in it. So, also, the dullness of Nazareth was the dullness of most of our planet where men huddle together; it could not supply even their son with a superficial gloriousness because He resided there. Christ entered the world, and lived in it at its lowliest, only because His environment furnished nothing in either direction for genius to endure or to feed upon. As later he came upon manhood, and the Carpenter of Nazareth went forth to patch up the old house of a neighbor, carrying His tools with Him in the usual way, He sometimes found that His work led Him out of the town upon the loftier rise of ground behind and above the city, if one is looking toward the north, and therefrom He mused upon the clustered and flat-roofed houses, without remarking at all upon the sordidness of the village or the penury or ignorance of its inhabitants. At this earlier time, however, Joseph

must have been still living, and all the years of boyhood were yet to elapse with some of the years of His youth, before Jesus would take His place as the town carpenter. Or, to take another view of Him, if, at some such hour, looking from that height, He saw into the Infinity which at last pushed open the gates of His nature, His eye swept along the plain of Esdraelon yonder toward white-crowned Hermon, and He was unconscious of any vigorous incongruity between the town on the hill and the mingled lights and shadows playing in His mind. God manifest in the flesh was Jesus, and yet He was a human boy for this very reason. Commonplace days had come. The power of the Highest was with Mary in helping her to deal wisely with the ordinary, after she had been so strained by the extraordinary. This takes something more than genius; it requires God's help just to do the customary duties in common light, after one has been exalted in such a glory as she knew.

Before the time of such a possible occurrence as I just indicated, even now as a child, Jesus must fulfill all the laws of earth. The most heavenly manner in which He is to do this will make Him not an infant prodigy, uttering an idealism not understood by His playmates, but a tiny citizen in that little nook of our common world. This must have seemed a great change, from the supernatural of other days to the commonplaces of these days, as His education was beginning. God had given Him, not a faculty of illustrious archangels for His university, but a human father and a human mother; the uneven roads and

lanes of Nazareth 'to press with baby feet; a home not unlike those of the children of the other two thousand inhabitants, the green fields of the valley, the mountain walls about it, the public school in or near the synagogue, in which latter He was religious with the rest, and all that mingling of vision and prejudice, patriotism and conceit, ignorance and knowledge, lowliness and loftiness of aim, fear and hope, which characterized an atmosphere common to all. His parents must have been more than ordinarily devout, and their peculiar experience may have widened, while also, in other ways, it intensified and narrowed their sympathies. But they escaped no besetment of false views because their child was called to great things. God overshadowed Mary. Nay, they were more sure to be close to the human because He was divine. Deity runs through narrow defiles oftentimes to compass in the next moment universal ends. For example, the old feud with Samaria must have often come into mind, even when they looked southward upon the mountain-chain. The blunders of the over-discriminating rabbis had not disastrously affected the religious enthusiasm of His parents, yet they were not, for that reason, exempt from the usually accepted opinions as to many things concerning which He was taught with ordinary error, and with the customary limitations of parental knowledge. His earth was the center of the planetary system, and Jerusalem was the center of His earth. When He first heard others talk in the synagogue, or at the home of His father, where friends gathered, sitting, after the East-

ern manner, upon the few mats they had, or on the mats which the visitors brought, and the conversation turned upon the "Consolation of Israel," His expectant and boyish eyes may have looked to see if any of them would prove parents of a Messiah wholly Jewish. There was only one strip of sacred territory to Him. It was what is called the Holy Land. After Mary had been used to the sublime accompaniment of His birth, it took a nobly sustained woman to meet these duties and tasks.

Mary had already partially educated her child as He had lived under her heart, and now, as He went to sleep upon it, she must have sung to Him such songs as only she could learn in their inmost music. She was more than an Oriental mother singing to her babe the wild lyrics of her clan. She was a Jewish mother, and the picture of motherhood in the world was then, and is still, limned by the Jew. She was also the Virgin, the Daughter of Zion, who sang out of a heart trained by hearing angelic choruses. Beneath that flat roof of earth, and behind the low white walls of the house of Joseph, the mother taught her child from the grand legislation of Sinai. Brighter than the Syrian daytime which played upon this dwelling of sun-dried clay was the splendor outbeaming from the golden candlestick in the Temple of which she told Him. All these radiances entering His soul made Him no less a child among the common utensils and rugs and bright quilts or hanging stuffs, which no poorest home quite forgot to arrange with beauty. As He grew up, He met a

boy's problems with four other boys who were His brothers and with two girls whom Mark calls His sisters, and it would be entirely false to the spirit of that revelation which God made of Himself in Jesus, to suppose that these boys, whose names were James, Joseph, Simon, and Jude, and their sisters, were at all amazed or overborne by the wonderfulness of their brother Jesus. They nursed at the same breasts, and drank in the same spirit of obedience unto the law. They pulled at the same dress, and looked up into the same eyes for answers to their questions; they found food in the same wooden bowls and water in the same earthen pitchers; they slept in winter on the same little pallets beneath the common roof, and on summer nights they dreamed beneath the journeying moon, as they rested with father and mother upon the roofs themselves.

One of them, however, was to perceive spiritual meanings. The lamp whose little flame shone out upon them all was teaching Him its story of illumination. By and by He would have it in mind, in speaking a parable to the multitude, yet the wick and the oil were then giving one ministry to the whole family in Nazareth. The bushel was one which Jesus would not forget, and He should say, "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel." The broom will appear by and by in His thought, when He is speaking the parable concerning the lost coin, and the remembered coin in His mother's hair will not be less bright when He shall point its moral. Indeed, all these items of household

furniture, while they were to be wrought over into the eloquence of the Gospel of the Son of God, had their places of importance to other members of the family. The Divine Child divinely felt the symbolism of things. After a time He would speak it. It would try the faith and courage of Mary.

It was thus, also, when with His father or mother, He went out of the windowless room called home, and saw the world. If Mary's cooking made this a kitchen and He learned of her how the leaven worked in "three measures of meal," He also learned one day from Joseph the builder the value of true foundations beneath the house, so that when the storm came and "beat upon that house" it "could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock." If, in the home, He saw His mother refusing to sew a new piece of cloth to an old garment in order to repair it, and found there an illustration of the wisdom which refuses to patch the antiquated with the vital and the new, He also gathered from the fields prepared for seed in the springtime a symbol of life through persistent and guaranteed death, and that symbol which remained with Him until He said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit"; and in the fall He found another metaphor which He would not forget until He said, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." He was so trained by these things that the mustard-seed as well as the red anemone, which was probably the only lily He ever saw, the sycamine-

tree as well as the tares amidst the wheat, the fig-tree as well as the vine, yielded their imagery to illustrate certain other aspects of the Gospel of His kingdom, for which the salt in His mother's kitchen, and the hens whose broods were rebellious within the little inclosure around His father's house, furnished other similes. Do not think that Mary, less than you who have had angel visits sometimes, needed a shield from the commonplace—an overshadowing from its perplexing mysteries.

In those quiet, undramatic days Mary must have often felt that Jesus' calm and meditative life moved rather slowly toward the shining goal of which she was told in the angel-song. Much happened to Jesus, and in His interior life, when He sat in the evening light. It could not be that Mary was missing her own education with Him and under Him. He often found the opinions He first received from His elders transforming, as He brooded there. In that fading glow, He discovered the fadeless fact that much which He had obtained from His father and mother, as well as much that He had learned in school and synagogue, was antagonized, and at length subverted by the development within Him of certain intimations of a Divine destiny. The horizons which their teachings furnished Him melted in that air, before the outlookings which were His and which engaged His sight with the larger inheritance belonging to all the sons of God. Here He had the deepest of those experiences which are included in the statement "*He grew.*"

We are able only partially to explore the height and depth and breadth of the Gospel statements: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him." "He was subject to His parents." "He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." This latter statement is most suggestive. The order in which these words *God* and *man* stand tells the history of Jesus' power. He lived His life, even at its beginning, from the heights. He was the Son of the Highest. It took the power of the Highest to shade poor Mary's eyes, and we must be overshadowed in proportion as we have the highest on hand.

Mary had other children, as we have seen, and she must have been perplexed at the fact of the sinlessness of her child Jesus. Probably she did not discern that all variation from the common experience came from His unbroken relationship to the All-Holy One. Morally pure, he must have been, and mentally fine and strong. His ever-enlarging scope of mind was consequent upon the inflow of the Divine Life. He was too responsive to the Holy Father to permit sin in Himself. Those eyes, therefore, were full of the true vision of these things and their spiritual belongings and His total environment. No other child had enjoyed it. His sinlessness gave a character to His mental processes and spiritual grasp, and made His sight clearer and deeper than that of other men. It was impossible that, looking out of eyes of purity and ever welcoming the tides of the Infinite

Light, He should not see purely. No one else has seen so well or so far. His mental life must break beyond the narrow limitations set up by the innocent ignorance of His home, and especially must it transcend the arrogant dogmatism of the rabbis. While physically He grew able to labor for His daily bread, He grew mentally to know that men were hungry for that which Divine Personality alone could supply, yet it was a long while before He grew up into the conviction, "I am the Bread of Life." As He grew to experience the meaning of His brotherhood with Jude or Simon and the rest of the home children, He felt the sentiment, and came also upon the idea of universal brotherhood. Doubtless in the fatherhood of His father, Joseph, there was provided a circlet of experience and thought which had been entered by His own spirituality, until it already began to break into the vaster circle of the idea of universal Fatherhood in God. Yet it was a long distance between the boy out in the field with His father, watching the feeding of the birds, and the man preaching a view of God's Fatherhood which pictured Him feeding birds and men alike. It was a long distance, but it was a logically continuous path which led from the less to the greater in the life of Jesus.

They were now preparing to celebrate their Fourth of July—Independence Day for Israel.

Every year they joined the patriotic and devout throng which went up to Jerusalem for the Passover feast; and it must have been that, as they now prepared to move with the caravan in the direction of

the Temple, Joseph and Mary had strangely moving thoughts concerning the boy who so naturally met all the demands of piety, and whose recitations of the sacred words which He had been taught produced in their hearts mingled sentiments of joy and wonder. Here was Something more sublime than ritual, and in their humble home that Something radiated an unwonted light upon the phylacteries he carried and the fringed mantle He wore. To them who were teaching Him, the fact that great moral principles began to interest Him rather than the legal formalities concerning trifles upon which even they had been in the habit of putting emphasis,—*this* amazed and distressed their painstaking souls. They were never to be detached entirely from the Phariseeism which alone, as they saw it, could save their nation; and now, amidst this orthodoxy, there was growing a heretic and a revolutionist—and He their own child.

He looked into divine distances; for He alone had a sinless eye. Whatsoever may have been the power of His memory, and with whatever ease He may have mastered the long list of the law's requirements, He must have felt a quick sympathy with any other boy, who, because of faulty memory, had neglected some petty observance, and who, according to the theory of Phariseeism, was therefore guilty of a disobedience not less serious because of his ignorance of the proscription he had neglected. Perhaps even then young Jesus had a glimpse of the day when He must permit His now growing radicalism to push aside these vexatious legalities as a growing bulb pushes aside the

soil in which it is developing. In the synagogue were the treasured manuscripts of Holy Scripture, and some of the prophecies must have thrilled Him with strange emotion—the reflex of that emotion portrayed in the painting by Michael Angelo, the Holy Family, in which the “Virgin Mother is seen withholding from the Child Saviour the sight of the prophetic writings in which His sufferings are foretold.” For Jesus soon began to learn the cost of entertaining Divine ideas. Mary could not be far away from Him in any of these experiences.

Very early in the intellectual and spiritual life in Jesus, it must have occurred to Him that the ideas of His fellow-students with reference to what the Messiah should be, and what the Messiah should do, were at least incomplete. Even Mary’s idea was to be shattered. There was one fact in the soul and life of this Nazarene, son of the carpenter, to which we have given a little attention, as the fact determining the strength and movement of His intellectual life. It was this: He was sinless. This fact soon wrought powerfully in His view of the Messiah to come. “What will the Messiah do about Rome, and how will He break Rome’s intolerable rule?” This was a question asked by every Jew and asked as often and as intently as that Jew felt his sense of Rome’s tyranny quickened. It was the patriot’s question. Joseph and Mary had asked it. Jesus paid it no heed. It was not the deepest inquiry of Jesus’ musing. Jesus’ sinlessness threw into bold relief the ugly features of sin. Sin came in sight of human

conscience, at least in its true proportions and nature, through the eyes of Jesus. His own whiteness of character made iniquity appear horrible. This Sinless Soul was to give to the world something which Greece itself had failed to give—a sense of sin. This special and peculiar characteristic of His spirit and conduct—His sinlessness—made sin appear more terrible than Rome to Him. He was to find it more formidable, also. “What is the Messiah to do about sin? and how is He to abolish its tyranny?” This was Jesus’ question. Poor Joseph and Mary have no idea of the peril their son is inviting.

So, all this led to a great trial for Mary. It was the middle of our month of April, A.D. 9, and the Holy City of Jerusalem was crowded with its more than two millions of visitors who had come up, from near and from far, having made their pilgrimage at this time to attend the great feast of Israel. On this day began the Passover and the Feast of Unleavened Bread; and once more the consciousness of Hebrewdom was quickening itself with the high enterprises of Jehovah at the memorial thus made of one of the most important events in all Hebrew history.

They were going to the festival which began on the fifteenth. As they proceeded down to the plain of Esdraelon, they were joined by other Jews, who, conscious of the memories of great deeds accomplished there, uttered their Hebrew loyalty and started conversations as to the rumor of the Messiah. What if He had already started to Jerusalem to be present

for the first time at the great national feast? What a sublime hour it would furnish for Him to appear to the joy of the elect nation and to the discomfiture of Rome! This boy of twelve years of age walked along with Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth. He heard all these discussions and listened to the cry in the heart of Israel, when they halted to rest at night near some well or mountain vocal with heroic memories. Mary kept pondering in her heart.

The celebration concluded, Mary and Joseph are on their way back home to Nazareth. On the first night they had probably camped quietly, almost within sight of the city. Soon their hearts were sorrowing. A lost boy—even their son Jesus—tugged at their heart-strings. We cannot be certain as to the hour when trouble agitated them. Nearly three days had elapsed when their trouble ended, or rather, shall we not say, when the anxiety and worry which had been theirs vanished by deepening into a perplexity and a distress such as come only to those who have infinite problems and nothing but finite solutions for them? Dear and trustful Mary, only one power can hold you now!

A lost boy, on such a jubilant occasion, having escaped parental watch-care amidst the confusion created by the hundreds of thousands of vociferant Jews who were leaving the city of Jerusalem, could not have been an extraordinary fact. Do not let the mother reproach herself. Mary had not been careless. It is only ignorance of the time and its conditions—though it is a quite benevolent ignorance of

the event and Eastern manners—which censures Mary upon her apparent neglect of the youth Jesus in this instance. The explanation in the words of the Gospel is sufficient. Mary had trusted her child and her friends in the caravan; she had doubtless made the long pilgrimage on purpose to see this wonderful child of hers safely inducted into His new duties and made conscious of His privileges as a “Son of the Law.” But a Diviner care than hers now interposed. It had so taken her carefulness up into its purpose that she seemed to be careless. Many of the apparent failures of human nature to reap the results of truest care-taking are testimonies to the inflow of the Divine Nature upon lives which have been consistent and practical enough, until they are touched by wider issues. Every Mary-soul finds this out sometime. It was a lost Nazarene boy, as the fact appeared to the eye of earth; it was the self-discovered Son of God enjoying the rapture and vision of His Sonship unto the Divine Father, as the same fact was looked upon by the eye of heaven.

While it is evident that it was quite fitting that a Jewish youth so young as was Jesus should go up the way on Mount Moriah and enter into the Temple, and receive the instruction then offered to all, and even propose questions with the utmost freedom, yet the fact that Jesus, when He was found there by His distressed parents, instantly answered His mother’s sorrowful question by the words, “Wist ye not that I must be about *My Father’s* business?” reveals the truth that He had already measured Himself as the

Son of God, His Father, along with, if not against, the huge and splendid thing which embodied the religionism of past and present. In Nazareth, He had already so measured the importance of His Sonship unto God with that of His sonship unto Joseph and Mary, that when she said, "*Thy father* and I have sought Thee," it only made larger and more sublime the "*My Father*" in the heart of Jesus. He seems to suggest, "My Father in heaven has also been seeking Me, and He has found Me, and I am sure of My Sonship unto Him here." But more than this had occurred in the mind of Jesus. The test of all *thinking* is found in its power to resist and even to use some august *thing*—a thing which is the embodiment of mighty and past thinking. Would His thinking be self-respectful and sure-footed in the presence of such an overwhelmingly grand *thing* as the Temple in Jerusalem? The answer is that episode within its very shadow, perhaps on the terrace, possibly within the sacred walls. The Son of the Highest was not on trial; the Temple and all concerned in it were to be judged. It was the judgment of Light—the light of the world had swept upon it all. At that moment the process was going on by which, at length, when this youth should have given His life on Calvary to constitute the temple of humanity, "the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." Poor Mary is being trained for that more fearful crisis. Young Jesus had found the Temple of Hebrewdom lifeless and perishing, and Himself immortal and fresh; His heart of Humanity,

quick with Divinity, had already throbbed against revered walls, and they were falling—the religion of the future was born. All future movements which promise to get out and enlist, to organize and lead on to human triumph, the dispirited and enslaved souls of men, have their motive in the fact that man is not God's manufacture, but God's child. Jesus had just attested this truth. The program of Christianity was inaugurated. Through what was discovered of man's possibility and God's loving purpose by the mediating Jesus, humanity will at length realize its sonship unto the Eternal One. All this, however, was beyond Mary's ken.

More serious outbreaks of unsuspected power would come from this. His Father's Fatherhood had so filled Him full, that His own earthly sonship opened out into Sonship unto the Infinite God. They might not understand Him; He was sure to distress them, but He would now be a better son unto Mary and Joseph, *because* He was the true Son of God. Could they follow Him into the experiences of this profounder Sonship? No doubt the vision He entertained was limited and colored by the Jewish ideas which were strengthened the more while He was in Jerusalem; but it was destined to become as large as the destinies of all humanity and the Infinite love of His Father, by and by. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—that is, "Did ye not expect to find Me where I could get closest to My Father's plans and purposes? Was it not to be presumed that I would be searching more and more

deeply as to how I am to do His will, as His Son? Where else, then, since I have seen a little into the divine meaning of this Passover Feast? Where else, then, since I have been driven to study the significance of the lamb offered by My earthly father to My Heavenly Father, and have felt that other blood than this must flow, before Israel is delivered? Where else, then, would you expect to find Me, except where I could get all the light obtainable on the questions which have driven Me to and fro at Nazareth, and these mysterious intimations which pervade My heart? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Still more strongly does He seem to speak, when we remember that His own phrases were: "Wist ye not that I must be *in the things of My Father?*" In spite of Mary's recollection of the visit of the Angel of the Annunciation and his message, in spite of the saying "A sword shall pierce thy soul," and in spite of all the bewilderingly luminous experiences which had been hers as mother and guide unto Jesus—shall we not say, *because* hers was only the parentage of earth, and she had brought into the world an Infinite Factor, the old equation for working out problems was destroyed, and she looked in vain for satisfactory light in the face of Joseph? "And they understood not the saying which He spake unto them." Poor Mary! but the power of the Highest will shade her from this terrific glory.

The trying contrast comes now. It is as if God would prove forever that the highest resources for life are most opulent with beneficent divinity and most

truly known when they enter and work through human life along its ordinary level. Jesus, so says the evangelist, Jesus, vocal with this vaster harmony, "went down with them to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." Subject unto Joseph and Mary, after confounding the Temple doctors? Poor, loving, limited, amazed, and ever-faithful Mary, the mother! She has "*subject unto her and Joseph*" the one whose ever-growing destiny is to lead her, also, to that spot where all divine visions and infinite ideals will be paid for, and paid for by Him Who, to the last, "must be about His Father's business." She will follow her boy as far as she may. She surely has set foot toward Calvary.

Let us stop for a moment to recognize that this is the biography of every ideal which comes into the world to bless the world. Just as Jesus took up into His extraordinary and wonderful Self the ordinary and commonplace material of the Nazareth in which He lived with His mother Mary, and in a sense under her, so your ideal, conceived of the Holy Spirit, born of the virgin soul, will take up into its own nobler and loftier commandment, and really feed upon the apparently ignoble and insignificant things which come along with the duties of life. It will be subject unto its mother—your soul. Then there comes a time when it springs away from you. It gets among the doctors in the Temple at Jerusalem. It is mightier than all traditional wisdom. It opens vistas of the Father's business. It is an awfully trying moment for the mind which bore it into the world,

and one says, as Mary said, "O my dear child—my fresh young ideal, why have you dealt with me thus?" *It is the real Christ in you showing His responsibility to God, while you have thought your ideal was responsible to you.* The babe which was held to the breast, and who was carried by you into Egypt, is assuming his kingliness. No ideal is worth anything which does not grow into regnant power over you. O soul of mine, thou wast greatly trusted, and a mighty interest of earth and heaven was put into thine hands. Thou didst do well to lovingly identify thyself with the fair-faced young truth which has come out of thy life under the touch of God. But thou canst not keep that beloved child with its commanding cause, its battle to fight and its world to redeem, entirely as thine own. Thou canst cradle it in a manger, lead its little feet in the household, and guide them in Nazareth, but, by and by, His distinctive task woos Jesus forth and commands Him, and just where life is sacredest at the Temple in Jerusalem, where the old must expand into the new, there the dependence of Jesus upon His Father God will make Him seem independent of his father Joseph—and Mary! thy wonder at Him will be full of pain; it will be pain that will grow keener until Calvary is passed.

For thirty years the soul of Mary oscillated between what men call the supernatural and the natural in the life of her child. Now, everything was quite abnormal and full of starry wonder; next day, or for a long stretch of years at Nazareth, His

life and her life drop into the region of ordinary home duties. We may be sure it was never sordid, though it might have been neither squalid or contemptible, however dull or uninteresting the provincial and stupid Nazareth may have seemed to other people. O what a faith it requires to live with one's ideal, after it has shone forth beneath angel-haunted skies, and then to believe in it through years and years of seclusion and monotony in lowly Nazareth! One looks up out of the unvaried space of small earthly things, and says, "Is this, my ideal, really the Messiah of my soul, and the Messiah which shall save a world? O for one dominant chord from the angelic harmony! Is this duty-doing, obedient, and loving and trustful young power of my every-day life really the Anointed of God and the Prince of Peace? O for one minute's presence of the Eastern Magi, to make me feel certain! Am I taking the Lord God of Israel to the little school? Am I teaching the King of kings the Mosaic law? Is this child *God's* child who seems so much and so entirely to be *my* child? What will be the next unexpected demand which my new-born ideal will make upon me? Will my Jesus, who is the Christ, take me into some deeper meaning of my poor, common-place life, or will He stretch my meager cords of faith to an unwonted length because His moral genius soars so much above me?"—these are questions which the soul asks about its ideal, and these are the questions of which Mary's heart was full.

Well; there is to be a marriage in Cana, and we will go with Mary and her Son to the wedding. It

may be that the years bereft of distinguished events have come to a close, and that the years that will try Mary's heart with their visible crises have come upon Him. Patience and faith and obedience, O my soul! Only the ideal can make wine out of the thin water of our existence—be brave and follow the ideal which has grown now to be strong and beautiful.

Everywhere the earth was wearing bridal garments. The blithe, clear air was full of the songs of birds which were making love to each other in the hedges. Countless forces of production were stirring beneath the all-pervading sunlight. Blossoming and radiant nature was repeating the old love story of throbbing seed and opening flower, of urgent sap and coming fruit. It was Spring.

Jesus is the perennial witness that a true reformer is first a transformer. One reformer may say, "I will get myself out of the world, to save myself and to save the world by attracting itself unto me." This reformer would say, "I will save the world and be a Son of God by being a Son of Man, finding My way into the very heart of the world, whatever becomes of Myself." Thus only is Divinity safe. His own life was being lived so as to manifest God in the world. It was Divinity entering still more deeply into humanity.

You know the story. The wine had run out, and it seemed that the marriage party was to experience a painful failure of Eastern hospitality. The mother of Jesus had a way out of the difficulty, and perhaps she saw an opportunity for her Child. She had learned

by this time that her Son possessed power of an extraordinary nature. She knew of the approval John the Baptist had given unto Him, and her mother-heart pondered yet over the fact that the Spirit had descended upon Him and heaven had commended Him; but she had not yet fully understood that the words "Thou art My beloved Son" emphasized the fact that Jesus' intrinsic relationship was with God, rather than with Joseph and Mary. Her love also urged her to Him, at the instant when she realized that He and His disciples might be six persons too many to be entertained at the long festivity. She crept up to Him and told Him of the state of things. He did not need a hint of the scandal which was sure to come to the bridegroom and his family, because the very thing which symbolized their rejoicing had failed. To avoid this disgrace, Mary had now called upon Him Whose entrance into the world had been heralded by an angelic presence and celebrated by an heavenly anthem. "He had returned *in the power of the Spirit into Galilee.*" Would "the power of the Spirit" now be sufficient for the Son of Man?

Jesus had been through his trial and discovered his divinity. He had known Himself to be the Son of His Father, God, and He had realized that the only essential relationship which may exist between human beings is that which is in God as the Father of all. He was not to lose this truth, even now, in the presence of His mother. No one can so intensify the meaning of human belongings as can a mother.

Recent experiences, however, had made the truth of His divine relationship more clear and vital unto Him than it was, even when He spoke to His father and mother in the Temple as a twelve-year-old boy, and said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Jesus now turned from the special temptation He had resisted in the desert, which was to employ His miraculous energies without compelling them to work in sympathy with the idea of the Fatherhood of God and of His own Sonship unto God. He said, "Woman, what is there between you and me? My realm of life is not yours. Mine hour is not yet come." This is not the sharp and unsympathetic speech of a son careless of a mother's feelings. He was only saying that her thoughts were not His; and at that moment He was respectful and kind. He was also true to God, His Father, and there is not the unkindliness in His words which our translation would suggest: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" He knew He possessed the power, but He would not permit it to betray or deprave Him. He had trusted God's Fatherhood for a Father's power to save Him, without His calling upon what we call the supernatural, in the Temptation in the desert; and God might trust His Sonship now to honor Him. If this were the time to use extraordinary powers, His Father-God must somehow tell Him. Jesus would be true to His heavenly parentage, before He met the request of His earthly parentage. If His earthly parentage break meanwhile, under the strain, it is because He has fulfilled the less

with the larger, the human with the divine. This is the way of the ideal, always. But Mary had doubtless suffered from the misapprehension of her neighbors, and had no doubt been pitied, because she was the mother of this gentle enthusiast; and now was the moment, she thought, for the signal of His Christly presence and dominion. But she had anticipated God; and Jesus could obey His Father only. When His Father spoke in Him, He spoke to them.

He said, "Fill the jars with water." Men must now obey Him; and His mother said unto the mystified servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, *do it.*" The mother's over-running affection could now flow into divine channels. He who obeys God, the Universal Father, will never disobey the universal humanity, though some dear Mary may be bewildered for a time. She was clear only on one thing, and that was this, "*Whatever He tells you to do, do it.*"

Mary had experienced the truth which all Christendom comes to know, that the way to understand Jesus Christ is to simply obey Him. Many unrecorded and mysterious days with Jesus had brought her to this conviction. This method of clearing up mysteries of Jesus is safe, because of the infiniteness of Christ's resources and wisdom. None but the eternal Christ, nothing but a divine ideal, has the right to the soul's maternal appointments and *dis*-appointments.

At the very beginning of His public career, this Son of Man inaugurated a kingdom by one miracle, and it showed the nature and method of the kingdom. The invisible King was less concealed in

His Kingdom of the Invisible. In His Kingdom, life's water was to be perpetually changed into wine. This is called the "*beginning of miracles*" with Jesus. All the miracles that followed were to be accomplished after the same method. Yes; it was also the beginning of a deeper sorrow for Mary, had not the mother of this Kingly Being yielded to His heavenly influence. From this point, also, the story of Jesus and Mary is the story of your noblest ideal as it matures in your soul. It does strange but sublime things. It cleanses the temple. It confounds Pharisaic conceit and dines with ill-favored people. It silences the orthodox scribe and gets on intimate terms with common folk. O how it embarrasses you and horrifies any self-appointed guardians—this reckless way your ideal has of associating its cause and fortune with the whole world, as Jesus did. Publicans and sinners—yes, but the woman of Sychar, and the woman taken in her sin—these who are worse keep coming under its genial touch as did the lepers and lame and blind and all outcasts and children when Jesus was here among men. Nazareth would have thrown Him from the cliff, and ended it. O yes, brother, it is so improper and disconcerting that your ideal should behave in this manner! It is too great and good for you. But Jesus stays and works through our earthly relationships, because the life He lives has its inspirations and respirations through His universal relationships. We fail to understand Him only when our life has only special, local, and physical relationships.

And is it strange?—it *is* true, dear soul, that when your ideal gets maturity, it will belong more to God and humanity than to you. All you can do is to obey it while God overshadows you. Look again at Mary with her beloved son. Men who are with Him are paying the cost of an ideal. He has spoken terrible words to the Scribes and Pharisees, and they always hate the ideal.

As He said these things, the heart of another woman was touched, and she expressed her appreciation with the directness of a mother-heart, when she said, "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts which Thou hast sucked." Jesus replied with characteristic fusing of truthfulness and tenderness. He drew His answer from that idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man which inspired Him at an earlier time, when He sought to quicken spiritual relationships. He said: "Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it." Another occasion soon followed, enabling Him to indicate to His disciples and to the world that the supreme relations binding human beings are not physical, but spiritual. O how an ideal will get people together on its own basis and after its own law! Under that ideal, men and women manifest kinship of soul. Brotherhood and motherhood, sisterhood and fatherhood, are revealed. They are spiritual. The true commonwealth of manhood is in sight. The great crowd thronged about Him, for He was revealing His Sonship and their sonship unto God. It was no time for merely earthly relation-

ships to intrude. Heavenly ties were being constituted by His love; earthly ties, though most tender and dear, had lost their right to the highest place. His mother and brethren were standing without, desiring to speak with Him. He said, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" "And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he is my brother, sister, and mother." If your ideal does not do all that *revolutionary* work, inside of its *evolutionary* work in that direction for you, it is not a divine ideal.

But is this the whole cost of mothering some "holy thing" of the soul? No. Let us follow this truth on to its very last conclusion. O my soul, if thou hast brought forth a true ideal, fresh, valiant, and mighty, for this world's transformation, according to the law of its own divineness, be ready for this, and know thou that this world, so sunken and so bad, will marshal its bigotry and its brutality and will hound thine own sweet and holy child to places of insult and hatred, to the moonlit garden of Gethsemane, and to the trial where one will deny and another will betray, along the *via dolorosa*—yes, to the rude cross where thy child must be slain. No ideal of goodness, no vision of truth, no persuasion of duty—nothing that can permanently command and hold and transform it, is fitted for its redeeming work, until it has been condemned by the world and crucified by it. O Mary, canst thou stand the cross for thy Son?

O my soul, canst thou endure it, that the ideal in which thou hast trusted shall suffer, and that thou shalt suffer also when the highest ideal which thou dost know speaks to thee from its bloody cross? We will see. We follow on to the hill of Calvary.

It was now nearly two hours since they had fastened the Redeemer of Men to His cross, having handed Him over to the cruelty of the Roman quaternion and the malice of sneering priests. When Jesus was arrested, the disciples ran everywhither, and only at the trial before Caiaphas and Pilate do we see any except John. Simon Peter, who followed after John, was always afar off, even from John, for John was as close as possible to his Master. The loving disciple had pressed ever on after the stricken Shepherd of the sheep. He had probably gone to the city and now had returned with the women, whose faces we see in every true portrayal of the death of Jesus. Art has placed them nearer than the account would indicate as their station. Luke says that they "stood afar off, beholding these things." Least far away, doubtless, was the mother of Jesus, and close to her was her sister, Salome. Mary, the wife of Cleopas, mother of James and Joses, was near unto them, with Mary Magdalene. It was deeply tragic for her. Only a woman's heart in which love had done its wonders could there remain so undismayed and be seed-ground for hope. John's courage was the courage of love, and upon that courage Jesus relied, when, looking through the awful darkness which hung about the earth in the hour of

its own extreme tragedy, He saw his mother, and John standing by her side. He could trust John with the dearest possession of His life—His mother. Only one who would be near unto Him when the crowd on the roadway was turning away from Him in horror, because His mutilated form was receiving reproaches and contempt—only such a one as John, faithful to the last, would receive the great honor which Jesus conferred upon him when He said, “Woman, behold thy Son!” Only a mother whose heart-strings had been so often strained by the unfolding of her son’s destiny could be worthy of such a gift as Jesus gave to Mary, when, looking at His disciple, He added, “Son, behold thy mother.”

Once more He had exemplified the strength and beauty of spiritual relationships. He had carried the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man farther than ever before. He honored only the relations that are eternal. And here, with blood streaming down His face, and with unparalleled sorrow choking His voice, He proclaimed this truth in which He had lived, even to the mother to whom He first spoke it when He said, “Wist ye not that I must be about My Father’s business?” He had nearly completed His Father’s business on earth, but it was not to be finished, save as these spiritual relationships were revealed in their divine superiority. Mary had found a home, and John had found a mother, in deed and in truth.

Is this all? Is this the last of the mothering of any beautiful truth or goodness or fine ideal in the

world—just to see it crucified and then to go home with John? No, thank God, it is not all. The cross is not a conclusion leading to the sepulchre. It is the new beginning of the enthronement leading to the everlasting dominion of that which is crucified upon it. Jesus lives; the ideal lives. O what an illuminating and satisfying event was the Resurrection of Jesus to the patient, obedient, and heroic Mary! O what a day was that when His feet slipped the rock, and He ascended in full majesty, and she knew that the Angel of the Annunciation had told her the truth, and this “holy thing” which was born of her was of God. So may every divine impulse and holy purpose and true ideal of life lead us on and ever on, until we have experienced the raptures as well as the agonies of the soul’s mothering, and the triumphs as well as the trials which come with the divine life and its product in humanity. Mary became one of the founders of Christendom. So did God overshadow her, and so He will overshadow you and me.

V

THE WINNING OF POWER THROUGH TEMPTATION

*"Jesus returned to Galilee in the power of the Spirit." Luke
iv. 14.*

IN our studies of the paths to power, we are come at length to the Christ of God, Jesus of Galilee, our brother, and, as He will prove Himself, our Master. Shall we not reverently go with Him into the crisis of His experience which inaugurates Him as our true Christ? He returned from the desert "in the power of the Spirit," because He had there victoriously met His trial as our Saviour.

In order to understand the temptation of Christ, we must first look at the immediately preceding event, the baptism of Christ. Nothing could appear more orderly, even to us, than the Father's leading Him in this way, to His becoming our masterful brother. So His baptism was an event in which "the heavens were opened." The heavens were opened then, not only above Jesus, but also above the ordinary humanity that thronged about Him. Jesus so became the Christ of man, as well as the Christ of God, at this moment, that He represented and typified humanity. He was recognizing the divine destiny which He was to fulfil. He had His Father's business to do, and

He was ready to bow to any rite which would help to make His career entirely sacred. Jesus could not have missed the involved prophecies of His own stormful life, and, perhaps, the tragic end of it all, as He thought of Himself as Messiah and of His baptism. He must have discerned by this time that this act was the beginning of a public ministry which might end only at some Calvary, since He had felt the experience of brotherhood unto all men. In all this He was realizing in His own Sonship the Fatherhood of the Universal Goodness. He had read and re-read the prophecies concerning the Jews' expected Messiah, and whether He had fully accepted Himself as all men's Messiah, or no, He saw that His baptism was an act like other acts which must come in His life; but they were running straight in opposition to all the conceptions of Messiah held by the priests. But then, a greater realm must have opened before Him, for what was salvation to the Jew, in His thought, would be salvation to all humanity. He had just been called "The Lamb of God," and He accepted a designation which certainly foretold suffering. The Lamb must be sacrificed some day. The voice at the baptism spoke most clearly through the sober intimations previously spoken by Him that "He must be about His Father's business," when that voice now said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

This was one baptism—and of water. Another baptism must come. Every baptism of water compels one to anticipate the larger privilege of the bap-

tism of fire, in any serious life. Purification at the hands of John, the Baptizer, was not enough to make a Christ. Jesus, even though He has been led so loftily into the presence of God's power, must not lose the privilege of allying it with that positive righteousness which mere purification cannot give. The Angel of the Annunciation had spoken of Him to Mary as "that Holy Thing that shall be born of thee." Later, He was to be spoken of as "The Holy Child Jesus," and the apostles, long years after, were to see wonderful things done "in the name of the *Holy Child Jesus*." But He must *prove* His holiness. The *sinlessness* of Jesus was the incident of His *holiness*. Sinlessness alone is negative; holiness is positive. Sinlessness means that all weeds have been kept from growing on the soil; holiness means that fair and wholesome grain has germinated and grown up, occupying and exhausting the soil itself so completely that no weeds may grow. To change the figure, one has the purity of snow, the other of flame. Jesus, if He is to be the Messiah of sinful humanity, must come to a baptism which accomplishes a purification whose highest result is not sinlessness, but holiness. There was now to be a baptism, not of water, but of fire; and it was to be experienced in the temptation in the desert. This is a critical hour in any human life. Broadly speaking, man is always on his way from a simple Garden of Eden, a place of innocence, to an organized City which is the City of holiness. Jesus had doubtless been often tempted. Yet, here, after the demonstrations of approval from

heaven at His baptism—here, in the wake of these unique and glorious experiences, shared partly by the excited multitude about Him which had followed John, whom they would call Christ, while John was insistently pointing out Jesus as Christ—*here*, Jesus Himself saw before Him a greater crisis than He had ever experienced.

What others thought or said was an incidental thing. He had been living on the faith and experience of being God's Son. Now, the question was this: Can this which He has already realized from His actual Sonship unto the Divine Father endure? There is no escape from the necessity of answering this question. In His life it must be answered now. He who is to lead men to a manhood which is god-like—"the Captain of their salvation—must be made perfect through sufferings." He must know the baptism of fire before He can honorably propose it to His brethren. Where shall He find out about this?

Let Him go to the wilderness and inquire in its desolate solitudes. But He cannot escape trial even there. He does not ask to escape it. The Son of God, just because He is God's Son, must be tempted of the devil. "*Immediately*," says Mark, "the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness." Let every man remember that masterful men, like their Master, are not devil-driven, but Spirit-driven, "to be tempted," not of the Spirit, but "of the devil." The higher his destiny, the more certainly do the forces of goodness lift any man, born for mastery, up to a height which flings correspondingly vast shadows

into the vale below. Luke says that "Jesus, *being full of the Holy Ghost*, returned from Jordan." Nothing but the wilderness was before Him; nothing but the assault of Satan awaited Him, for Jesus had accepted Himself as the Holy One of God, and evil now denied the validity of the claim.

My tempted brother, it is well for you and me, when we are troubled at the fact that we are tempted, to reflect, that not even the Christ of God—certainly not the Christ of Man—could fall, being already down. Jesus was now at a point of moral enthusiasm, the loftiest He had ever known. His faculties were all aglow, and His powers eager for achievement. "*Then*," as Matthew tells us, He was led to the trial of His rank and quality. Then, and only then, He approached the empire of contesting possibilities. Satanic power has little interest in those whose unique moral loftiness does not offend it. It is quick to ensnare only the goodness whose presence reveals immortal features. Evil hates good. The ethical consciousness of humanity will always read the account of the way Jesus trod, intellectually and spiritually, to the unique temptation. It is so comprehensive of all we meet in its threefold magnitude of trial as to be rightly called *The Temptation of Jesus*. And it is not a far-away thing; it is an affair of yours and mine. No eye which has been trained by those experiences that make for holiness on this earth can ever look upon Jesus with aught but fraternal sympathy, and O how we love Him when we are told that He was "*led up* of the Spirit into the wilder-

ness, to be tempted of the devil." No man is ever tempted until he is led *up*. There must be a height to fall from, else the otherwise dramatic incident is closed before it begins. Jesus is described by Luke as "full of the Holy Ghost." Expect temptation when you are on the edge of heaven, my brother. Only when He has begun to realize His moral position amidst the things of time, and to illustrate the possibility of man's receiving God, on the one hand, and the possibility of God's entering into man, on the other hand,—only *then* can Christ be so led *up* as to be tempted of the devil. Do not think that it is because you are getting into the bad paths that your power is assailed; it is rather because you are in a good and upward-going path.

Let us carefully consider the situation of Jesus. This obscure townsman of Nazareth has been living upon the conviction that God is His Father. Those around Him do not know that, through this conviction, and in no other way, He has maintained Himself as the sinless and obedient Son. This has made Him feel the fact of human brotherhood so truly, that He now deems Himself the Messiah of Mankind. Other sincere men of genius have missed reaching His level; and their idea of Messiahship was less large than this. Had He said a word in rebuke of John, when John pointed Him out as "*the Lamb of God*," there might have been some question about His own opinion of His rank, even though mysterious events had occurred, as when the dove lighted upon His forehead and He felt the footfalls of an immeasurable destiny.

He could not resist, at the Jordan, the conviction that He was "*The Anointed One.*" He hurries to the wilderness to examine His credentials. The crowd is likely to confuse everything. He alone has kept in mind the title which His heart was always repeating, "*Son of Man.*" His are not the credentials which the Jewish rabbis expected to be furnished to their Messiah when He came. His credentials are, first, a profound faith in the universal Fatherhood of God, so profound, indeed, that Jesus believes that the Father's true Son will be the "*Lamb of God bearing the sin of the world*"; and, second, the feeling, in which all His own previous presentiments have their ripening, that He Himself is "*the Lamb of God.*" He is about to take to Himself, not the name, "The Son of God," but the name, "The Son of Man," so deeply has He realized His divine Sonship unto the Universal Father. To Him it means human brotherhood *in Him*. The faith of Jesus in God, as Father, has lifted the race up and into Him, and it has given to humanity a divine destiny. Such a faith is not proof against the attack of evil. It is a war-cry of goodness. It rather invites and challenges the opposition of wrong. Satan knows that his sovereignty is gone, if Jesus Christ succeeds. It is bold and brave, yet this revelation of goodness must be demonstrated as *holiness*, if it shall win.

Into the wilderness, with the wild beasts, Jesus went. The noblest might doubt the worthiness of a Master-man, who, with the best of intentions and with a fresh experience with God, had, nevertheless, missed

the profoundest experience with God and man, and was therefore content to be a Messiah who would lead only a political insurrection against Rome. Already men discovered that the roots of His Messiahship had struck deeper than all this. These roots were now to experience the stress of the tempest.

There could be but one temptation serious enough for Jesus as the Christ. Only one temptation would He deal with, so that, when it was met successfully, these roots of His Messiahship would be stronger in their grasp upon the core of things. This was the temptation to doubt His Father's Fatherhood. The fancy that he might be the Messiah had set this or that other Galilean crazy, and a similar illusion had driven this or that Judean to madness. But it was not insanity that Jesus had to fear. Since John had spoken, He had become the one person whom the crowd might transform into its hero. He might be led to adopt some such superficial and dazzling view, as these other enthusiasts had adopted concerning the true relation of the Messiah to His God. O the peril of the first magnetic success of any life!

Let any of us adhere to the idea that the tempter of Jesus was an external bodily shape, if we must. In so far as possible, however, let us not miss an understanding of those inner processes by which Jesus was led, through this temptation, into a victory, not only for Himself, but for all humanity whose head He became, and whose Messiah He was proving Himself to be. It is useless to argue the question as to whether a sinless being can be tempted.

He was more than a sinless being; He was a *holy* being, in the human sense. But here was the trial of His holiness, and this was sure to disclose its power. This temptation of the young teacher, Jesus, came from without, not from within. Yet His holiness would not be holy enough for earth, if He could not fall, and if He could not rise, by the experience of temptation. The value of this event unto you and me lies in these things: "He was tempted in all points like as we are," and "He was tempted, yet He was without sin," and He met it as a man, sure of nothing but His divine lineage, relying upon nothing but its truth. "*God is My Father*"—this is his only support. To draw upon the deepest meanings of His Father's Fatherhood—this was His wisdom and the secret of His power.

I always thank God that Jesus, my Master, forbade Himself any extraordinary use of His exclusively divine resources. He disdained His high privilege of being either peculiar or unique. He met the foe of humanity, as a man must meet him. "He emptied Himself." He was most divine, in becoming most human. He had left the inspiring companionship of John and the quick admiration of the wondering throng at the Jordan, and from that perilous excitement He was glad to have escaped. He was now with the prowling beasts in the wilderness. It was a safer place in which to test new experiences in the fire of thought.

Was He to become your and my true Law-giver? Look backward at our picture of Moses, and then at

this new Law-giver. Here was another Moses, standing on the verge of the announcement of a profounder code of morality, and He was fasting. There was a deeper contrast between them. The first Moses received the law; and it was a series of prohibitions. It was written on tables of stone and received amidst the manifested glories of Jehovah. This new Legislator and Incarnation of divine legislation was now receiving His law; and it was the law of love's inspiration. It was written in His own loyal will and heart, as Moses foretold it would be on the *heart* of humanity. It was received in the presence of Satan. As it has been often suggested, Moses came forth, after his forty days' fast, to meet the problem of Israel's sin, and to fail, as he did when he cast the tables of the law of Sinai from him in wrath and indignation. But Jesus came forth, joyous in the absolute confidence that His law of love would rule the world. This is the Master for you and me, my friend!

We may not ascend with Him into that uninhabited region—stretching to the north, until it came so near that He could catch a sight of the towers of Jerusalem, and so far to the south that it approached Beersheba, the desert into which the scapegoat was usually carried by the Jews on the Day of Expiation—but there Jesus now found Himself. We can go with Him into our own experiences, where He is

“With dark shades and rocks environ'd round.”

We cannot walk with Him on that arid and stony ground, and shiver near gloomy waters, or stand

silent before naked precipices; but we can understand something of His condition when we are told that, through the forty days' afterglow from that baptismal splendor at the river's brink, "He did eat nothing," and that afterwards "He hungered." This comes close to our human life, my brother. Utter desolation could not feed Him. The solitude could produce no bread. Over against any rich suggestions which His poetic insight must have discovered, even in the bleak miles around Him, was the urgent and concrete fact—the hunger of the body. The son of God was then the famished carpenter. No revelation dazzled Him into blindness as to His human need. A soul fully occupied by God, His body vacant, and with doors open for an infernal visitation—this was Jesus. The Messiah in Him was to be assaulted through the Nazarene peasant. Satan could climb up into the radiant and radiating dome of the tower of His being, only by entering and passing slyly up through the dark and vacant stairways beneath it. He must go into the house, if at all, only over the mud-sill. So the first of the three trials which constitute The Temptation of the Son of Man *must* appeal to the physical man, although its aim was a spiritual overthrow.

Emptied of physical power by hunger, Jesus was trying to feed Himself upon the fact that He was "the Son of God." Adam, "the Son of God"—and this is the designation of the evangelist Luke—had lost all in his act of eating, forgetting and even distrusting God's Fatherhood. Here was "The

Second Adam," famishing in His Father's world! Satan saw the opening, and he said, "*If Thou be the Son of God*, command that these stones be made bread." Never was logic so brilliantly imitated; never was an insulting hypothesis so craftily intimated. Was it a sneer, or a winsome persuasion? Satan hints that his own doubt about Jesus being God's Son *may* be swept away, and yet he would insert into the consciousness of Jesus the possibility, perhaps the probability, that He may be sadly wrong in His own estimate of Himself. Other enthusiastic Jews had been wrong; why not He? "*If Thou be the Son of God*"—this is evil incarnate, pretending to be capable of being convinced of the sovereignty of goodness. It is a thing impossible; but the matter is so put that Satan may be permitted to suggest to the tempted One that, as others doubtless have been, so He may be out of balance, from having adopted the same charming and disastrous illusion which has driven other kindly enthusiasts into frenzy. Evil never shows its genius so strongly as in the demonstrations of its ability to take the garments of piety and to bedeck itself with them. Satan often stands on literalism in biblical lore. There was a precedent for the miraculous feeding of God's chosen ones. Had not the whole Hebrew nation been fed once, when it hungered in the wilderness? Did not God see to it, that the widow's cruse of oil failed not, and that her barrel of meal wasted not, for Elijah? Was a faulty human being, such as Moses or Elijah, to receive honors and attentions from God which were

now to be denied to the hungry Son of God? Was divine power useless, and if so, was it not contemptible? Could there be a starving Messiah?

Men are tempted, not on the side of their weakness, but on the side of their power. Weakness is but the shadow of power. The poet is tempted to reign only and always in his fancy; the orator, to be too eloquent; the captain, to fight too often; the man who *can*, to *do*; and the Omnipotent hand is now challenged to create all His own food. Satan is always saying to the highest sort of man, "*Thou canst, if thou wilt*"—and the primeval liar sometimes speaks the truth. Only the Christ in the wilderness, only the Christ in the Christian, may resist the temptation of power.

The art of the masters has left some of the greatest of canvases as offerings to be laid at the feet of the tempted Jesus. None of them have surpassed the picture of Tintoretto, which one may see in Venice, which Ruskin and Symonds saw only through dust and mildew, and which such minds must remember as one of the most energetic representations ever made of this scene. Tintoretto's Satan is the Satan of The Temptation of Jesus—a fallen angel, doubtless; but he gives evidence yet that he was celestially created. He is vital, intellectual, splendid, and almost supreme. It is a picture full of spiritual truthfulness. In that representation, Jesus is broken and drooping, although the moral glory of the Son of Man trembles forth in a soft radiance. Before this tired and fainting form, out of which everything

humanly forceful and muscularly resistful has ebbed away, stands the virile, passionate, sinister embodiment of voluptuous energy, Satan's earthly power of enchantment contrasting with the piteous loveliness of yonder famished face, his imperious derision flashing with mock heroics upon the lone and quivering Christ, his gold-circleted arm showing its fullness and force against a gorgeous wing, as he demands of the haggard Galilean, "*If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.*" No other artist has made the face of nature so forbiddingly drear, and the majestically luminous sky behind the richly draped Satan and the unadorned Jesus so palpitant with the infinite. The multitudinous stones around fairly wait to hear the word, "Be bread!" No one has so contrasted the aim of Satan glittering in his snake-like eyes with the aim of Jesus still divinely visible upon that wan face. It is not the picture which a Milton might have made, for Milton wrote the lines, so often quoted by the expositors of this account,

"Infernal hosts and hellish furies round
Environed Thee. Some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
Some bent at Thee their fiery darts, while Thou
Satt'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace."

Milton is not so true, or so profound, as Tintoretto; for tempters almost never howl; they charm. Satan is not horrible or disgusting to any but Christ's eyes; he is more often fascinating and superb. He is wellfed, and his lithe and sinewy form, graceful with ripples of vitality that flow into one another like the rings of a sleek serpent, prove how good bread is

and what good bread may do. He is the embodiment of the delicious gospel which says: "Use your power; enjoy life; avoid suffering, if you are divine!" The painting is faithful. Jesus was then making such a divine use of His divinity that He fostered it, and restrained it for the later day when He must triumph over this voice again. Then would Jesus say: "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?" Later on, even on Calvary, He would be giving His life, while He put aside the old, coarse Satanic plea, "Save thyself and us!" This is the way to power.

Let us return to His temptation, to see that to any who, at that moment, had depended upon other than the resources of Jesus, the appeal of the tempter would have come with such triumphing persuasiveness as to have extracted a compromising answer, in word or act. This would have satisfied present hunger and Satanic desire. But there was only one answer that Jesus might make. If, as a thinker, He had once vacated His right to leave His destinies in the hands of God, as His Father, He would have destroyed the one working conception of His Messiahship which made Him the universal Christ of God and the Christ of Man. He would not do that. How, then, did Jesus answer Satan? He reached up into the conviction that He was God's Son. He lived in the consciousness that divine faculties and divine wants were His, and that only *these* hungers of His nature were fundamental, central, and inclusive. He

must live upon God. Humanity, too, whose head He was, because of the fact that God had made Him Son unto Himself, and therefore the life of God was within Him, must not, because humanity could not, depend upon its own power or the food of earth. He remembered a word of the past which perhaps only feebly expressed His own fresh and strong idea of the essential childhood of all humanity unto God. He would use it now. He said, "It is written, '*Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*'" The answer was in Jesus Himself, who was the revelation of man as certainly as He was the revelation of God, and it was at once a streak of light on the pathway of the tempted One. It amounted to this: "Because man is not God's manufactured thing, but God's child, and so he inherits God's nature, God *must* feed him with God's own word." Jesus did not deny the usefulness of bread for Himself or for the human race; He denied only its supremacy. The strife for bread has laid the mud-sill of civilization; the heroic willingness to do without bread has reared upon it the palace of the soul—all this He made clear.

If Satan had already hinted to Jesus that Moses and the children of Israel had been miraculously fed with manna in the wilderness, and that God's Son ought to fare no worse than they, Jesus now answered it by quoting from Moses these great words. This foregleam of truth concerning the Fatherhood of God, of which Moses was the prophet, was now traced back to its source. Just as its early and timorous

light had made Moses commandingly strong, so now its full splendor in the heart of Jesus made Him victorious over the Prince of Evil—so victorious, indeed, did it make Him, that by and by, when He had the destiny of the world fully on His shoulders, He could hear without a tremor the voice of the same tempter jeering beneath His cross, in the same words, “*If Thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross.*” The entire life of Jesus was the growing development, within Himself, of His early faith in the Fatherhood of His Father, God. This faith of Jesus constituted Him the Messiah and led Him to the cross, and on, by way of the tomb of Joseph,—on to Olivet and heaven.

His life was beset, from the beginning to the end, with one temptation only. It came in various forms. It was this, to take a superficial view of His Father’s Fatherhood. The first Adam had lost all, by *selfishness*, which Jesus soon saw was the core of sin; the second Adam regained all by *self-sacrifice*, which is the core of holiness. The first Adam passed out of the spirit into the senses; the second Adam passed out of the senses into the spirit. Jesus had inaugurated first in Himself the kingdom of the unseen. Thus only could He rule unto the end. He conquered; and His faith in His Father’s Fatherhood deepened and heightened to the very last, until, on Calvary, it broadened down into such a sense of human brotherhood that He said of His human brethren who were there killing Him, “*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*” It

went still further and showed itself in the form of brotherhood, for, after the tomb of Joseph had borne witness that the Son of His Father, God, could not be holden of death, He told Mary, "Go to My *brethren* and say unto them, I ascend unto *My Father and your Father*." Even so far, this valorously defended idea of God's Fatherhood unto man and man's childhood unto God was to lead in the enterprises and achievements of Jesus. Here is power.

How far the victory in this first trial of the Temptation went toward energizing His true Messiahship and preparing it for the greatest of its future triumphs, may be seen in this: He was tottering with hunger; a set of necessities which came out of His bodily constitution clamored for food; He actually confronted death. He said, practically, "Men can live without bread; man is not a physical being living on physical materials, but a spirit-child of the Eternal Spirit; it is not necessary for Me that My body should even survive—I can live only on the word of My Father." At that moment, Jesus had conquered death, intellectually and spiritually. Calvary would come, by and by, and break His heart, but the unpierced hands even then had "the keys of death." Jesus had done the supremely needful thing for human progress. No nation has ever reached greatness which has not refused to agree that the power and willingness to make bread are the chief glory of government. Physical comfort has to go down upon its knees before moral enthusiasm, ere the bodies of men are truly cared for. The idea that if men are well fed

they are to be contented is Satanic still; and the presence of two blades of wheat where one has hitherto grown is not so much a proof that the golden day is here, as is one blade of wheat unfolding its spiritual treasure to a man delivered from the tyranny of his senses. Holiness is the only true basis for prosperity. Let our nation never forget that truth.

The first trial of the temptation had come and gone, and Jesus was more than ever the Head of a new kingdom. He had met the proposition "Bread is indispensable" with the proposition "God alone is indispensable to His child, man." He had led the race back, from bread, into the heart of the Creator of bread. He had furnished a solution, the *only* solution, for the bread question. It is no wonder that again He would be insisting on being known as the "*Son of Man*"; that is, Son of Humanity. What if the King of the kingdom which had just been proposed, had begun, at that critical moment, to turn stones into bread? No new heavens and no new earth would have ever come unto man through Jesus; life would have been uninspired from the higher consciousness of God's Fatherhood, and, instead of making man heroic and blessed, Jesus, our Master, would have made man a magician and an indolent eater of bread. Could anything have been more fatal to moral power? Man would have gone on testing divinity according to its power and willingness to make stupidity happy by supplying merely physical needs. Jesus did not come to lead man *down* into his lower life, and to inflame the petulant necessity

for happiness; that would have been to emphasize the idea that man is only God's manufacture, and physical. He came, on the other hand, to lead man *up* into his higher nature, and to show him that Calvary furnishes the symbol of divine manliness—this is to emphasize the idea that man is God's child and spiritual. Not *what a man gets* makes him rich, but *how he gets it*; and the ability to do without it is a greater treasure still.

In the first trial, Jesus won the day, by depending utterly upon the Fatherhood of His Father, by refusing to degrade divinity into satisfying His own immediate desires. It was a sacrifice of Himself. He was even then declining to found "a religion of signs"; He was refusing a "sign" even for Himself. It must ever be remembered that the value of the Person of Jesus Christ, in His influence in the world, lies in the fact that He Himself experienced His own religion and was equal to all its high demands.

The second trial is so managed by the tempter that Jesus, who has refused to take His life and its sustenance out of the hands of God, is urged to fall a victim to His own convictions, and to carry His own faith a little further, and, in an extraordinary act, to depend wholly upon His Father's Fatherhood. "If dependence on God is a good thing, make the most of it"—this is the plea He hears. Yonder glows the Temple, rising above terrace and garden and castle in the Holy City. It is the center of the world, in the thought of that nation to whom any Messiah must be most dear. It is the very place which shrewd and

brilliant diplomacy, or the manipulator of a great movement which must carry the enthusiasm of the people, would select for some dramatic act that would bind the hero to the affections of a populace and enthrone a victor in the imagination and adoration of the Jewish race. In what literal or symbolic sense these words are used, we need not stop to discuss, but it is a fact repeatable ever more in Christian experience, that "*then*" "*the devil taketh Him into the Holy City, and setteth Him on the summit of the Temple, and saith unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written, 'He shall give the angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone.'*" There is no reason to suppose that these words need to be accepted more literally than Paul's words as to his having been "*caught up to the third heaven,*" and other similar words. A more important fact it is, that the temptation which offered itself to Jesus at this moment in the development of His thought of Himself as Messiah, and in the presence of all that the Temple in Jerusalem meant to Him and His nation, was so subtly conceived, and so persuasively insinuated by Satanic artifice, that only the truest and most deeply inspired spirituality and faith could have resisted it. Behold how you and I may resist it!

Do not underestimate its force. Jesus was divinely ambitious. Ambition to lead and to deliver Israel must have considered the fact that Israel must be impressed. *How* Israel was to be impressed, and

whither Israel's leader was to lead, were questions answered variously. They were answered according to each thinker's conception of the true Messiah and His mission. The answer of Jesus must be in accord with His unique idea of the Messiah as the representative of His Father—God. He was still drinking at the fountain of His inspiration: "*God is My Father; I am His well-beloved Son, and God is pleased in Me.*" That came from His hour of baptism. But things had taken a new aspect. Would He still be God's Child? He had proven Himself to be God's Child by His trust in God and His dependence upon Him in the first trial. "Trust Him still further," said Satan. "Depend upon Him with dramatic entirety," whispered the tempter. Satan had grasped and was urging on Jesus' own argument.

Against the great gates of the Temple, the sunlight poured its splendor. Every parapet caught the glory and burned in the far-flung morning tide. The sublime height of the Royal Porch invited Him. Thousands of Jews who had come up from all parts of the world were talking over the national expectancy. Had the Messiah been born? Many of these pilgrims had recently been baptized by John and were of those who had just left the banks of Jordan, where John had gathered the nation and baptized Jesus, when the heavens were opened and they had heard the voice of approbation above the Galilean Carpenter. Some of them were ready to believe. Was it not the hour for His vindication and the one valuable opportunity for Him to trust God, even daringly? If He

were to cast Himself off from yonder golden edge of the Temple, surely divine wings holding Him up would create a new breath of faith for men. Was not this to be desired—to reach the goal in one scenic event, to save Israel's faith, and to reinspire His own faith in Himself? The King was surveying two kingdoms. One was the kingdom of this world; the other was the kingdom of God's universe, inclusive of earth and heaven. Which kingdom would be His? Was He thinking that the one could be entered only by presumption, and that He was already enthroned in the other, by the fact that, even with extraordinary powers, He had been obedient thus far to all accepted law, the law of nature as well as the law of Sinai? By and by natural laws were to be broken divinely, only because He would fulfill them; that is, "*fill-full*" them with Himself, and thus enlarge them until they were lost in greater and all-inclusive laws? Or was He afraid to throw Himself upon the air, lest it might yield, and all His divine and humane designs perish with Him? Then it was that Satan clothed himself so sacredly with a scriptural text, that only divine eyes could have discerned his sinuous craft, making it all a lie; and the devil repeated the old promise of Israel: "He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." He intimated this: "Thou art soon to break up man's sense-bound universe, by revealing the unseen. Do it *now* and so publicly as to save time, struggle, and long agonies!"

O my Saviour, Thou wilt not do this! No. Jesus was the invisible King of an invisible kingdom. He could not begin the conquest of that kingdom over the hearts of men, by further vulgarizing the already too theatrical passion of mankind. He would trust God so deeply as to rely upon the appeal of the invisible and spiritual entirely. He would not make the unseen seen. He knew that He could not save men to communion with His invisible Father, except by wooing them through the triumph of His invisible and perfect Sonship unto God. He saw further than this. He perceived that this would be to furnish a false idea to the race of men. They would become imitators of an external magic. Most of all, He saw how irreverent and presumptuous it would be, as related to His heavenly Father. He would therefore answer that which was neither the first nor the last of misquoted texts, by truly quoting another text in its real sense. He turned upon Satan, and said, "It is written *again*, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

"*Again.*" Jesus here teaches us, among other things, this—how to use our Bible. No one text and no one set of texts may be considered representative, still less are they to be thought exhaustive of the scriptures. Satan can quote scripture; only Christ can compare scripture with scripture, and quote it with justness. And it is Christ in the Christian that enables the Christian to find the true meaning of the Bible. Only an inspired man can intelligently read and use the inspired words. The quotation of Jesus, "*Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,*" with

which He met the cunning of Satan, is a command which came to Israel long before, when, in the journey through the wilderness, they came to Rephidim, where "there was no water for the people to drink." The angry people crowded to Moses and demanded water. His answer to them was, "Why chide ye with me? Wherefore do ye tempt the Lord?" The command came to them later, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God, as ye tempted Him in Massah." The difference in the two cases was superficial; their likeness was radical. Unbelief was at the bottom of the action of the Israelites, and unbelief would lie at the bottom of the action of Jesus, if He were to follow the suggestion of Satan. Yet it was Satan's effort to have Jesus think that such action involved an earnest belief. Jesus saw that trust in any of the laws of God is trust in God Himself, and that to enter upon a course of conduct which selfishly denies the sacredness of these laws, is to distrust God. To dare upon the persuasion of the infiniteness of Love's power is to profane it. "God," says St. Augustine, "has promised forgiveness to those who repent, but He has not promised repentance to those who sin." To have thrown Himself down, without the command of God coming through necessity, and to have counted on God's power to save Him from bodily harm, would have been sinful. It would have been to have thrown Himself away from His idea of Messiahship, whose central current was love and loyalty unto God, the Father. He would have listened to vanity and to have countenanced presumption, to have courted a

peril where there was no duty, to have created a danger in order to obtain a spectacular deliverance from it; He would have distrusted God's ability to take care of the divine destinies of His Child as God Himself had provided. This it was that Jesus meant to teach when he said, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," thou shalt not make an experiment of the divine Fatherhood. The true proving of God is to obey His laws; the true dependence upon God is to confide that God will lead from duty to duty, and thus from destiny to destiny. Satan had failed again.

Still the forces of evil cannot give Him up. It is evident to Satan that his realm is threatened, and will be lost, if this Man, to whom God now seems constantly saying: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," is not persuaded somehow to abandon the moral divineness which is His. The ground is still worth contending for. "Count it all joy," says James, "when ye *fall* into divers temptations." It is proof that we have first *risen* to some height from which it is worth while for evil to dislodge us.

The third trial was the last charge in this Temptation of the Master; and it was even more subtly and carefully planned and executed than either of those preceding it. It was born of Satanic despair, and developed in the presence of the divineness of Christ. The appeals of Satan had risen, step by step, until this last one was to be urged upon Christ's noblest faculties and upon His loftiest aims.

Jesus had entertained the dream of universal sovereignty. His idea of Messiahship had compelled this. He was brother to all men by virtue of His faith in universal Fatherhood, and He would deliver the world. But it was a world of men—low-browed, proud, mistaken, ignorant, and yet divinely created, men. How shall He get hold of them in such a way as to win their hearts unto Him, and then lift them to the point where He can organize and equip them under His kingly authority?

There is a height—physical, mental, or moral—from which the man Jesus looks out over the kingdoms of the world and sees the glory of them. Other men have climbed up a little way toward the summit and seen much; He climbed to the top of it, and He saw all. Somehow, without parting from His vision of the truer glory of the kingdom of God, Jesus has been led thither. Satan has his new opportunity. Just as the second trial in the Temptation was put before Jesus on the very ground upon which Jesus had become victorious in the first, namely, His trust in God, so the third trial in the Temptation is put upon the ground on which Jesus was victorious in the second; and this ground was His determination to trust the laws closest to Him and to honor them in obeying His Father. Satan always grasped the sword instantly which Jesus had used in vanquishing him. What law could be closer to a man looking toward universal dominion than the law which everybody then accepted as the one rule of action governing crowned heads and rulers of states? "*The end justi-*

fies the means”—this was one of its precepts. “*Accept the best you can get, and what you want will come*”—this was one of its maxims. “*Be of the world, in order to help the world*”—this was one of its wise conceits.

It was Satan's hour to confess Jesus as Messiah, but he did that only in order to make Him Satan's kind of Messiah. He pointed out the immense realm of earthly sovereignties. He knew what set of forces held them clustered under one sky. He rose to the occasion, and he said, “Fall down and worship me, and all these things will I give Thee.” Satan was sure of his ground, and he promised nothing which he might not have fulfilled, when he said, “To Thee will I give all the authority and the glory of them.” He did not overestimate his power in the world, when he added, “For it hath been delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will, I give it.” Jesus knew that humanity was desperate, and that the world was waiting for a king. It was the hour when, only a little compromise with evil to make Him popular, only a slight homage to wrong in elegant circumstances, only His trifling obeisance to current theories—and it would all have been accomplished and a goal reached. The dream glittered and shone. Jesus could have commanded the fanaticism of Palestine, organized about Him the discontented dependencies of Rome, marched against the decaying empire, overwhelmed the world's capital, and reigned over all. Satan had presented this, without making a misrepresentation either of the power of Jesus at that moment or of his

own ability to fulfill his part of the contract. He was actually "The Prince of *this* world." He had compromised in the hope of meeting a compromise. Would not Jesus bend a little, as men do, worshipfully adopting baser means to gain their ends? Satan did not even ask Jesus to forsake the goal which He had before Him. He did not, in this third trial, suggest a doubt as to the divine Sonship of Jesus unto God. The only aim of Satan was to get Jesus to abandon His method.

Method is more than goal. The way in which a thing is done is of more importance than the thing done. Sovereignty which may be kept permanently is always won divinely. Satanic indeed is the idea that "nothing succeeds like success." A noble failure, by way of God-like methods, is grander than a gigantic success by methods base and low. Jesus would have disinherited Himself from God's Fatherhood and His communion, if He had bent the knee in ever so small a reverence to anything but that idea of His life which made all His work a continuing of God's work in the world. At His baptism the fact of His Sonship was announced clearly in the words from heaven, "Thou art My Beloved Son." Jesus had just demonstrated its reality. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"—this was to be the word eternally descriptive of His relations to God in the work of redeeming the world. Filled again with His ideal of the true Messiah as One whose supreme loyalty was unto God His Father, He said, "Get thee hence, Satan! For it is written, Thou shalt

worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Satan heard the command and was gone.

The long siege of evil directed against good had failed. Not an inch had been won from Jesus; He had won Himself. Satan was gone, and angels came and ministered unto Messiah. Satan was gone?—Yes; but only "*for a season,*" as we are told. The whole life of Jesus was to be a battle, and not a dream—it was a battle for a dream. Jesus had won new victories for the Christ. But he was nearer unto Calvary. Three times now had Jesus put self out of His way, in loyalty unto His Father. Verily, the cross is not far off, and on that symbol of shame, He will give Himself up entirely! Such is the course of inward training, by which our Master "*returned in power of the Spirit.*" May God enable us to pay the price of such power!

VI

POWER TO MEET UNEXPECTED DEMANDS

"Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost." St. John vi. 12.

IF Jesus is to be explained by the human estimates and accounts of Him, interesting to an era, which finds fortunes, as ours does, in latent and unsuspected resources, developing by-products and wastes into values, we must describe Him as the chief prophet of the unseen and the apostle of the invisible. This is illuminating, so far as it goes. And yet it is in the apparent success of such an explanation that the devoutest feel that they have but touched the hem of His garment. We confess that a certain kind of power comes into us by even touching that garment hem. We are grateful for the cure of our doubt as to His practical serviceableness unto us in spiritual economics, but there are all the depths of His boundless personality beyond and behind all that. Taking up such an episode as this, for example, we find how much more powerful is the illumination in Christ Himself than is our twilight explanation of Him. He Himself is the reason of such a miracle as this, much more evidently than the miracle is a reason for Him. Being in a diviner way than we can state in words

the Invisible One, it was natural that, when the visible and crying necessities of this visible life of ours rushed in against Him, He should simply unfold to man's undiscovering eyes the invisible content of some of his least visible powers. The miracle was but a moment in the normal life of Jesus as the Master.

This is the lesson which now, as then, Christ is seeking to teach us all: that the exceeding and peculiar value of some of our least noticeable possessions and facts lies in this, that, being so nearly invisible, they are, on the one hand, just visible enough to stand before the eyes of our earthly life as the embodiment of the invisible, and, on the other hand, they are so nearly unseen that, in any estimate or use of them, we are forced to rely on what we do not see in them rather than upon what we do see. We go back to our earlier study of the paths to power, and lo! it is the little acacia bush which is burning that commands the attention of the real and interior Moses. Through that little thing, the Great One comes in a great manner to make a soul great in the perception of Him.

This bread and those fishes, in the presence of five thousand hungry people—it is the picture which the Christ made of the seeming and embarrassing disproportion of demand and supply in our world. But it was something more, as I have said. The bread and fishes were so nearly invisible, in the sight of those undeniably visible wants, that, when He hung the whole weight of those demands upon so slender a cord, the Master made them feel what He is always teaching as the revealer of the invisible—

that the value of the cord which held them from deeps of hunger lay not in the seen, but in the unseen threads which helped to compose it. And that is one of the ministries of little things. Only in the answered appeal of the still small voice will Elijah lose that spiritual vacancy which listens sadly for a tumult of contemporary acclaim. Every soul who needs to leave bulk behind, enters the kingdom "through the *small door*," as his Master desired. And here, it is made clear, more surely than by any other means, that the high efficiency and value of the visible resides in the invisible which it embodies. It is by some little thing, like a mustard seed, which has in itself both the quality of being visible and the suggestion of the nearness of the invisible, that the mind is enabled to travel along that thin line which marks the empires of the soul. In this way, Christ was God's self-revelation in His treatment of the small things. He made them significant of even greater truth than the large. "Verily," said Isaiah, "thou art a God which hidest Thyself." The most huge noise in nature—the deep-toned thunder—"this," said the Psalmist, "is the *hiding* of His power"; it certainly is not its revelation. All this way with man is in harmony with the same universal philosophy of God which makes an atom obedient to the laws which control a world. It is happily suited to man's infirmity of step when he travels along the edges of the invisible. It is not a revolving star, but a falling apple, which shows a Newton how through the visible runs the sovereignty of the invisible. Wide, indeed, is that lesson when

Jesus teaches it in the realm of the spirit. It is a lesson which, once learned, renews the world for us by unfolding it. Yet this was a lesson which He left to be learned along with the less involved and more practical lesson. And this more essential lesson is that concerning the valuation of what one has, and the method of its development into what one needs and what one may give to others, yes, and of what one has left over after this is done.

The proposition of those disciples which was hinted at in their questioning, to leave those few loaves and fishes to valueless disuse, because there was not more of the provision for a multitude, surely it is not an entirely unfamiliar proposition. We hear it offered to the church, and too often by the church, to-day. It exhibits at once the poverty of a weak invisible life in the disciples and the danger of such a seemingly satisfactory religiousness. Such good men, at a crisis which is at once a desperate situation and a high opportunity, always say "There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two fishes; but—"; "but"—the whole emphasis is on that. "*But?*" O how many precious enterprises have been suddenly and basely concluded in mid-course by a faithless "*but!*" "*But* what are these among so many?" Here is the blindness of arithmetical views of the forces and facts of religion. One moral necessity, however, will always outweigh statistics. What is the moral necessity? See it, as it springs forth on Jesus' lips. In that eventide, on the shore of Genesareth, with a hungry crowd of people who surged

against Him at this highest moment of His popular activity, the disciples saw nothing else to do but to dismiss them. But the moral necessity, as yet unspoken, could not be dismissed. It was tugging at Jesus' heart. And soon there was manifested a sublime quality of the Christ and His religion. No figures of addition and subtraction dismayed Him. He would meet the crisis by spiritual multiplication.

It was a most perilous moment in the opening era of a spiritual religion. Jesus' popularity was very visible. Peril always hides in such an hour. He knew that He Himself was the cause of their having stayed so long with Him that it was now too late for the people to go home for their evening meal. The poor and helpless were there in the crowd which had been delayed by His high converse upon the unseen. And, as though He would give them an intimation of the real supremacy of the truth and put this phase of His influence in the world before their minds, He said to his bewildered disciples two things, first, "How many loaves have ye?" and then, "Give them to eat." The Kingdom of the Visible tottered; the Kingdom of the Invisible came near.

"Give them to eat." Do not let us miss this early manifestation of the chief quality of the eternal influence of the Christ. What are the facts to-day? He Himself has created new demands in human life. Just as He delayed them so long with His sweet and uplifting words, so has He attracted human nature to His word and life in such a way, so has he held man with a divine charm, that new hungerings of soul

after the good and beautiful and true look Him in the face and make their appeal from out the human soul. Because He is Jesus the Christ, "He *must* have compassion on the multitude." His body, the Church, has invited the world to expect a manifestation of power by preaching His gospel. Man has not been led to be misled. He *must* have compassion on the multitudes of men whose hearts have been made to feel their unsatisfactory condition, whose souls have been made conscious, as He has touched men by a thousand gracious influences—O how conscious!—of inner demands that beg and plead for some supply. Christianity has told His story over and over again. It has thus been a discoverer of wants previously unknown, and it has developed into a very tumult of yearning in the eventide of the times, a life hungry for truth and for goodness, and upon this Christ must have compassion. To all this want which Christian light discloses, and whose self-assertion it helps to make more eloquent, the true Church comes, as did Christ, finding in human hands but five barley loaves and two small fishes of spiritual supply. Always our faithless thought is saying, "What can be done with so small a supply for so many wants?" Always a half-hearted spirituality is proposing to dismiss the crowd of poor and helpless ones to take care of themselves. But wherever a living Christianity obtains, it pushes its firm but tender hand into the unseen, and seeing so little of the visible, yet it says, in the face of the five thousand necessities, "*Give them to eat.*"

The Christ's Christianity *did* create a noble restlessness in the soul of man. It will always do it. It has charmed him and kept him away from the base and low, until, like those hungry people by the shore of Genesareth, man to-day is out of the reach of the old helps; he is beyond the power of ordinary resources of human life. The slaveries and delights; the philosophies of life and hopes for the future; the comforts and uses of time are no longer adequate for this being who has been taken by Christ into a large place, his feet being set on a rock. The true Church does not leave him or have him dismissed to some strange set of forces, or to an unknown phase of life. It is honest and honorable. It answers the newly made demand by its divine power. It meets, even by the weak human means which comes to its hand, every yearning it has awakened, every incidental demand it has stimulated. No Church or Christian will have power, until honor is safe. We are in honor bound to stay by the problem, which our faith has created. A community which has a Church in it that creates yearnings for higher life which it does not know how to supply, is a cheated and impoverished community. The world will not let the Church retire into her mummeries or vestments or creeds. She has helped to start the issue. She must meet it. You cannot turn the labor problem, or the problems of war and peace, over to philosophers or combatants. Where there is no one praying "Our Father," and the sense of human brotherhood has not therefore agitated as to the principle of regnant political econ-

omy, there is no pain of progress, no labor problem. All is solved in death. But the Church, which is Christ's body, has been proclaiming these truths here and there, and the Church must meet the yearnings for better things which her Christ has created, or she must confess to a moral cowardice and impotency and be laughed to scorn.

What He had just said about the unseen and the circumstances gave character to what Jesus did. His was a miracle in which the power of the unseen was made a little more clear; and the native justice of Christ made Him so compassionate that the miracle served a practical purpose. It is a miracle which He, as the most positive force in the history of the world, is constantly repeating. It is all through the expression of His life. He has made a new world, if by nothing else than by disclosing to mankind and revealing the demands of a spiritual nature. This new world must have its policy and its method. This policy and method, so far as they have to do with the economy of material and power, are all manifested in the two sayings, "*Give them to eat*" and "*Gather up the fragments.*" Nothing, therefore, more closely exhibits the method of Christ in history and the character of His influence over the soul. When He said to those disciples to give five barley loaves and two small fishes to five thousand, He disclosed to the world the fact that the mightiest factor of spiritual economies is *the invisible*, and when, after they were filled, He said "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," He then indicated to mankind

that, after a small power has been touched by Him, its littleness becomes greatness. This greatness was attested in its very fragments which must not be lost. Both are phases of one principle in His kingly policy.

God in nature and God in Christ is one. The whole philosophy of the Invisible Kingdom lies in this. Creation and Incarnation manifest God in two ways. When the creation speaks to the scientist, every square foot of turf and every planet of the sky proclaim a severe economy, which, at the first, like Christ, seems to promise more than it can fulfill; but at last it says to the serving laws and forces of nature: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost." When God speaks in the Incarnation, Jesus has the same firm footing on the validity of the unseen and the same care for all fragments. God in nature is ever gathering up the waste. Like the Christ of God among men, He will have nothing left in the world that is not taken up into obedient hands. The grass that is left, when the feast of summer closes with the ices of the year, is to become material help to other grasses to live and grow well; the crumbling mountains become rich alluvial deposits, and the broken river bank is carried on to make a wide meadow. The winds gather pollen from the flowers, and the earth has gathered the raindrops, as before the clouds had gathered the floating mist of the sea. "The groaning creation"—the world He created with an involved purpose which evolves—waits and goes on gathering fragments and making unity out of them again. Creation and re-creation act alike. So, after

all, the universe is indeed one, without an unadopted waif of matter or an unfound stray of force. We need to obey the divine economy of this universe, and Jesus has here the open secret which means power.

Our spiritual need—the demand for new power in the presence of new problems—is thrillingly evident. As the times indicate what Jesus in the world has inspired men to do and to leave behind and to expect, it is awful. Weakness, however churchly, will not stand up before the call for spiritual power. Where shall we get this new power? The answer is here. All the material and energy of life which we *need to have* must and will come out of the slight material and small power which *we do have*. It is of evolution, not revolution—this way to power! It is just this operative economy which Jesus Christ carries up into the realm of the soul. First, there are the five barley loaves and two fishes. Now, what is the dictate of a faithless policy? “Throw them away, for they can be of no service!” So much the disciples implied in their questions. So says an unholy wisdom. No! Do I need power to meet my new problem? Have I any power at all? Yes; but just a little. Then, with my Master and the world’s Master near, let me learn this, that which I want must come up out of the power which I already have. The past is sacred. Again, “Our finest hope is finest memory.” “*I am that I am*”—the continuity of God and His method—is here. I must pray not “*Give me a new faith,*” so much as “*Increase my faith.*” “*Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief.*” It is econ-

omy to put this seed into the earth, and thus ally it with a thousand other powers to bring forth the wheat-fields that lie within it. It was divinest economy to put into the hands of the Power Supreme this little energy, to ally it with Him, that the five thousand might be fed. He alone saw that, for He knew the sovereignty of the invisible. He Himself was laying down laws for His Invisible Kingdom. And then, when the crowd was fed, what was economy? You cannot stop with half of this miracle. Shall He leave the fragments? Had not the pieces left over been touched by power divine? Were they not, each of them, more potential than the whole mass was before? "Gather them up," said He. They had become infinite, for He had touched them with His power. Nothing so rich could be wasted—nothing so precious should be lost. Lo! Christ would make man god-like, first—an heroic believer in the unseen resources of the seen, and then, in consequence of the same faith, the Christ would make every man a gatherer of the fragments which prove how the unseen interpenetrates, guides, and overflows the seen.

Jesus Christ brought to light many laws, till then unappreciated in the progressive life of men. This is one of them. Five barley loaves and two fishes, with the twelve baskets of fragments left—this occurs at every real feast. Here is a truly great painter. He gives forth his individual feeling and imagination and effort on a canvas. If he were to see how many hungry eyes there are to look for beauty, and how many weary souls there are to search for truth in his

painting, he might well say to his powers, "What are these among so many?" But genius either does not let him count up the visible demands, or it so quickens his appreciation of the invisible to supply them, that he paints away and finishes the picture. The crowds stand and admire, and continually the race comes and goes to behold that alliance of truth and beauty. The feast may last for centuries. At its close, who shall doubt the economy of his use of "the five barley loaves and two fishes," while men and women gather up the twelve baskets of fragments. Look at it carefully. The artist himself did not lose it when he gave the picture to the canvas. He gained power at every artistic stroke. The little that he seemed to give returned him much more. Every man who looked upon it took away a feast for himself. Each hundred beholders multiplied it a hundred-fold. No one took it from the canvas, and yet every one carried it home with him. The fragments were greater than the provisions for the feast. So with the true thinker, the real orator, and the sound philosopher. So, above all, with the noble and good who live lives of beauty and goodness before men. Every stroke of heroism makes the arm more heroic. It is a feast of revelation. Every man's necessity and yearning are fed, and, because any truth feeds him, the fragments left are each more large in influence. Truth has proved itself to have feeding power. It comes into the next soul a more efficient power, because it has already proved itself a great and refreshing reality.

We must cling closely to the fact that the multiplying potency for our small supplies for life's needs comes, not so much from their interior content, as from Him. It is the hand of the Supreme Power which touches the five barley loaves and two fishes, and, as a consequent privilege and derived power, the disciples may gather up the fragments—what is left over of the visibly great, after the seemingly small, but possibly great, have entered into the dominion of their transformer and accomplished their work. This will indicate the work of God and the privilege of man in the life of the world. The fragments of benefit, which come out of the transformation which the Supreme Power effects, with our small and discouraging capital, are always more than the capital we gave to Him with which to do, because God in Christ has taken them into His plans and we have made His plans our plans. God works in history by the same laws and powers which operate in the private soul of a Fenelon or an à Becket. It was the Union—our love for it, our loyalty to it, our hope in it—with which the American Civil War began. The task to be accomplished was greater than man could do. Five loaves and two fishes for five thousand! But there was another element. The Christ, in His reincarnation in history, the personality in whom the laws of the world and its God sweep ever upward to consummate embodiment, the heart-center, vital and supreme, from Whom flows the blood of an inevitable life, *He* touched our scanty store of national power. He took the inconsiderable patriotic energy

we gave, and, after the five thousand were fed, after the Union was saved, men gathered up the fragments which were more than the feast. Behold! the horrible monster of human slavery was slain. The honor of the republic was secure, of course. The flag floated in pure air and stainless. Five barley loaves and two fishes of love for the Union to begin with; twelve baskets of national honor and integrity to be gathered up.

All the while Christ is repeating illustrations of this fact, in His second coming through redeemed human society. Never before was His power of leaving, after the feast which He makes out of our little possibilities, fragments greater than the original provision, more truly shown than in the history of the Crusades. Vast armies of earnest, but it may be too zealous, men, were moved to the worship of Christ by an expected sight of Jerusalem and recovery of the holy sepulchre. Their conscious contribution to the advance of mankind, as we now look at it, was as but two fishes and five loaves to five thousand. It was really a very poor kind of faith—that vision of a grave. On toward the gates of Jerusalem they went through blood and fire. The earth, however, was attracted to this mighty march. The consequences were out of all proportion to the spiritual force invested by man, for, in the wake of their bloody carnival, the fragments gathered up were Italian, Teutonic, and Scandinavian lands saved from a slavery wretched and barbarous, an international exchange of truth, the sowing of the seeds of a religious refor-

mation, the abolition of serfdom, the annihilation of feudalism, the supremacy of the common law over the head of chief and aristocrat. It was a great twelve baskets left over.

Let us look for this law in the life of a human soul in the world. The way in which men are apt to be conscious of spiritual power is as truth, or faith, or comfort. Of each of these a truly good man is conscious of having a very little for comparatively heavy demands. Yet nothing is more certain concerning them than this, that the mission of the little that any man has, is worked out, only as he sees it taken up by supreme powers. The whole history of spiritually minded persons shows that, by their having been put to use, the broken pieces one comes upon are larger in very fact and for result, than that first and small possession from which they were broken. Take truth—it will show what our attitude should be. The very nature of truth is told in this episode. If a man is certain of possessing one small truth, and is equally certain that there are a whole set of faculties and a thousand waiting demands for it, and if he passes the temptation to keep it because it can do so little and because it is all he has—if he ventures to give it forth—what does he find out? Why he gets a richer truth, and that is this, the poor, solitary, little one he had was latently bound up in invisible relationships to other truths against which it lay, other truths which were hidden; other truths that he now sees so depend upon it and run their life into its own, that if he takes up the one, he must take up the next and the next—

yes, he finds that the last truth of the universe is connected vitally with the first. He discovers this also, that, because the little truth of which he was conscious is true, other truths of which he was till then unaware are also true. He finds that, after all, truth is one and truly infinite. He is in the presence of infinity. The Supreme One unites all into one. In the hands which long ago made the worlds, this little isolated truth of his has so drawn up with itself all other and vastly greater truths that the five thousand necessities are satisfied, and there are left of his little supply fragments that are greater than the supply itself. This is not all. Add to this relationship and unity of truths the fact that each truth is not less but more as it is loyally given away and somebody takes it; that it grows more evidently true when the five thousand are fed with its satisfactoriness; that it is inconsumable, yet full of food; and then you see how in Christ's hands, a little will feed a multitude, and more, the multitude beyond the multitude one seeks. The Kingdom of the Unseen enlarges upon us.

So, almost greater than the miracle of feeding is the related and contemporaneous miracle of the fragments. They are always together, and they depend upon one another. It is certain that if, when a man takes the little truth which he knows he possesses and loyally gives it out to life, so that the Christ gets hold of it and touches it with His transforming power in His later incarnation in redeemed man, there comes the miracle of a man's finding his little truth infinite because it is true, and a part of all truth which is

universal, there will also come the added experience of finding that bits of truth, fragments of this truth which was once loyally given away, are more than what he seemed to start out with. There are no little truths—this is proved by their fragments. It will take a Christ in the experience of life, or in that larger reincarnation of Himself in history, to show it; but after our Christ has worked His miracle of showing us the infinite satisfactoriness of a little truth, we discover that what we would have brushed aside before, as crumbs, are of boundless good. They possess the same infinitude of truth which the truth had from which they were broken, while man was fed. You come up to a soul that has been satisfied on some truth, and lo! there are always pieces of it left. Nobody can exhaust the smallest of truths' feasts. And thus it is that the fragments which the moving race gather up when an Augustine, a Faber, a Melancthon, or a Maurice has been fed thereon, are twelve basketsful. The generations come and go, and the fragments are lovingly gathered up to continue this double miracle of the Christ forever.

Instead of truth, think for a moment of faith. There are, as there ever have been, dear and true souls, who, when they look at their power to supply the many hungry necessities of life, especially when they have opened up new yearnings in other souls, find on their hands but "five loaves and two fishes" of faith. They tremble with conscious weakness. And yet the very consciousness that they are in themselves weak has a prospect of power in it—a hopeful

turn toward God will come. O blessed sense of weakness, if I may behold a divinely great task! Welcome any necessity that compels a cry for the Divine upon my lips! It turns the eye away from self-analysis and conceit, which must end in discouragement, and one attaches himself to the Christ-inspired and Christ-laden movements around him. Great is the influence of the conviction that Christ is still saying, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." A new power springs then and there from the bosom of apparent weakness. When a man finds this out about his Master, that His hand has never yet disdained, and never will disdain, to take up the littleness which one has to give, and, in dignified transformations, proceed to feed the necessities with it, then his faith is power. Our tiny supply of faith! But is it really so insignificant? Brother, what do you really believe? You never will see how mighty it is until it has been taken by Him and then gets His personal significance into it. As it passes into His hands, lo! our littleness becomes greatness. It would have become great in our own hands, if we had counted in the supreme power which guides all history—Christ. Until we get to doing that, we have no sure method of valuation, no certain way of estimating what we have. It is the getting of this living Christ into our equation of expectation and investment, allying what faith we have with the Divine faith God has in man, and the human faith man has in God, expressed in Christ—this is the rescue and good fortune of all trembling faith.

I know how easy it is to say that these things belong to eras and moods of religion unlike our own. Our age is analytic and yet grasping. Do not permit it to color your life-method. It has little poetry, too little boundless impulse of enterprise in spiritual things. It is our temptation to take the five loaves and two fishes and put them into the retort of a speculative intellectualism, to analyze them, and to write out the formula of their chemical composition. My friend, what is small enough in the test-tubes of analysis, and what often goes off into the air as gases, or falls as valueless precipitate, comes to be, in the hands of a practical Christ, through our putting it into the social forces and the history-making movement around us, a satisfactory meal for the five thousand hungry necessities. Present history is the story of Christ's re-incarnation. He is the infinity which adds itself to whatever of faith we contribute to the organizing mass which shall turn out to be the world of the future. Our little faith is not strong for vivisection and analysis, but it is strong for any high use we make of it, by putting it into the hands which have reached through events and times and molded human destiny. His power has taken man's weakness and multiplied it into power. He has also commanded to be taken up the very crumbs, the broken pieces, that nothing so precious as a fragment of anybody's faith shall be lost. O my brother, give your little faith to your Master and your Master's work, and see what He will make of it.

One thing we may rely upon—our Lord Christ

will do His part with us if only we will courageously answer His question, "How many loaves have ye?" and His command, "Give them to me." But we must do both of these. An almost classic instance of Christ's way of doing His part with us is found in the biography of Frederick William Robertson, who became the most influential man of modern times in broadening and deepening the spiritual power of our Christian ministry. He had, indeed, at one time, but a few small loaves and fewer fish of faith, when the crisis overtook him, but he had the moral power to put all the faith he had into his Master's hands. His friend speaks of almost terrible moments, but they were moments of great hope. On one of these, his companion said to him one day, with some sharpness, pointing to the summit of Skiddaw, which was unseen the while for mist, "I would not have my head, like the peak of that mountain, involved, as we see it now, in cloud, for all that you could offer me." 'I would,' rejoined Robertson, quickly, 'for, by and by the cloud and mist will roll away, and the sun will come down upon it in all his glory.' " How did he come to that? He had little to begin with of faith. Yes, but the hands of his Master were already reaching out to his sense of inefficiency, because of the insufficiency of his faith and He was silently asking Robertson, "How much faith have you to give to Me as the Master of your life?" just as He had said to the disciples in the presence of that unfed multitude, "How many loaves have ye?"

We must not, in any case, and especially in

Robertson's case, fail to see that it is the unseen Christ, the Christ in the soul whom we do not always name or recognize as the historic or theological Christ—it is the essential Christ who often masters us most when the historic figure of Galilee has faded into the cloud of doubt; it is He who attracted the wandering eye and got hold of the little faith his disciple had.

Yes, Robertson went to the point where he certainly did not see the historic Saviour, and what is the lesson he speaks to us? He says to us, "In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counselors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may arise from the fountain of truth itself; to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which for aught he knows may be light from heaven, and everything seemed wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who—when all is drear and cheerless within and without,

when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him—has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day.”

There is another illustration which has been used with that of the life and spiritual effectiveness of Robertson, and this is found in the life of Horace Bushnell, who has influenced the religious tendencies of our age almost as much as did Robertson. Many years after the once earnest but somewhat doubting young man had left Yale College, he returned as a mighty leader of souls, and he preached in the college chapel. In giving that sermon “On the Dissolving of Doubts,” these words were added: “There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories which I pray God His recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost.”

In the sermon, he gives what is unquestionably a bit of biography. He delineates a young man to whom “a leaden prospect overhangs the world.” It follows him until, “finally, pacing his chamber some day, there comes up suddenly the question, ‘Is there, then, no truth that I do believe?’ Yes, there is this one, now that I think of it; there is a distinction of right and wrong that I have never doubted, and I see not how I can; I am even quite sure of it.” Then forthwith starts up the question, “Have I, then, ever taken the principle of right for my law? I have done right things as men speak; have I ever thrown my life out on the principle to become all it requires of me? No, I have not, consciously I have not. Ah!

then, here is something for me to do! No matter what becomes of my questions—nothing ought to become of them if I cannot take a first principle so inevitably true, and live in it.” The very suggestion seems to be a kind of revelation; it is even a relief to feel the conviction it brings. “Here, then,” he says, “will I begin. If there is a God, as I rather hope there is, and very dimly believe, he is a right God. If I have lost him in wrong, perhaps I shall find him in right. Will he not help me, or, perchance, even be discovered to me?” Now the decisive moment is come. He drops on his knees, and there he prays to the dim God, dimly felt, confessing the dimness for honesty’s sake, and asking for help that he may begin a right life. He bows himself on it as he prays, choosing it to be henceforth his unalterable, eternal endeavor.

“It is an awfully dark prayer, in the look of it; but the truest and best he can make, the better and the more true that he put no orthodox colors on it; and the prayer and the vow are so profoundly meant that his soul is borne up into God’s help, as it were, by some unseen chariot, and permitted to see the opening of heaven even sooner than he opens his eyes. He rises, and it is as if he had gotten wings. The whole sky is luminous about him. It is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. After this, all troublesome doubt of God’s reality is gone, for he has found Him! A being so profoundly felt must inevitably be.”

My dear friend, this is a path to power. How

certainly has such a faithful soul placed this little store of belief in the hands of Jesus! These men at once began to realize the value of their truth in helping others with it and by it. That is to obey Christ.

My brother, have you ever given into Christ's hands so little belief with so much faith in it as that? But you ask me did he, or does any man, in such a case, really give his slender store into the hands of Jesus Christ? He certainly does. It does not elude Him or His process. Christ Himself is incarnate self-sacrifice, and the Jesus-way of living and being Christ is giving, not grasping. His life was an effluence of Himself, and it was a free, rich, atoning gift. He withheld nothing of His own divine loftiness. He made Himself more kingly in His loftiness through the lowliness of His humanity. He was actually living this miracle when He performed it. His own life multiplied in moral power only as He gave it away. He gave it away even in death by the cross. So do His followers. He arose to a moral and spiritual supremacy over all souls, and became our Master and Lord. So also must you and I find supremacy.

So completely does He interpret the current of things, so does His bleeding heart throb in unison with the harmonic and harmonizing God of all power, and goodness, and wisdom, that the very moment you cease to stifle or even to keep and arrogate to your own self, either your faith or your truth or your courage or your sympathy or your position, but rather gladly give them forth in obedience to the impulse by

which Jesus commands you, you have actually put your few loaves and fishes into the hands of the Omnipotent Christ, and no multitude of wants or demands of hunger shall remain unfed. You will have obeyed not only the impersonal impulse which Mrs. Browning speaks of, when she says, "O how surely when we get truth do we feel that we must give it away, thus passing it on from soul to soul," but you will have obeyed the real Christ and God.

When the whole thing is over, and every cry for food is satisfied—when the apparently scant supplies of your moral world have met all the mighty demands—then, more wonderful, if possible, than the earlier achievement, there will be left over a greater faith than your own old faith which you seemed so self-sacrificingly to give away; you will find a truthfulness in the old truth which you spoke so freely that multiplies its power a thousand-fold, and a soothing quality will be found in the comfort by which you comforted others to return upon your own soul like a tide from the heart of God.

Do not be amazed at the value of the fragments left over. That shows that you have failed to catch God's word to you.

Why are these left-over pieces of faith and truth and goodness so great? Why? Because they are loaded with an element which the original did not have, until it was put into Christ's hands. They have been touched by the Christ and have attained a superior power and influence, because, in the feeding of such great necessities by so small a power, in the

hands of Christ, there has gone into that which fell from the doing of it an impulse and invisible meaning which came out of the Infinite One who handled them. I may use but one other illustration. All this is made evident in the incarnation of this transforming Christ of the redemption and sanctification of society. It was "five loaves and two fishes" of practical faith, in the hands of that supreme motive power of history called Christ, which satisfied the crying necessity of the time, when John Wycliffe translated the scripture, preached, and was put to death as a heretic. But the morsel offered by this disciple was put into the transforming hand of Jesus Christ. The event got into the air. It was instantly saturated by the infinite dews which began to fall when Jesus was put to death. That small gift became gifted with an inevitableness of movement and irresistibleness of energy which flowed out of the nature of Christ. An age after John Huss found food in Wycliffe's fragment. Again Huss fed a vast need from this apparently scanty store, but only after he gave it first into Christ's hands and it had obtained His impulse. There was such a likeness in the martyrdom of Huss to the crucifixion of Christ that, by the gravitations and correlations of God, the one was clad in the dynamic life of the other. It was a finite act, but infinities were involved in it. It was an orifice where an ocean could in time rush in. These five loaves of that man's heroic faith fed five thousand, yea, more! for what else will explain the fact that the fragments, which the Christ in history never wastes, were greater

in power than that first faith from which they were broken? Martin Luther, in the library of the Convent, and by seeming chance, read the sermon of Huss. His soul was fed on a fragment which was broken from that small provision. Ninety-five propositions were soon on the Cathedral door; the Reformation was here. The twelve baskets of fragments fed the modern world, and these have fragments which shall satisfy the hungry necessities of countless centuries.

Still do we ask how does it come? The answer is the same. Christ lives in the process of history. He is the true life in the development of the soul. He is in the mass of events which we call life, as the controlling force. He is God's purpose in history. Though it be as yet chaos, every simple thing which gets in by the inspiration of His example, or according to His law, is so touched by His native infinity of power that, afterward, its smallest fragment is greater than that from which His transforming fingers broke it. O my soul, give Him thy power.

It may be doubted if anybody knew the width and depth of the truth to which utterance was given, when, after these fragments were gathered up, it was acknowledged by the disciples, "*this is of a truth the prophet which cometh into the world.*" For here, more surely than anywhere else, is manifested a particular element of the Christ's prophetic mission. There and then, where the original supply was but a fragment, Jesus stood forth as the prophet of the fragmentary, for he was the discoverer and revealer of

hidden values. He foretold the victory of the invisible forces of the world.

“Save the pieces!” O there is a devilish and also a Christly way of saying this! We have but pieces of life left, perhaps. At best, our life is fragmentary. Much of it looks like, and is, waste. It will be waste without Him. If we would be powerful, ours must be the spiritual economy of the Christ which is involved in this teaching and in all history. This economy lies in the fact that nothing so increases the amount of truth, comfort, or faith one may need as the noble use of what he really does have. Jesus expressed His very self in this teaching. It was a bit of His life-music. Looking from our point of view, there never was so broken a life as the life of Jesus. At the first it appeared such a little fact or force for lifting such a world, and by a cross! The miracle came, however. The fragments gathered up by the forces of history shall feed the everlasting ages, as they have fed the earth. Follow Jesus on your way to power. Invest your tiniest all. Live exhaustively on and in what you have. You and your world will be satisfied. Then gather up the fragments, for there is a subtle and beauteous unity in them all; they will fit each to each and show you what a gain is a broken life, and what a sublime privilege it is to live. Gather up the fragments, for here is this greater truth, here is that mightier principle on which they will unite and for whose power they will yet be valuable to the earth and heaven. Gather up the fragments, for God’s word is sure, and “all things

work together for good to them that love God," and if thou shalt gather them up, thou canst see how each has its story to tell of helpfulness and its tale to repeat of comfort. Gather up the fragments, for the Infinite God only may use them. He can work them in. He shall use each one again for a feast at some eventide. Gather up the fragments! O some of us have nothing else to gather! And when, by and by, we shall see that there is nothing else worth doing with our little lives than giving them to Him Who will first develop their possibilities and then make their broken pieces divinely valuable, our joy will be complete in the fact that His word was obeyed and that in Him nothing, *absolutely nothing*, of our life is lost, for

"The whole round earth is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

VII

THE POWER THAT UNIFIES

"And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross. And the writing was JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. . . . and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin." John xix. 19, 20.

EMERSON says, "Language is fossil poetry." In this sentence our American seer states but one of the interesting features which studious minds recognize in that marvelous product of human life called *language*. For, elsewhere, he himself intimates that language is the unconsciously written history of man; and therefore it is the chronicle of the more prosaic events and movements in the long experience of humanity. There is much that is unpoetic in man's past; but it all survives in language. It would be interesting to illustrate this proposition by looking into those words—and they constitute a multitude—each of which has been called into being by some crisis in the life of man, a crisis of which each is the description, words which are sparks struck from steel and rock as they have sharply collided in the experience of the race. Every great and many an insignificant hour has furnished to the vocabulary of our race its word—a word all instinct with the forces which gave it birth, a word which forever records the fact that at its birth-hour

the lips of man moved with an experience which could lie unexpressed in the soul no longer. It would also be instructive to go more profoundly into the modifications through which each great word passes, and into the transformation through which many an old word has gone, into variations of mood and tense, voice and termination, and to note how the whole manifold life and spirit of man has told its story with artless honesty and absolute accuracy. We are told that every word is like a ripple of sand left upon the vast beach of the soul's life, telling how high the tide has risen, how furious or how calm was the mounting wave, what strength manifested itself in the urgency of this impulse from the heart of the ocean, what celestial forces attached themselves to the quivering drops and dragged them noisily along in a mass, to tell the tale of the sea in that wavelet of sand which was left when the tide ran out. Even the separate peoples of the earth are studied with most satisfactory results in their language. The smallest difference in construction, the slightest contrast in method of expression, and the most subtle variation in relationship of parts of speech, mark the very character of one nation from that of another. A language may be as dead as the people who spoke it, or as living as the man at your side, yet the disposition of its words with reference to one another, the way in which the mind chooses names for its facts within and its facts without, and above all, the manner according to which it puts into these words its experiences, are the tell-tale of the mind's own

nature. They are the soul's mirror which reflects its own features, the sensitive plate which registers the operation of all its powers and shows what energies are uppermost and what motives ply their influence.

Every crisis of life is sure to develop such a moment in the development of its language as may mark the advent of a new word. This is true for the same reason that every great crisis in human affairs so commands the human soul, which lies behind all language, whose partial expression all language is, that a study of the languages of men, in that critical hour, will reveal the strong lines which give special character to every feature of human nature. Only a really great event commands the soul so authoritatively and fully as to bring out all its powers. Then they stand like soldiers in orderly line, one phalanx for duty. The study of any time—like the period of the Crusades, or that of the Renaissance, or that of the Revolution in France—reveals this interesting fact. The bolder features of humanity come out clearly. At such times the whole kingdom of the human spirit is roused to a degree quite wonderful; and then the intellect of man, the sensibilities of all humanity, and the will of the race are so manifested and yet so unified, that all humanity appears as a great soul in which thought and feeling and will are one. A really great event seems to gather together the dissevered and scattered lights of the spirit, various in color and intensity as they are, and to mass them, each in proper order; and thus to prepare the soul to fling its total energy of illumination upon the problems which

confront it. At such a time some intense and capacious human being usually comes to stand where all humanity may pour into him the *intellect* and the *feeling* and the *will* of a race. He becomes the spokesman of his kind. His vocabulary testifies of the completeness with which his spiritual horizon takes in all human nature. In one of these hours, Martin Luther united the thought, the feeling, the will of an imprisoned humanity. He stood and spoke with something like the total breadth of our human nature. He thus re-created the German language, so that Goethe's intellect and Herder's emotion and Bismarck's will might use it with a sense of freedom and of power. It is, let it be remembered, an exceedingly significant fact that the language of a people should always in these ways attest the greatness of its experiences and triumphs.

In the event which our text records, we have the loftiest example of the power of great events or crises to command the whole kingdom of man's character. Here, and only here, do we behold in history an illustration of the absolutely complete homage which the greatest of crises and the most supreme of events obtains from the soul of man. These well-known crises and events to which I have referred as illustrations of how the various powers of the soul are brought together by a commanding fact, would never have occurred without the hour and reality of Golgotha—the event and crisis of Calvary. Crusades to Holy Sepulchers, a matchless morning-tide for the Europe which could not easily get away from the old Cæsar-

ism, a tumultuous rebellion against self-constituted authority and tyrannical privilege—each and all of these had their impulse in the cross of Jesus. If either of these, like a fancied lens, had the function not only to gather the scattered beams of the soul's power, but also to dissolve them again, so that the glory of man's tri-personal nature—a being of thought, of feeling, and of will—should appear, how much more surely might this greatest crisis, marked forever by Calvary and the cross, so command the soul that it should stand before it in that awful grandeur of celestial light, with every feature distinct. Then surely must every energy be manifest, and every fragmentary province of its mighty kingdom be so profoundly and vitally connected with the others that, at least once in the long career of the human spirit, this god-like tri-personality of *intellect*, *sensibilities*, and *will* should reveal its supreme unity and glory.

Now I do not assume that the division, hard and fast, of human nature into three compartments is either of the Bible or of science. But it is of observation and of significance that these three aspects of man's interior life thus open upon consciousness, and I believe a truth of value lies in this old nomenclature which I shall use.

What a crisis that was on Calvary! The age-long battle between evil and good had reached Waterloo. The hour had struck for the decisive conflict. Every contest which the soul of man had felt from the beginning, every silent advance of right upon retreating wrong, every sharp defense of truth against error,

every dreadful fight against sin, every bloody march upon selfishness, every terrible charge upon the beast, every defeat, every triumph, was but a prelude to this awfully tragic moment when the Son of God, nailed to the Cross, was first to hurl the arrogant power of sin from that solemn height, and next, to make the cross His undisputed throne. Is it wonderful that such an hour should bring the human soul into such a definiteness of outline that its deepest nature and loftiest possibility should be seen?

Jesus came to be the Saviour of the human soul—the whole man. He could never be content to redeem merely the intellectual life, or the life of the sensibilities, or that of the will. At His cross, as a trinity in unity, stood the godlike soul. *Thought* came in the language of Greece, the land of the intellect; *sentiment and feeling* came in the language of Hebrewdom, the land of the sensibilities; *will* came in the Latin tongue, the language of imperial Rome, where human purpose had made its arches of triumph. In all these, and by all these, came human nature, once dissevered, but now to be united before the cross of Jesus of Nazareth.

I do not forget customary explanations of this text, which are true as far as they go. I am aware that this inscription was presented to the eye of the foreigner in Greek that he might understand it; that it was given to the Jew in Hebrew, because Jerusalem and Calvary were located in the province of Judea, an Hebrew country; that it was put into the Latin language because this same Judea was a Roman province,

and Latin was the official tongue. I do not forget that the assertion it contained was probably made in bitterest irony. But behind these facts lies a greater fact. These three particular languages were there. The powers which make history had so moved in the past and were so moving in the present, that these three great streams of human life and experience met upon that crucifix, as they had taken their rise long ago in the deep springs of the human soul. The truth is this, that there was a wondrous drawing power in that cross. Human nature had been dissevered by evil. Human life was everywhere fragmentary. The soul of man was to be reconstituted. The powers of human nature were to be rebaptized. To save man at all, he must be delivered from a fragmentary life. Jesus was still saying, "Wilt thou be made *whole*?" All the energies of history were in sympathy with the work of Christ. Every force carried the soul—carries it still—to the spot of its redemption. As we seek to find in Golgotha a center for human history, the circle around Calvary seems very large at times, but smaller and smaller does it grow until at last it has massed humanity—its intellect, its feeling, its will—under Roman eagles, and holds the central position at the cross; until, in the three languages which most truly stand for the life of this tri-personality—man—it announces in the death of Jesus the new life of mankind.

I. Let us notice how truly these languages express the tri-personal life of man.

(a) Greece was the land where the flowers of

human intellect grew most abundantly; the Greek language is the language of human thought. In the life of a Greek word lie chapters in the history of philosophy. In the career of a single Greek syllable are oftentimes to be found the results of discussion after discussion in the realm of metaphysics. Dialectical skill, the subtleties of logic, brilliant insight, keen critical power, penetrating analysis, metaphysical genius, the energies of mind which behold the features of every shadowy abstraction—all these are revealed in that supple, manifold, and incisive tongue. Lists of words which would consume our morning hour might be given, each of which shows some of the experiences of the intellect in its search for truth. Many words contain the whole story of how the power of thought has struggled up some frowning height of knowledge and found in sinuous paths the surest approach to truth. The countless transformations of one of the names which the Greek applied to some fact or idea simply indicate the litheness of his thought, as he moved from one to many points of view. The richness of his vocabulary in words which are names for facts of which the brain is most conscious, attests the vigor of his intellectual life. A Greek verb can never be so poor as not to show how large a volume of pure thought may circulate from soul to soul in the slight viaduct of a word.

Behind this facile, rich, ductile, strong language, the human *intellect* was supreme. I do not mean to deny to Greece the glory of warm *sentiment*. I certainly may not with success assume that her history

and language, art and life, furnished no records which show how mighty was the *will* in Greece. But surely her supremacy was not that of will or feeling; it was that of the intellect. Her triumphs were those of the brain. Plato was greater than Pericles, though Pericles was, above all things else, a statesman of intellectual power. Aristotle was a mightier conquerer than Alexander. Socrates is a name before which all the triumphs of heart and will in Greece grow pale. Athens was the paradise of the intellect. Of course Sappho's song and the art of Phidias are full of sentiment; the comedies of Aristophanes, the epic of Homer, the verses of Hesiod, are redolent with the heart's perfume, but these are not pages from the literature of the heart, save as the brain leads and commands. The *Œdipus* of Sophocles, the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*, stand at the head of a literature unsurpassed by their modern representatives, *Faust* and *Hamlet*. Herodotus and Xenophon write in the atmosphere of clear thought. The art of Greece had its triumph, not in painting, but in sculpture; and colorless intellect sharpened the chisel-edge which was held by hands believing *Athene* to have been born full-armed, not from the heart, but from the head of *Zeus*. To-day the problems of human thought seem a revival of the questions which stood before Paul as he entered Athens and beheld porch and academy; and the intellect of the present, in the midst of her victories, often sings of her golden age afar behind where the archæologist digs in the city of *Athene*.

(b) Palestine was the land where the flowers of human sentiment have blossomed most abundantly; and the Hebrew language is the language of the human heart. In the life of a Hebrew word lie chapters in the history of man's best emotions. The whole ocean of human feeling has registered its tides, in stormy grandeur and in solemn calm, in words of Hebrew. The religious sentiment has made its peculiar construction and richness a testimony to its fruitfulness. As the heart knows God in and through the religious feelings, it is not strange that any slightest study of the Hebrew language will reveal a vocabulary at once sensitively open to the approaches of God to man, and powerfully expressive of man's approach to God. A beautiful story is told by Mr. Arnold in his 'Robertson of Brighton.' "A curious conversation," he says, "is related, which once passed between Grimm and Diderot. The two men were walking one day in the fields. Diderot had plucked an ear of wheat and a blue corn-flower, and was attentively regarding them when Grimm asked him what he was doing. 'I am listening,' was the reply. 'But who is speaking to you?' 'God.' 'Indeed!' 'It is in Hebrew; *the heart understands*, but the intellect is not raised high enough.' " Other nations have performed other services, but Hebrewdom has uttered the heart of man. The result is that every characteristic of the emotional nature is impressed upon that language. The spirit of Palestine might fitly look out upon the Pyramids of Egypt and the Stadia of Athens, and say, with Tennyson:

"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, Believe no more,
The *heart* stood up and answered, *I have felt.*"

I cannot deny that the Book of Job furnishes to the intellect of mankind an impulse and an instruction almost unmatched by the Prometheus of Æschylus. But is it certainly an Hebrew book? The laws of Moses and the statesmanship of that leader, the thoughts of Isaiah and the Proverbs of Solomon, are witnesses to the strength and depth of mentality which ran through Hebrewdom, but the chief movement of that current came from the fountains of feeling, the unsounded depths of the heart. There seems to be no lack of purpose in the personality of Noah, or Abraham, or Moses, or Saul, or David. Surely Hebrew history reveals a people surrounded with enemies, and contesting every inch of soil with courageous will; but the supreme energy behind all these exploits and feats of valor was the Hebrew heart, filled with the sense of omnipotence and resistless with a passionate religiousness. The story of their religion is the story of the heart. Myth and legend may have come into its sweet chronicle, but when you pluck them out with the cold finger of the intellect, the heart bleeds. David's songs are tremulous with emotion. There are tears in the tones of Isaiah, and Jeremiah is the lyrist of the heart. All the sorrow of the soul of man, the disaster of a lost paradise, the perpetual cry of the heart for a sinless life, and the weary weeping for sin, these made the great portion of Hebrew song. All the desire and

yearning of the soul of man, the feverish unrest, the heart-breaking sobs of deathless hope, the noble feeling after the Christ of God, these made not only unequaled poetry, but these builded temples which were heart-throbs in stone. These strung together all the events of their personal and national life upon Jewish heart-strings. Athens was the city of the brain: Jerusalem was the city of the heart.

(c) Rome was the social center of a land where the flowers of human purpose and achievement grow most luxuriantly, and the Latin language is the language of the human will. Countless Latin words mark the advent of a new energy in the life of humanity contributed by the all-conquering will of the Roman people. Wherever, in our own English and American life, some superb purpose leaps to the front with the word of command, it is almost sure to choose a term of expression whose roots run back into the imperial soil of the Cæsars. About to deliver his burdened soul, Seward hesitated long, taking up and refusing as inadequate word after word, but at last came the word "*irrepressible*," and it described the conflict before our nation. Though we are told that "the inhabitants of the Hellenic and Italic peninsulas were ethnically connected and constituted in reality but a single race," the language soon told by the construction of each sentence how thought dominated in Greece and will in Rome. Wherever the Latin tongue met the Greek, in any of Rome's conquests, the Greek proved that Athenian life flowing along over its way so long had made it a matchless conduit

for the advancing intellectual life of man. So truly was the Latin tongue the tongue of action and achievement only, that Cicero, who essayed to be a philosopher, occupied himself for days in finding a proper phrase or word for his idea and its belongings. But whenever the supremacy of human will asserted itself, whenever the energy of some purpose was to be named, wherever the sovereignty of conquering volitions felt itself flowing and eager for statement, in military or civil life, in the subjugation of peoples, and in the building of huge works of art and of defense, this stately, concise, and sinewy language, echoing yet, as it does, with the tramp of armies and the sounds of victory, proved itself to be indispensable.

Behind this great language was a people which gave it these unmistakable characteristics. Rome, in all her grandeur, was incarnate will. Every triumphal arch, every sacred temple, every sumptuous palace, every Appian Way, every contribution of territory wrested from a subdued people to make up the gigantic empire of Rome, was a witness to the power of the human will. I do not, of course I could not, deny that a noble intellectual life had its seat at Rome. Another array of great names—Plautus and Terence, Ovid and Horace and Virgil, Lucretius and Martial, Cato and Manilius, Cicero, Tacitus, Livy, and Cæsar—would rebuke me if I should. But behind this literature was Greece, and along with it were conquests of will in Rome which far outshine any conquests of the Roman intellect. Certainly no one would think of comparing the emo-

tional life of Rome, its record of the yearnings and struggles of the heart, with that volitional life, that unique record of the will which made her empress of the world. Even the later Rome called her chief citizen Pontifex Maximus—the greatest bridge-builder. Rome's characteristic citizen was Julius Cæsar. When we say to Rome, *show us your man!* Cæsar appears, "the foremost man of all this world." All the intellectual qualities of Rome met in him; sagacity, learning, a noble imagination, an industrious power of thinking, and a reverence for truth without a love of it for truth's sake. He had Rome's lack of moral feeling. His heart was never passionately warm toward righteousness. But he had also something positive—Rome's fearless energy of will, her indomitable purpose, her terrible movement, her resistless diligence. Rome was personified in Cæsar, and in Cæsar's hand the will of man attained its greatest power.

II. Now, because man is a being of *intellect*, *sensibilities*, and *will*, every social organism or national life which is more the embodiment of one of these, than of any of the other powers of the soul—every such effort at civilization has failed. Each of these languages which came to that cross was the language of a civilizing enterprise which had failed, because it did not include the whole life and possibility of humanity.

(a) Greek civilization failed. It failed to produce a full-orbed humanity. It produced no symmetrical type of man. Plato had intellect enough to *see* the

golden rule; he lacked the power of heart, love, and the force of will, the feeling and the purpose, to make it walk the streets of Athens. The statesmanship of Pericles is unmatched in all the forecast and comprehensiveness of the intellect; but it lacked the beating of the human heart and the sovereignty of the human will. When, up to that cross on Calvary, this plastic, flexible, and powerful language came, it bore upon its every feature not only the triumph of thought, but also testimony to the fact that the most splendid thinking the world which has ever known could not and did not lay permanent foundation for the civilization of humanity. Just as Greek society, Alexander's empire, went to pieces before Roman purpose and power, so a merely intellectual life has never been able to produce and support a complete and victorious manhood. Even the history of learning furnishes the saddest illustration of the fact that the Greek spirit alone is not sufficient for the widest and deepest culture. Intellect is analytic. Life is synthetic. The dominance of thought over feeling and will makes the critic, not the builder, of institutions. A soul in which the intellect is supreme is rationalistic, skeptical, and it hesitates in the presence of its own great ideas.

What testimony do the fragmentary life and the partial results of many a soul give to these truths! Just as the Hamlet of Shakespeare stands for that brilliant incompetency of soul which comes to any man whose power of thinking outruns the purposes or sentiments of his nature and life, so the Paracelsus

of Robert Browning stands for the failure of that high but lonely intellectualism in which the enthusiasm of emotion and the strength of courageous will are left out of character and action. In less lasting portraiture, many a sad and wrecked life tells the same story. It is impossible to get manhood so long as the heart is exiled and the will is powerless. Said Coleridge, sadly, "I am Hamlet."

(b) And Hebrew civilization failed. That which preserved it for so long was its feeling for the Messiah. It did not so picture Him as the Saviour of the whole soul. Therefore, there was not waked up within itself a life of intellect and a life of will equal to and coexistent with its life of feeling. The entire manhood of man did not grow at Jerusalem. Their expectation of Messiah lived at last in the sentiment of patriotism, just as the Greek dream of the coming man-deliverer lived in the imagination and made him chiefly a great philosopher.

Each was fragmentary, and each failed. No depth of sentiment, or strength of emotion, can guarantee completeness of character. The man of mere sentiment becomes a sentimentalist; and his life has no power of production, more than a boiler bursting with unworked steam. The whole realm of thought and the whole kingdom of the will, in all true hours of every life, beg to be united with the vast province of feeling, the heart-life, that this tri-personality, man, *intellect*, *sensibilities*, and *will*, may be complete and true. *Feeling* needs *thought* to solidify and mold its warm possibilities; and then *will* must send the

idea to the mark. A single character of Hebrew history will illustrate these truths. David was a soul of imperial proportions; but David's intellectual and volitional life were, neither of them, equal to his emotional life. Every man, probably, is tempted on the side of his powers. David's power was in his heart; and David's weakness was, also, on the side of sentiment. He shed tears enough—tears of joy, tears of sorrow, tears of repentance, tears of love, perhaps also tears of anger—to have emptied any other heart. But he lacked thoughtfulness, deliberateness, judgment, the intelligent Greek spirit. He also lacked purpose, courage to equal his sentiment of love, will-power to control his passion. He lived all his life in his heart, as his poems and life attest; and when it was broken, he died. Man, to be as he ought to be, to be saved in all his possibility under God, must be a trinity in unity. His life of intellect and sensibility and will must be one life. The trinity in God must be reflected in his tri-personality, if he is to be godlike.

(c) And Rome failed. Goth and Hun and Vandal waited her hour of weakness and made her an easy captive. Never so strong in sentiment, or in thought, as in her purpose, when luxurious iniquity had broken that purpose down, all was gone. The intellect and heart had never been honored in her career; and they refused to defend her gates against the barbarian. No nation is safe without moral sentiment, aflame from the altars of the heart's love, which welds national purpose and national thought into one invincible

energy. Rome had not a sound and healthful heart-life. No nation is safe whose movement from the center is out of proportion to her intellectual life within. Rome never made her brain equal to her strong right arm. As with nations so with men; that is a fragmentary and weak character in which will is absolute despot, by the exclusion of intellect and emotions. Such a man is sure to become both reckless and stubborn. His very achievements make him their victim. He cannot hold and rule his own conquests, and at last, as in Rome, he has no sentiments to warm his soul, nor has he intelligence sure enough of itself to keep his victories; and Goth and Vandal conquer him.

III. At the Cross of Jesus, each of these kingdoms of the soul—*thought, feeling, and will*—had found its Sovereign. This Sovereign was discovered simultaneously.

(a) The presence of the Greek language upon that bloody crucifix was a silent testimony to the kingship of Jesus. The very tongue which registered the finest achievements of the intellect of man, and, at the same time, had made memorial of the fact that they alone did not, and could not, satisfy man's dream of himself, then made itself witness of the truth that the powers of reason and thought in the human soul had their king in the crucified Nazarene. What a moment of trial was that! Greek philosophy which brought its sages about that cross, when, in the language of the foreigner, this bitter irony was placed upon its summit, seemed to wake all the old problems and to offer once more in vain all the old solutions. The wisdom

of Athens was to be judged by, as it judged, the wisdom of the Christ. The grandeur of that contribution which Jesus made to the intellectual life of man is never so surely seen as when we stand with the problems of the world and the soul, which called the cross of Calvary into existence, and we behold how philosophy fails and Christ succeeds in their solution. His gift to the brain of man of great ideas and a fundamental conception of God, the universe, and the soul—this was so mighty, that Homer and Æschylus, Euripides and Aristotle, Thucydides and Plato, all classic life, simply serve, by their intellectual work, to develop a language in which His thoughts and the musings of Paul may reach the minds of men. Jesus on his cross confronts the hitherto bewildered reasonings of the race as to the meaning of "the groaning creation." He offers Himself—the reason of God by Whom the worlds were made at the first. He is the explanation of the universe. All the abstractions of pure thought bow before this matchless fact, this glorious Personality. All the roadways which have been traveled by human feet, in the weary search for truth, seem to have a common meeting point, as He says, "*I am the Truth.*" He has met the intellect with its passionate thirst for truth, and furnished it with a more quenchless desire. He has come to the imagination of man and wooed it out into the region of infinity, as he has familiarized it with a fine sense of God. He has met the judgment of the race and taught it from the heart of the Eternal Justice. The Greek spirit has felt in Him its real king and leader.

Plato's highest speculation is as authoritative as a law of God from His divine lips; and, as He dies, the language of Socrates, which is used to perpetuate and publish the sneer of Christ's foes, has, then and there, with this same Nazarene, an assurance of immortality such as was never given to it in the songs of Homer or the orations of Demosthenes. At last the intellect had a Saviour and a Lord in Jesus of Nazareth.

(b) The presence of the Hebrew tongue upon that cross bespattered with blood, was another silent testimony to the kingship of Jesus. All the prophecies with which the heart of man has been stirred since the loss of Eden were at last actualized in Him. All the far-reaching yearnings which in storm and sunshine had gone forth from the human heart at last touched a reality which must satisfy them in Him. Every sentiment of human nature which bound man to God received a divine impulse at that cross. He made the pitiless pitiful, at that death-scene, by revealing the everlasting pity of God. Humanity's heart was breaking with His, when He cried: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He made the vicious, hard life of a thief responsive to His compassion when He manifested in His own blood the compassion of Jehovah. The heart of mankind learned a new and more powerful movement, when He cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." All the way through His life, He had been toiling at the heart of man, seeking to attach it to the throne of God. "Blessed are the pure in heart," He said, "for they shall see God." He

made the moral motive-power of His kingdom from His own sacrificial and bleeding heart. Love—that master emotion—became “the fulfilling of the law.” He gave Himself in love and to be forever the object of love. “*Lovest thou me?*”—this was the new question—the deepest man ever heard. Into the heart of man He carried His cross, to move it with holy enthusiasm and passion of self-sacrifice, and to found there His throne; and to-day our world moves heavenward by the hearts which are ruled by His love.

(c) The presence of the Latin language upon that cross suggests the fact that the will of man had found its rightful sovereign in the Christ of God.

He came into a world whose moral motive-power was worn out. He met our exigency.

He gave to the will a new moral motive-power. It had all the charm of personality. He presented Himself. It touched every force within the will and roused it to action. He made man see both God and man in Himself; and, beholding these, man has found out the way to a godlike humanity, in the willing surrender of his will to that of his Saviour. The human will has never felt itself so strong for great deeds, as since giving itself up to the outworking of the will of God under Christ's leadership. It has been able to realize that God's will in Christ for each man is the best will he can have, or adopt, concerning himself. To adopt God's will is to put one's self in the line of omnipotence and to ally one's life with the infinite energies. With this perfect will of God, as it is manifested in Jesus of Nazareth, the loftiest

dream of the pagan is in harmony; and the noblest Christian attains his truest manhood when he has learned to sing:

"My Jesus as Thou wilt,
O let my will be Thine."

IV. In the character of Christ, as our Redeemer and King, we behold ideal humanity, and it is to this godlike manhood that He comes to deliver us.

Powers of *thought*, powers of *feeling*, powers of *will*, are equally manifest in His character and career. His ideas are the flashings of the truth of God; His feelings are the throbbings of the love of God; His volitions are the echoes of the will of God. God had perfectly filled Him, and He was God's revelation of Himself, and God's revelation of ideal humanity—humanity filled to symmetricalness and entireness with God. In Jesus of Nazareth, you do not see a fragmentary life. He is the monarch of the intellect, the heart, and the will. His thoughts outrun the philosophies, while He weeps at the bier of a Lazarus-like race, and pushes his divine will over the altars of Calvary. There was no discord in Him, because of the dominance of one set of powers over another. Every tone of thought and feeling and will sent its richness into the full melody of that soul. By the side of this peasant, with His commanding powers all contributing to His career, the soul of Plato, the soul of David, the soul of Cæsar, seem but magnificent sections of a man entire. Jesus Christ stands for a complete humanity. His cross is the spot where He is surest to save each of us from fragmentari-

ness to wholeness, from the sins which come of partialness of character and life, unto the holiness (which is *wholeness*) which comes of completeness of soul. God must fill us with Himself, in order that every faculty may be brought out. The cross of Jesus alone has been able to attract and develop the thought, the feeling, and the will of mankind and of men. Let us each stand adoringly before it, until our manhood is complete.

V. O, ye who teach men, let us try to bring our civilization within the influence of the one fact in all the universe which has been able to fully reconstitute the soul, to mass all the forces of human nature and to unify them, to command and develop, along with all others, every power of our common humanity. Society is man at large, and has his qualities, powers, and problems. Each faculty, perhaps, has its characteristic institution. Let us look at them.

(a) Into the *school* goes the *intellect*, searching for knowledge, formulating experience, comparing judgments, penetrating mysteries, answering the old and proposing new questions. Thought incarnates itself in these institutions of learning; and just as thought alone is fragmentary, the school is too likely to do work for the intellect alone, and fail. Our education needs the cross to extend it to heart and hand that our culture may be loving and effective.

(b) Into the *church* go the feelings, trembling under the consciousness of sin, quick with remorse, or yearning for sympathy and comfort, loving God and man, in joy and grief. This institution is the

temple of the emotions. There the heart is priestess forever; and just as the feelings are but a part of a man's self and life, the church is likely to do only a sentimental work, and fail. Our religion needs the cross to command the intellect and will that it may be intelligent and active.

(c) Into the *state* goes the will. Its laws are the will's mandates; its government is the will's expression. The state embodies its purposes, choices, and power. The nation is the will's temple. There the will has her holy of holies, and just as the will is but a part of human nature, the state is likely to become simply an incarnate will, without culture and without heart. Our statesmanship needs the cross of Christ to include the emotions and the intellect that it may be true-hearted and clear-headed.

Let us bring all these institutions up to His Cross, that each may behold a rounded, complete manhood in Him, that each may get His manhood as an ideal, that each may be so full of God that their ministry shall, under Christ, bring forth the ideal humanity.

VIII

POWER THAT MAKES FOR SELF- CONQUEST

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Luke xxii. 31-32.

AS we look back over the years which lie between us and the days of Christ, we get at least a glimpse of that principle of development which made it possible, in spite of their weakness and misapprehension, for their Lord to utter sayings at the close of His earthly life which at the first would have broken down the faith of the disciples. This principle of development has quite as much to do with His actions and their ministry unto them as with His words. When this Last Supper comes with its revealing conversation, the thing itself suddenly acquires such a meaning as makes even a dark saying like this unto Simon Peter manifest forth all the truths which this new King has spoken of His kingdom. The old was vanishing. The scattered glories of the past were being reconsecrated and reconstructed into the splendor of the future. The Jewish Passover had given birth to a new institution whose nativity was ushered in just when the sin it was sure to turn back tossed

itself into the fury of the hating priests on the outside and stretched like a waste in the soul of Judas within. That institution of the Lord's Supper marked a moment of God's freshly revealed faithfulness unto humanity. Shall Simon's ardent assertions of faith, as he thinks of the separation between Christ and them, keep him from the more searching and critical operations of this same divine faithfulness? Nay! No sooner has his Master heard him announce the fancied impossibility of his ever leaving Him, than this Christly faithfulness, which is never so tender as when it is most true, utters the searching words I have chosen as our text. (Rv.) "Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have you, that he might sift *you* as wheat; but I have made supplication for *thee*, that thy faith fail not; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, 'stablish thy brethren.'" Simon Peter! it is no time for boasting; it is time for sifting.

Here is discovered again that unchanging characteristic of the Spirit of Evil which you perceive in the prologue of that great drama—the Book of Job. That characteristic presents itself every day as you encounter evil in the world's thought or work—I mean its cynical distrust of goodness. Much has been said in criticism of the theology of *Paradise Lost*. Milton has been accused of Unitarianism and Calvinism in dogmatics, and of over-much familiarity with the great personages of Heaven and Hell. But however true or untrue Milton's Satan is, in other particulars, this poet, in his most masterly manner, has delineated the sneering diabolism of distrust in

that "archangel ruined." Evil begins its infernal career in its utter lack of faith in goodness; and its Satanic spirit is most manifest when virtue appears to have a blackened heart, righteousness to have been insincere, and truth to be only a concealed falsehood. Here is the very profession of evil:

"But of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task.
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will,
Whom we resist. If then His Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to prevent that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oftimes may succeed so as, perhaps,
Shall grieve Him."

Its old insinuation is this: Job does not fear God without being remunerated. "He has no real goodness," says this Spirit of Evil. "Let his good fortune be touched, and his goodness will vanish." "Let him be sifted as wheat, to use this more modern phrase, and you will see that what is thought to be genuine and firm and sound will blow away." This was, and this is still, evil's valuation of the reality and power of goodness. In the Book of Job, this Spirit of Evil is spoken of as "adversary" or "accuser"; his is the slimy finger touching all purity to leave it smeared; he is the skeptical detective and inquisitor asserting by his shadowing of souls their hidden guilt. The Satanic spirit did ever destroy and debase.

Between the time of ancient Job and the self-confident Peter, the Spirit of Evil had not changed in char-

acter or method. Now he has asked to have Simon that he may sift him, sure that his character is unsound, and that all his professions are chaff. His failure with a hundred Jobs meantime has not given him any confidence in goodness. Evil never can believe in good. Still is this Satan hurrying to and fro throughout the earth, peering into every keyhole of character to find baseness there, sneaking into every corner of the soul to catch it in its depravity. Years after this sifting of Simon, in which the Spirit of Evil repeated the work upon Job, to whom he came as he said, "from hurrying to and fro in the earth," the sifted Peter speaks of Satan, in his first letter (v. 8) as the "peripatetic, a wandering, roaring lion, intent on finding prey." That is the history of evil, and in nothing has it a surer manifestation than in its skepticism concerning goodness. That diabolism it repeats in human nature whenever it has the power. A man believes in the goodness of others only by and through his own goodness. A man has confidence in righteousness of any sort, anywhere, only as his own righteousness gives it to him.

Still one other introductory thought, and it is this, as in the drama called the Book of Job we perceive that Satan—the Spirit of Evil—has only that power which God permits, so also here in the sifting of Simon, Satan's dominion is encircled and controlled by the larger and unfractured dominion of God. No wretched Manicheism is here, because there is here no eternal dualism with good and evil in a desperate and dubious strife. Good is supreme; and evil is

influential, only as good permits. But what an interest for unearthly intelligences seems to exist in our earthly life! Simon's little round of tasks and joys, Job's little circle of loves and griefs are the scenes wherein move and meet the forces celestial, and spiritual beings enter into the problem of these human lives, absorbed with interest in our decision of questions here answered for the first time, sympathetic with us or antagonistic to us, while we toil on and suffer on, reaching and solving problems which have stirred the curious thought of heaven and hell. A problem such as this is every Simon Peter's life? Yes; but one fact is constant, and that is goodness—God. God reigns though Satan sifts. The powers of evil are in God's holy hands. Evil is not altogether its own master, and cannot therefore be the master of the world. "Over all" is now "God blest forever!" And the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold him in thine hand, only spare his life." So God permitted Job's trial and stood behind the demonic forces which racked the sufferer, directing them. Then look at this case. "Simon, Simon, behold Satan *asked* to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I have made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, 'stablish thy brethren." So said his Master when the incarnate God permitted Simon's trial. So He has always intimated that He "stands within the shadow keeping watch above His own."

Behind the shadow in which the evil one works is the eternal goodness, not making evil any less evil,

but leading Jobs on to a loftier faith and making Simon Peters the truest helpers of their brethren.

“There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before.

The evil is null, is naught, is silence impiying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more,
On earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round.”

With such a faith, what may we learn from this sifting of Simon Peter? Let us look at the purpose, the method, and the results of this sifting.

I. The purpose of the sifting:

Back a short distance we go in the life of this man, Simon, and we hear his master make a very definite announcement to him. His brother Andrew has just brought him to Jesus, and eyes which saw into both his frailties and possibilities at the same instant, have beheld him as a discovered possibility. The great gem lies there all covered up with earth or fixed in rocky matrix. His present character is a mixture of the low and the lofty. Jesus, however, says, “Thou art Simon; thou shalt be Peter.” There was disclosed the efficient purpose of this worker in character; this is the transformation He will work on the precious jewel which has come into His hand. Every movement of the Master, whose infinite resources of skill and affection were to be drawn upon for the disclosing and developing of that latent possibility, is henceforth interesting as related to that purpose. Even this late act, the most bewildering and incomprehensible of all—this permitting Satan to sift him—must be but one step in the process which was begun

when Jesus first saw him—the process of bringing Peter out of Simon—the gem out from the tight and clinging environment which almost entirely concealed it.

Note, I beg you, the personalness of all this talk. It is a jewel-worker in the midst of many gems, upon all of which he is working, but he is talking to *one* of them. Notice how the record preserves these features of Christ's ministry to all His disciples and to special disciples. He treats them as grains of wheat with the chaff which has clung around them and so entirely covers them that the chaff around them is really the only thing the eye sees at first. Other men see only that; but this master-workman with souls sees what is within the chaff. He has in His eye the Peter whom He saw through the Simon whom the world knew only as Simon, and only Simon. In every most valuable man who is sifted until he is serviceable to his brothers we see that the chaff which was once the living glume or husks, Simon having so completely covered the inclosed Peter. But Jesus looks at all the souls of His disciples as He speaks to this one, for He is doing the same with them, bringing the Peter out of the Simon as His Father brought the Israel out of Jacob. Jesus does not mislead them or Simon Peter by addressing him as Peter. He would not encourage him into thinking that the process which was long ago begun—the process of getting Peter, the rock-man, out of Simon, the unstable man—has been completed. Simon Peter's old characteristics are still unfortunately the most evident feature of his personality. Jesus would emphasize that fact

to his disciple. "Simon, Simon," He says, and He says it at once after the Simon character had shown itself most in evidence. "Simon, Satan desires to sift you"—not "*thee*," but "*you*," *all of you*. "But I have prayed for *thee*"—using the singular, emphasizing the special need of Simon above that of the others. "I have prayed for *thee* that *thy* faith fail not." Christ deals with classes; yet, while he deals with classes, his culture comes to the individual and accentuates every feature of that soul's personality in its all-inclusive ministry. "Satan desires to sift you, but I have prayed for *thee*"—whom having what are called, "the defects of thy qualities" the sifting is especially apt to try and to bring out.

Just as surely as there is a possible Peter in an actual Simon, and that Peter is to be brought out, just so surely will he be sifted. Just as surely as God wishes a man to 'stablish other weak mortals, He makes His man of power out of one who was once unstable. My friend, if to-day finds you blown upon by winds which seem unkind, if you are not allowed to enjoy a dull peace mentally and spiritually, if, from your very soul there seems to be torn every shred of courage and every husk of confidence, if even your Master appears to have given you over to evil, be sure that you bear in that fact and carry in this very experience, the witness that an eye all-kind and all-true has looked into your frailties and possibilities, that Christ has seen within the Simon a Peter, that he believes in you—and that this experience is only a step in that one searching and excluding process which

is set toward your noblest destiny. A man like Simon is God's most fascinating as well as His boldest enterprise. The more certain there is a rich, large gem in the earthly humanity with which Christ begins to work, the more surely there must be great losses of the coarser naturalism in which it was nurtured and found, and in which—yes, *by* which—its highest destiny is made possible. If there is a kernel of wheat, and it is worth keeping for itself for the harvests which are inside of it, it will be sifted until its richness and promise are lying unencumbered and waiting for the sower's hand. The spirit of evil in its most searching effort is telling the soul the valuelessness of fortresses which it is perpetually and desperately seeking to capture. There is little difficulty for us to keep nothing, but God's best possibilities are by Satan the most beset warriors, and that grain of wheat which is most loaded with yellow sheaves is the grain which the cynical, skeptical, hateful spirit of evil is most eager to sift away like chaff; it is also the one most certain in God's providence of being ultimately freed from husk and prepared for magnificent service. Do not think goodness will save you from temptation or that you are not good as you should be because you are bestormed with difficulty. Christ Jesus was beset with devilish power because the territory of His soul was so desirable. Simon Peter was sifted because wheat was there. The fact that you are in trouble to maintain your soul's dominion means that at least you have something which a fallen archangel will fight for.

Look at this doubly significant combination—Simon-Peter. Every great grain of wheat like that is sure to be closely surrounded with qualities which are so tightly pressed to him that they seem to be and have been a part of his personality. There have been earlier days when you could not detach it from the overlapping close environment. The grain was imbedded in the green glume or husk. The greater the value which nature puts into anything, a wheat-grain or a man, the more carefully and thoroughly does she protect it and identify its very life at the first with its environment. Roses come up through green thorny stems. You must wait for them. You cannot pull them out of the rose-bush in May. Nature is favorable to the defects which go with good qualities. She puts around other blossoms of hers the rough exterior of a shaggy bud. God puts about His great souls a texture of protection which, next to the will of a man, almost partakes of the man's personality. The sheath or glume in which he grows is at first very nearly of his own character. Of course as the man reaches his true self and he ripens, the husk becomes drier and more distinguishable. Toward autumn the green grows yellow. Yet it clings and he must somehow be disenthralled from this outer self. As the flower blooms, the bud, torn, and yet clinging, must be left behind. As Peter gets out of Simon, Simon must be cast off.

This is the story of the liberation and development of the higher from the lower. A faith once necessary is cast aside. A quality once invaluable is sloughed off. A man appears in free power. Let us know

well that, as I have suggested, this chaff has had its very considerable value. In it alone the particular grain of wheat could grow and become firm. All its tender vitality, through its milk-like, soft, pulpy stages, has been protected by this very intimate environment—an environment so characteristic and close to its own nature, that at first you could not safely separate it from the grain itself. This is the story of the growth of human personality. The very things from which we must ultimately free ourselves precisely are the things without which, at the first, we might not grow, or even exist. Take Simon Peter again. Of what has he to be sifted? The very qualities certainly which had kept and protected the noble character, which must ultimately free itself from them. He was over-confident as to himself. He was rash, impetuous, and daringly assertive in his self-trust. He alone said at once, when Christ suggested that the sheep should be scattered, “Though all the world forsake Thee, yet not I, not I.” He was imperious in temper, conceited in honesty, prayerless in generous loyalty, independent in enthusiasm, incautious in fearless faith. Now, these qualities, which bespoke the life of that Peter within, were the Simon external to those, and encompassing those, in which Peter had his essential life. Behold Peter in after years, when the Simon has been dropped away, and you see that the very straightforwardness of his best hours was nurtured away back there and was growing inside of his obstinate honesty; the high courage of his noblest act to be was being developed inside his rashness; the

ardor of his warm heart was being fed by the reckless enthusiasm of remaining youth; the confidence of his most glowing hour was protected, as it slowly grew inside of his presumptuousness—only within a Simon may a Peter be contained, cultured, and at last disclosed.

At length, the time does come, in every life, when these more external qualities are in the way of a finer and maturer spirituality. Character needs to be liberated from them. God will use many a quality of your boy which to you is disagreeable, but it has been a protection to his young personality, and He has used it as husks for the corn which comes to ripeness slowly. He will allow it to enfold and guard the developing forces of that soul's more interior life; but at last comes the hour when a deeper, truer life must assert itself or perish forever. Then Simon Peter is sifted. O how vigorously and rigorously the process goes on! In Simon Peter's case, the time had come when the assertive self-trust which was sure to throw him off his guard, now and then, the rashness which was perpetually creating deep defiles of agony into which he must often fall, the pride and assertiveness which were in the way of his soberer and truest self, should be detached from his real life and from the more precious grain which had grown within them. It is at once an awfully critical and a most hopeful moment in a life when God invites a man forth—when the Divine Worker challenges the real *man* that is within all that which has prepared him to be a man, to utter himself. Then comes skept-

tical evil, the devilish power which says, "There's no good in him at all"; saying also, "let me sift him and I'll prove it." Then God, who stands behind it all, puts us into the power of evil where alone character is to be brought out, and Simon Peter is sifted.

II. The method of this sifting of human character comes from the purpose behind it. Its purpose is the delivering of the wheat grain of one's true personality from the chaff which surrounds and clings to it. Somehow the soul must be delivered from all false strength. Of course, this which is now the chaff has in other days been a protection to the kernel. But if the wheat seed is to have all its possibilities brought out, if it is to realize the promise which it contains, it must realize in its life that strength and help are in these integuments no more; that its true life is inside its own character. Every false strength is an impediment. Now, to deliver Peter from the crude strength, from the Simon in which he has grown, this requires severe sifting according as Peter is a fine or strong soul. The calyx does not fall away from such a central bloom without an agony. The chaff is not detached from such a grain without distress. So his trial was searching and severe. He must be disillusioned even at mighty cost. If there was one thing he was sure of, it was his own invincible devotion. This amounted to spiritual self-conceit. It towered up audaciously, and, lifting him ever higher, it exalted his proud soul above his brethren. That, however, was a false strength, and his Master knew it. Real power lay in

trusting Christ's invincible love for him, not in confiding in his love for Christ. Real independence of spirit had its source in utter dependence on his Lord.

So the sifting began.

Notice this, before we look at the process of sifting, that there is nothing in the power of evil in this world, so far as under the permissive providence of God it sifts us, to destroy the essential Peter which lies in every sifted Simon. Times there are when the great waves of temptation lash the rocks on life's coast with wildest fury, when the strong ocean currents seem intent on seizing the land itself and carrying it out to sea. But there is a line which never quivers with the sudden pressure. It is a line which, unseen of earth, is definite enough to God, and is ever shining like the glory of the throne in the eye of heaven. It marks the confine where Almighty God says to the Prince of Evil, "Thus far thou mayst go; but no farther." "Simon, Simon! Satan has asked for you." Evil, by its very genius, will not believe in good. Every castle of goodness which is being enriched or strengthened it begs to assault. Let the assault be made. God has so trusted goodness, He so sees how real goodness must be stormed and besieged before it will know its true strength, and God so knows that character is not character until it stands its ground before evil and is purified of all dross by fierce attack, that He permits man to be tried, even to be defeated, if by that means Peter may be sifted from Simon.

A man is never asked to endure this sifting with-

out hope. And just here is disclosed the attitude which the disciples of Christ are to assume with reference to all the sifting processes of life. It is graciously granted to every Simon to hear the voice of the Master, Christ, saying: "Simon! Satan asked to sift you—but I have prayed for thee. Before my eye your special weakness came pleadingly, and underneath the whole fearful experience, working up through it, is my prayer that your faith fail not." That is one of the great announcements which we must accredit, as I believe, to the true and perpetual mediatorship of Christ. "Simon, I have prayed for thee." It means much to any soul in distress, to any man in the throes of temptation, that anybody in, what is to him, this lonely universe, has prayed for him. It means that another life has put faith in God's good intentions; that another soul has put its shoulders under the burden which that soul reverently appreciates and feels that it is too much for one soul's weakness to bear. It means that another human reason exists on earth for God to work within His on-going movements. But when the Christ of God, who is one with the Father and one with man, who knows the mind of heaven which works and the weakness of the humanity with which it works, pours into a man's problem His supplication unto God, His prayer for Simon, it means much more—it lets the whole sweet and infinite secret out. For all this means that there is a Divine purpose shining like a guiding star behind the entire affair. It means that God who is perfectly revealed in Christ—that Jesus

is in active partnership with the Peter who is struggling to free himself from Simon. It means that the humanity in Christ and the Divinity in Him, earth and heaven are hopeful. Here we see that God's faith in the grain is expressed in Christ's prayer, that as the sifting goes on, the sifted soul's faith in the ultimate blessedness of the experience shall fail not.

Behold the sifting! The die is cast. Jesus is to be crucified. It is nearly Friday morning. The larger body of the disciples, who have been sleeping yonder, are concealing themselves under the olive boughs, or in their little homes; or, it may be, each one of them is alone with God in prayer. Simon Peter and John, however, who rallied soon after the terrible blow fell upon their hearts, are now ready to go with Jesus into the palace of Caiaphas. They can do little. John may crowd close enough to have his Master get the comfort of knowing that he has recovered his manhood; but Peter has come only to deny Him. The enemies of Jesus are counting upon Caiaphas; and they remember that his hostility once demonstrated itself so far that this crafty and potent Sadducee prophesied that Jesus should die on the ground of expediency; and they reflect that doubtless he, no less than others, has influenced Annas to be bitterly opposed to Jesus. Simon Peter is following, but he is following "afar off." It is too bad. He needs to be closest to his Master. He has begun to deny his Lord. He has denied Him to himself; he will soon be denying Him to others. But he is already so heavily weighted with disappointment and doubt,

that he cannot keep up to events. Fear of the opposition of men's opinions ever besets him; for Peter is a lover, and he likes companionship. He who loves delightful association better than unpleasant truth cannot keep close to his Redeemer. The other disciple, probably John, is favorably known by Caiaphas, and he enters into the palace court. But Simon Peter, who is already beginning to totter under the storm, remains at the door without. By and by, a female slave, who keeps the door, bids him enter the courtyard, for John has told her that Peter is his companion. But John goes nearer to Jesus. The cold spring night is still hanging heavily over the world, and yonder is the glow of a charcoal fire, in whose light we can see the faces of those who are talking about what has occurred. Especially, in and out of the circle of that radiance, do we follow Peter. In his denial of the Lord to others we see an evolution of an earlier denial of his Lord to his own soul. It also furnishes a new element to the atmosphere in which the trial of Jesus goes on, in which the trial which they make of Him comes to be a trial for them; and it proceeds to their condemnation.

There are sounds of footsteps on the white pavement, and the curious slave-maid comes near to Simon Peter. Her words will make the skies black as thunder-clouds over the head of the "*Rock-man*." The holy Passover night is nearly gone. Simon Peter is in a mood for acquiescence or compromise with men, for he is standing with the servants and officers who have made the fire of coals. And he cannot get

on with his own convictions, as yet. The opinions of others will overawe him. In this awful crisis Peter is sensitive to cold, and he is losing the imperial opportunity by which alone he may be saved from falling. He could be entering into alliance with the Martyr-Saviour of men; but he is only warming himself. At this moment the words of the damsel shatter the very citadel of his soul. He would escape her glance, by looking up at one of the windows of the palace which is lit up and glares with lights under which are gathered the prisoner and the officers as well as the high priest. The fact that a damsel, rather than a male slave, opens the inner door in the court for Peter, shows that probably the men servants have been attracted also, and they push as closely as possible to the center of the critical scene. What has the girl said? She has already defeated Peter, in the presence of the cluster of men around the fire. Because he *must* warm himself—he *must* expose himself to that flaring flame which now reveals his features. She sees and says, "*Thou* wast also with Jesus of *Nazareth*." Could a damsel dare be so contemptuously intrusive? Instantly Peter makes strong denial that he has any knowledge of Jesus; and he avers that he understands not the meaning of anything she says. He is being sifted.

But he has gone too far. He has been too vehement. He has kindled her curiosity and zeal, and she will vindicate herself before the rough soldiery. Worried as he is, fearful of the taunts of men who will remind him of the failure of Jesus, Simon Peter goes out

into the porch, to avoid further questioning and ridicule. This porch is the gateway that leads out of the courtyard. The dawn is coming and a cock is crowing. And to add to his confusion, here is another maid, and she also invades the soul of Simon Peter. Standing on the marble pavement, she gazes long into his face, and says, "*This man was also with Jesus of Nazareth.*" He is being sifted! Now Simon Peter's despair is mingled with wrath; and he hesitates not to be profane. "He denied with an oath, I do not know the man." Sifted again! It is a terrible hour which passes. It ends with the approach of the kinsman and fellow-servant who had not forgotten Simon Peter's behavior toward the servant of the high priest, Caiaphas. He asks Simon Peter, "Did I not see thee in the garden with Him?" Listen now! "*Of course not,*" was his reply. But it is meaningless. One and all address him, and they say, "You are one of them. You are a Galilean; your speech betrays it." Again sifted! Simon Peter now walks boldly into the very pit of disgrace, cursing and swearing as he seeks to escape detection, his Galilean provincialism exhibiting itself in the thickness of his utterance, and at last his self-confidence breaking down, as the cock crows for the second time.

Simon Peter fell into darkness—not hopeless, but nevertheless cold and deep, just as the gray of the east was flushed with colors like blood. Jesus was near by, when this most loving, brave, and true-hearted man utterly failed. Jesus, the Saviour, is on

His way from Annas to Caiaphas, where He succors His Simon Peter in this way. Whatever may be said of Simon Peter, by men who never knew the peremptory commands of generous impulses or perilous self-confidence, Jesus attested His opinion of him at the hour when he "*looked upon*" His denying disciple and broke his heart with the sadness and pity which that look conveyed. The length, breadth, height, and depth of God's courage with the human soul, in its embassy of love in Jesus Christ, were then and there made clear. Jesus was probably on His way to the trial before the Sanhedrin. He had been insulted and bound, but nothing had hurt His heart so much as the sorrow of being forsaken. When His glance fell upon Simon Peter, at the instant which the disciple had polluted with his curses, there entered the soul of the disciple not only the memory of what Jesus had said unto him, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice," but the grace and love which buried his curses in silence, and filled his eyes with tears of penitence. He was still to be established as "Peter," the "man of rock," and though he had denied his Master thrice, Jesus knew him. The fact that his nature and spiritual attainment were even yet worthy to be allied with the plans of the kingdom of Christ was demonstrated when "he went out and wept bitterly." Noble tears! That kind of humanity is the only material which the Gospel counts on for its finest productions; that Gospel is the only scheme of morals which would not discard this kind of humanity. This is somewhat of Jesus'

mediatorial work. He lived a life and died—a perpetual prayer for our humanity. In it He made unto God an offering of our humanity. In that long, pathetic, sacrificial prayer, whose deepest petition came with the offering at the cross, Christ put under human life a mediatorial influence; something divine beneath our trials; something promising in all our temptations; some promise of Peter in every sifting of Simon. This is God's will, made known in a life and death whose every moment seems to be saying, "Simon, I have prayed for *thee*." By and by we shall know, if we trust while we are sifted, the fact that Christ's prayer means hope, that His prayer and His look upon Peter were both divine—the sifting was then doing its work silently. At last the look came from Christ, as He saw His disciple being sifted of the chaff of self-confidence; but Simon would go; Christ *looked* upon *Peter* being sifted. The grain of wheat for which He prayed had not been lost.

O what hours intervene! And now Christ has been crucified and Christ has risen. Let us not forget Simon Peter. Paul, writing many years after the first Easter Day, tells us of an appearance of Jesus to Peter, which must have occurred very soon after the appearance to Mary Magdalene. There is a pathos glad with victory, and a touch of personal tenderness also, in the saying of the Presence whom the women saw in the tomb, "Go your way, tell His disciples—and *Peter*." Heaven had a quenchless interest in the great-hearted apostle who had suffered so much from himself, whose denial of his Master and Lord

was so painful a fact in his memory, and whose fight for faith and holiness had attached his Master to him with the love which, once inaugurated, would at length consummate the enterprise of bringing the Peter out of Simon. The infinite patience of love, and the method by which God honors and redeems separate personalities for special service, are shown in the desire of Christ that Peter, especially, might at once hear the new evidence of his Master's Lordship furnished by the Resurrection.

Listen to the echo of the command to tell Peter. Christ has surely risen. When the disciples arrived in Jerusalem, they met the other apostles and others of the disciples, and these received the intelligence in the words, "The Lord is risen indeed." But they added, "*And hath appeared unto Simon.*" Again we see that the pre-eminence of Simon Peter consists in his being a true representative of the humanity which Jesus came to inspire and "sift" and save. All the disciples appear to have been more truly convinced than ever, for there is a logic implied in these words, "He hath appeared unto *Simon.*" They indicate the feeling on the part of the disciples that there could be little or no question about the Resurrection of Jesus, if Simon's eyes, from which bitter tears of repentance had flowed, had seen in Him a risen Lord.

We must not leave the man here, for Christ did not. Calvary and Good Friday and Easter had come and gone. But not yet had Peter been restored. The awful hour of the thrice-repeated denial was unforgotten by either Master or disciple. Jesus now

proposed the only three steps by which restoration, from the distance covered by the three-fold denial, was possible. Again it was a fire of coals that flickered before the two unsteady disciples, as once before, in the courtyard, at the trial. The dinner was over, and Jesus, re-illuminating the dark paths which Simon Peter had trodden, on account of over-confidence in self, said to him, "Simon, son of Jonas"—His Master would not let His disciple forget the earthly environment out of which He had sought to bring the *rock-man*—"lovest thou Me more than these?" Simon Peter's heart was touched. He comprehended his Lord's meaning at once. Jesus had used a word which we translate "lovest," but which really means "honorest," or "esteemest." These differing words reveal the problem with which Jesus, the Master, had to deal, and His method of solving it. Simon Peter never lacked the love that *feels*, but he did lack the love that *honors*. The question of Jesus did not ask for the tender and ardent emotion of affection. It asked for the love which "loves with all the *mind*" as well as the heart. Jesus' phrase, "*more than these*," brought back the memory of the apostle's self-assertion and his willingness to compare his fidelity with that of others, before the denial of his Master. If he had possessed the kind of love which Jesus must rely upon, Simon would not have indulged in comparisons. Jesus does not ask for relative, but for absolute, love. Simon's old self-sufficiency and its root were now clearly exposed by the true and tender Lord.

He bravely and honestly said, appealing now to his Lord's knowledge, rather than his own, "Yea, Lord, Thou *knowest* that I love Thee." All comparisons he had learned to forego. But the word which Peter used, which is translated "*love*" in our version, was not the word which Jesus used. "Simon Peter uses one that speaks of a more familiar and friendly affection, implying less depth of serious thought." (Milligan and Moulton.) Jesus heard the warm-hearted, sincere answer, and said to the disciple, "Provide My *lambkins* with food." His Lord had set Simon Peter to a task which He knew would turn his foolish pride into noble humility. He who had been weak ought to know how to succor and guide the weakest of the flock.

Jesus now repeated His question, putting emphasis again upon the fact that the heavenly sonship of Peter was still unsifted from the earthly sonship of Simon. The chaff, "son of Jonas," still clung to the fine grain, "Son of God"—and Jesus used the words as at the first, "*Simon*, son of Jonas, honorest thou Me with thy love?" Jesus did not repeat the phrase of His first question, "*more than these*," for Simon Peter had not made any self-confident comparison between his own affection toward Jesus and that of others, in his reply to his Master. Humility had at length been victorious in the once self-sufficient apostle. The kindly omission of the words "*more than these*" was Jesus' acknowledgment of this fact. Simon Peter's reply to the second question of his Master was this, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Simon Peter had used the old word to which he had accustomed his lips in obedience to a great heart, when he said, "I love Thee." The answer of Jesus was, "*Shepherd My sheep.*"

And now for a third time, Jesus asked the question, but here the Lord uses the identical word with which Simon had just expressed his affection. The first question was, "Honorest thou Me with thy love, more than these honor Me?" The second question was only, "Honorest thou Me with thy love?" The third question was, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" Jesus saw that into his old love, with its hearty, impulsive, and clinging quality, another quality—even thoughtfulness, seriousness, and principle—had come. *All* of Simon was devoted now to Him. But Simon Peter was hurt and sad, and his heart was near to breaking, when he said out of the very depths of his affection, "Lord, Thou knowest everything; Thou seest that I love Thee." It was so. Just as he had denied Jesus Christ three times, so now he confessed Him three times. But more than the number of times was the process of confessing by which Simon Peter had risen from a Simon-like affection into a Peter-like affection. If we are to be restored, we must return over *all* the distance which we traveled in denying our Master. "Shepherd My sheep," said Jesus to the apostle whose lofty love was now fixed forever. It was not only emotion: it was honor. It was not only honor or esteem: it was affection. It had principle in it; it had warmth and glow also.

Other problems would come to Peter, growing out

of ignorance or narrowness, but there could never be a question henceforward of his thorough-going love. With the private appearance which the risen Lord had made unto Simon Peter, this experience conspired to restore him and to burn into his soul the significance of his apostolic commission. He had been sifted. The chaff was gone. Jesus, however, would assure him of the severe trial which lay before him in the future, even his tragic death. He said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkest whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands"—a cross also waited for him—"and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." John distinctly tells us that "this He spake, signifying by what manner of death Peter should glorify God. And when He had spoken this, Jesus said unto him, Follow Me."

Jesus had reconstituted the apostle, in the old words spoken by the sea long ago, "Follow Me." The man, the son of Jonas, Simon, was now a son of God, Peter. The perfect Son of God, Jesus, had consummated His spiritual enterprise by brothering this great-hearted and many-sided man into the privileges and duties granted unto him by the Fatherhood of God. But Peter was even yet the man whose difficulty it was to go alone. When Jesus said to him, "Follow Me," Peter looked for John, who was following. But who could tell how far they would be companions? "Peter therefore seeing him, said to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus

saith unto him, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? *Follow thou Me.*" Peter was sifted from Simon. We must anticipate, to see how completely it was done.

After Jesus is ascended, and at Pentecost, Peter's is the eloquence of a courage sifted of arrogance, the eloquence of an enthusiasm filled with the Holy Ghost. Hear his unquivering voice as he speaks out of the consciousness of power to the lame man at Solomon's porch, "Such as I have give I unto thee." Power is going forth out of him, and, turning to the multitude, he pours out that stream of truth, gleaming with a heavenly glory. There also is the sifted Simon before the Council, calm with strength, sufficiently controlled for irony; and he is steady with a determination to admit no other mastery than that of God. Before the deceit of Ananias and Sapphira, before mobs, before the purchasing ambition of Simon Magus, in prison and out of it, stands Peter pre-eminent, looking back upon his past self. O how often in some act he suggests all too plainly the chaff of which Christ had freed him. But soon he comes right again, and we find him still teaching us the lessons of this event:

"Nor deem the irrevocable past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain."

O blessed ministry of evil unto good! But no one save the Master can be trusted to manage it and guide it. Then alone is a man's weakness turned into

power—made an eternally helpful thing to his brethren in all ages. His fall and rising again makes the doctrine of divine forgiveness a vital energy in his words and works. Shall we not say that he is a more efficient helper? No; he is only a more approachable and sympathetic helper, because he has once failed and now made to succeed. He has known by experience the unforgetting, rescuing love of the Christ—the grace of God. O what a reality it comes to be when a man has lost the chaff of himself and feels that he himself is freer to be and to grow. Pentecost rings yet with the eloquence of that once broken heart of Peter. Hope in Christ? What a certainty did it have to him! His first letter is called “the epistle of hope”; God has always been making hopefulness in this way. Jacob the supplanter had been made Israel—*Prince of God*; and now Peter was sifted out of Simon—sifted out with an experience which made him a ceaseless strengthener of men.

Are you being sifted? Tried by your wealth; tried by your poverty; tried by joys, or tried by sorrows; are you believing that Satan alone is directing it? You are being sifted. I implore you accept it and stand up to God’s purpose. There is a Peter in you, and God is over-ruling everything that he may be brought out. Devils and evil itself can only serve Christ’s plan for you. They get only the chaff of you. Do not faithlessly resist the divine purposes. Do not throw aside the supreme possibility of attaining your nobler self by declining the sifting processes of life. Pray rather

"O for the man to arise in me
That the man I am may cease to be."

By God's help let us say, "Permit anything, Lord God, any trial, any sifting; only rescue me from my weakness, only bring forth the Peter out of the Simon, and then by my sorrows and my sifted power let me strengthen my brethren."

IX

POWER FOR MINISTRY

"Rise and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister." Acts xxvi. 16.

IT is a fortunate moment for us to be in at this trial. It is instructive to see Paul now, if it is our first and last chance, especially if we are Christians who desire to find out what is the true method of making a minister and the Divine way of endowing a man for this work. Paul's career is nearly ended; the harvest of the noble enterprise is a fact in evidence. The man has passed by all immaturities and partial views that might have clouded or otherwise vitiated his conclusions. He knows what he thinks; years have kindly remanded to forgetfulness the valueless and unimportant events of a lifetime; his perspective is now made right by his nearness to God's City of Rest. What shall we learn from his experience and words of the significance and function of the Christian ministry?

He is telling us that the Christian ministry has its power and hope of making this a better world and thus serving God and man, by helping toward an erect manhood—a manhood which is erect because it has genuinely confessed the Lordship of Jesus Christ and then has been uplifted and inspired by the vision of

Jesus Christ as the revelation of God and the revelation of man.

This view of the ministry has great force in this day. We know that the world of men has always been crying out of its divinely imbreathed destiny for that leadership which shall inspire and cultivate a stalwart and self-respectful manhood. Our ministerial conscience is awake to the fact that we have often been weak, because we have failed to obtain the primary and fundamental energies indispensable for success in our work.

Much of our effort at preaching is ineffective—it cannot even be said to stir with promise of life—because this Saul, before or when he stood on the verge of becoming Paul, has never felt his lips moving with even the questioning cry, “Who art Thou, Lord?” The emphasis of Saul’s nature is on the word “*Lord*”—he is surer of his belief than he is of his doubt, “Who art Thou?” Never was a Saul, however brilliant and honest in his cruel zeal, lifted upon his feet and reconstituted into a Paul, the powerful preacher, if he missed the experience of this confession. On the other hand, when this experience comes to any Saul, it rules by forming itself at the centers of his thought and feeling and by uttering itself resistlessly upon his lips by divine logic and by impulse inevitable. It involves the Lordship of Jesus Christ over the whole man. “Who art Thou?” Let him be uncertain as to a thousand other points—yea, let him be only an inquirer as to all other belongings and qualities of Jesus of Galilee—yet there must tingle in

every drop of his blood the omnipotent conviction that lies in that word, "Lord." The true minister is the true minstrel of the human soul—the words *minstrel* and *minister* have a common root. He organizes the vagrant and apparently opposing sounds, the devious wafts of melody and the split and recalcitrant currents of tone, about a common and regnant center in the soul. That center is the all-supreme and embracing theme. It commands the whole character. It alone co-ordinates and compels each aimless shiver of a chord and each stubbornly isolating tonic energy into harmony. Its power is the power of music, hushing discord by completing it, or by rescuing it into concord. Its energy is the energy of harmony coercing to order, not by mechanical strength, but by inherent beauty and truth; expanding half-tones or allying them to wedded loveliness of utterance, by the might, not of external volume or intensity, but by internal and perfect sweetness. Such is Jesus, and such is His Lordship—the master-soul and master-theme, first, of the spirit and heart of the preacher, and then, the all-mastering and transforming master-soul and master-theme in the world of men, to whom he speaks.

The whole enterprise of ministering involves this faith. The human heart, mind, life, go searching for a Lord—yea, for *the* Lord—not primarily for an abstract philosophy, not for a radiant ideal, not even for a noble memory or for a deathless hope. For all of these it cries, and it expects these, in its living Lord, divine and human, near enough to touch,

lofty enough to command. It throngs our churches, until it is sure the preacher has not heard or seen Him—and then it sadly stays away. It besieges the altars of the faith which has awakened its pristine and fundamental desires, and, never so constantly as to-day, it hangs about, lingering yet in hope, asking for a sovereign, a living sovereign whom no death may vanquish or change; and, be sure of it, my brothers, the heart of humanity will never give up the church and the preacher, until, either by its fears or by the facts, it is compelled to say, “They have taken away my *Lord*, and I know not where they have laid Him.”

Believe it, my friends, the race's opposition to Jesus Christ Himself, whatever may be its present antagonism to our cheap sensationalism or to our cold ceremonialism, is marshaled behind a wall as thin as was that which divided Saul, the persecutor, with his hands of blood, from Jesus his Lord, with His hands of blessing. Nothing else will satisfy the demands of man which are feeling through, except the Lordly Christ before whose majesty of moral loveliness the wall goes trembling down. The effective minister has *experienced* all this; he can get it in no other way. His experience of it makes his appeal the utterance of a personal affair, warm as his blood, and as full of reality as he himself. I repeat it—the moral Lordship, the spiritual supremacy by which Christ chose to be supreme over men, comes only by experiencing it. I cannot unwind the faultless argument for Christ's kingly nature and His conse-

quent right to rule me, or His power to get hold of me that He may rule me. It came into Saul's mind at that unique and sudden moment. I have no doubt that argument is as straight and strong as a cable between earth and heaven. It was not merely an appeal to Saul's head, but, having just been touched by the death of Stephen, and having braced himself by terrible volition in vain against the Unseen Will, it was an affair of the heart and the will. His intellect alone might question, but his total self confessed the majesty. At once it carried into him the conviction that the reality he confronted commanded him so completely, flung over him the spell of such an undeniable sovereignty, that, however much he might have to say, "Who art Thou? Who art Thou?" he must also say, "Who art Thou, *Lord?*" Here was what no teacher of earth could teach him. No merely theological teaching can ever impart that conviction. That is a religious experience. Men still call Jesus *Lord*, only by the might of the Holy Spirit within them. Saul of Tarsus was convinced by a logic swift as lightning, but entirely personal. Premises and conclusions followed one another by the speed of God rushing in upon him. Here began his deep and thorough preparation for the ministry. It began not in the process of reasoning, not in the advent of a theory—in that event came and remained his theological position. It placed him. He did not place it. Christ had taken him, as the sovereign harmony takes the wandering tone. He was apprehended, as he afterwards said, that he might appre-

hend. So completely had Christ won him that he said "Lord" with all the loyalty of his nature. Truth is personal. Every great truth comes in this way. Its way of coming fixes it in the life-tissue. He never would have to defend the proposition that Jesus is Lord, after that. The fact is that Christ had divinely Lorded it over him. Do we defend that proposition? Do we doubt that men can or will believe in the Lordship of Christ? Do we spin our thread of logic and argument to convince at length? Brothers, it is so only because Paul's experience is not our experience. No preacher ever convinced a man that Jesus is Lord; only Jesus Himself can do that. Christ is His own argument for Himself—it is too great for you and me to manipulate. No preacher ever had evangelic power who did not know that Christ is Lord by the indubitable fact that He actually has taken his soul by moral majesty. Christ has so ruled at the center of his life that while he questions "Who art Thou?" as to a thousand other things, he says in deepest, unconscious confession, "Who art Thou, *Lord?*" Whatever else Christ is, He is Lord. The man has at last found his Master and at the heights because at the depths of his life.

Ah, do you say, what then is the business of the church, if the church is not to see to it that men do acknowledge the power and right of Jesus to rule men, not at the point of the sword, but at the more stinging point of a condemnation as a heretic? Hear ye Him as He says, "Peter, put up thy sword into its sheath"; "Let us leave My true kingliness to

rule from its own throne." He seems to say, "If moral Lordship does not command, it is neither moral or Lordly. Let me have My cross, instead of the legions who might protect Me. Let men see Me die and live there, and there will I draw all men unto Me." This was His own trust in His spiritual royalty. So did His divinity trust itself. So let the church and pulpit trust Him. We need only to manifest Him as so much the Lord over us personally that we have become Christlike, and then the pulpit and the church will hear thousands crying out on the Damascus road, "Who art Thou, Lord?"

Now, it is this Lord who says, "Rise, stand upon thy feet." It seems strange at first that it is the same power—Jesus—who both humbles and exalts. But Jesus were not the soul's true Christ, if it had been otherwise. His Lord had other uses for Saul, now that he had confessed Jesus' Lordship, than to leave him there flat and ineffective upon this disordered and needy planet. It is of the first importance to realize the fact that He *only* is the power which commands our admiration *with* our humility—only that which we adore can lift us up. "We live by admiration." We are made erect and manly by adoration. Before a merely beautiful character, a profound moralist, a true philosopher, a heroic martyr, we do not fall to earth in obedience, neither do we rise to our full height at his command. The very human Charles Lamb confessed that if Socrates were to enter our room we would take off our hats to him and admire; if Jesus Christ were to enter we would fall

on our knees and adore. That power which endows the minister of men must be divine enough to make our unhelped humanity lie full length upon the common earth which is our fate and home without that power; and yet that power must be divine enough on the other side, to lift man into communion with God, and place him permanently on his feet before the problem of life.

Secondly, the moment Saul is swept into the march of God's energies by the insistent moral energy of Christ, the very power whom Saul calls Lord *must* lift him up for the holy ministry which that vision inspires. God's economics demand this of God's power; it must put the worshiper on his feet and make him its missionary.

We will never deny that the services, which have been wrought by men prone upon earth in adoration and prayer, have been very great and valuable unto God and man. There, truly, is found the right to rise and to labor, and there alone is born the power to hear the voice saying, "Stand upon thy feet." Angels bow when most angelic; men refuse to bow when least they are men. Some of the cables to which captains and law-givers, saints and prophets, psalmists and reformers have hitched their otherwise motionless trains of hope when these souls were prostrate before the Divine Glory, are supremely strong. But the ministry of Christ only begins to be powerful there. Right there other truths are matched with the truths which we find there. These other truths are side by side in importance with the energies felt and adopted

there. They are really the completing and enriching powers for those which we know there. They are the sovereign inspirations and forces that promise and guarantee the vaster achievements of righteousness on earth and the deeper joy of heaven. But they are for man, only when a man honors his own conscience and hope, and lifts his head as God's son above the earth and into the free air of heaven. He must be on his feet to wield them.

Christ—the power of God in humanity before whose spiritual sovereignty every Saul must bow—He alone has the voice, the speech, the right to say, “Rise, stand upon thy feet.” The hope for an erect, self-respectful, lofty-souled ministry lies in what Jesus is and does for humanity. It is our business to get Him to humanity or humanity to Him. He alone can fairly say to Saul, “Rise, stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister.”

Ours, like Saul's age, has been an age of self-conceit and self-abasement. Pompousness has lived with pessimism and kept open house. Intellectual arrogance and groveling discontent have mated. Man has been crying out “I am nothing!” and next moment he has asserted “I am the whole thing.” One hour has found an extemporaneous philosopher averring “Man is the only God,” and then shouting “God is less than man.” Man has been self-deprecatative largely because of the recoil consequent upon his pretenses; his confessedly abject position has often been the result of his earlier audacity. He becomes

misanthropic because of the collapse of his impious egotism. From whatever cause, he has been lying flat upon the earth, and often has he reveled in what Carlyle called "a dirt philosophy." Not as Saul of Tarsus has man, in the latest century, been humbled by the spiritual glory of Christ, but he lies on the earth nevertheless. He is cursed by the sin from which he alone cannot free himself. He is also half hopeless of a valid solution for the problem of life as it appears in himself or in his race. Brothers, do not fail to recognize the fact of sin as the most restless of all the influences which has caused, and still causes, hopelessness. Sin is only practical faithlessness. Our age's philosophy does not extinguish or even hide it. We are enough like Saul to behold in humiliation its disaster and we see it more clearly as it writhes or slidders darkly against the background of a better day, for ours is the most luminously Christian age the world has ever seen. We are not only prostrate on the earth, but we are tired of it. The mind of man is not more weary of the speculative materialism which has long since failed as a dogma, than the heart and conscience of men are in revolt against a practical materialism which is constantly failing as a method of life. Hucksters of our day are advertising enough religious nostrums to demonstrate what a market there is for something to reinspire the soul of man in this panic.

Here the Christian minister finds himself and his message. Who is he? What is his message? How does it appeal to men?

First of all, he is personally an erect and inspired man. How has he been made so? He has felt, in a moment, unspeakably precious and grand, the actual Lordship of Jesus of Galilee. He has had a vision—but more, that vision makes him a man of vision. He has not been persuaded of it by formal logic. He has known it, yielded to it, gone into partnership with it as a fact in his experience. The triumphant Christ has entered his life and thinking and hope, by Christ's triumphing over him, and not otherwise. He was going to some Damascus a persecutor of that which seemed to die on Calvary; he has entered Damascus its disciple and champion. The very power which he antagonized in vain has first humbled him; then it lifted him upon his feet. He first adored it when he suddenly discovered its splendor in absolute command of his soul. But obeisance, however abject, submissive, and humble, was not enough for him who saw, as he did, the living Christ. He has felt the fortunate contagion of the aggressive spiritual power of Jesus. He must get on his feet. He does get on his feet. The gravitations that held him fast to earth, either because of his unworthiness, or because of the contrasting glory of Jesus, have been caught up, through a larger, higher circle of law, by the other gravitations that pull him upward. The spiritual tallness he gained even by his humility has now straightened itself in the light of God, in the hope of God for man that Jesus carries with Him. The significant fact is that he has fallen in love with God as Christ has revealed Him; he has also accepted the

ideal and reality of man as Christ has revealed man also, and, on that ground, his sin has fallen dead, sloughed away, been forgotten by God and by man. He is a new man in Christ. Can we marvel that he is now an erect, hopeful, aggressive, stalwart man? What else could he be, under the spell of such an uplifting force? Would it not be strange if he were not on his feet?

I have little hope of valuable service to men from any so-called ministry to which all this is not intensely personal. Let us note how personal it all is with Saul, who is being transformed into Paul. He asks, with an incomplete theology, it is true, but with vivid eagerness, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and the answer is as personal as the "who" and "thou" of his query, "I am Jesus, whom thou (Saul) persecutest." Every disguise is torn away. Religious experience under Christ emphasizes "I," "Jesus," and "thou." It is unflinchingly accurate, and searchingly true. Ugly facts also emerge, sinister and illumined. There can be no mistake. "I am Jesus"—not vague goodness, not your individual ideal of truth, but God's own purpose incarnate, the very heart-throb of this whole system of things—"I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "Wrong is an attack on Me; sin is a stab in My soul," so Jesus seems to say—does say. All this enforces the personal element in the fundamental experience of the man who is to be a minister. It is the seal of a divine prerogative. He is to help men get upon their feet. Nothing of this sort is possible unless he is intense in the sense of his own recovered

personality, unless, by his own right to reverence and to make his own self and life distinct, he can clear away all circumstances and abolish all trivialities from every other man and bring that man personally close up to the loving heart of the personal Christ. Each man must be thus made distinct before God. Then he gets a distinctness for himself; circumstances no longer are called upon to explain him or defend him from his true self. Jesus erect amidst depravity and doubt; His minister stalwart and full of faith also—these are the facts that make distinct and sacred every man's soul and life. Then will each man respect himself as God deals with him by His providence and grace. This is the true call to the ministry. But Jesus makes it yet more personal. Hear His voice again, "I have appeared unto thee." "I" and "thee"—these are the great words of the Good News unto men; and these are the two supreme facts in all thorough-going religion. Not the creed, not the church, and not society in general, nor even the noble fortune of race—but "I" and "thee." Christ never had a real minister who was not made self-respectful and powerful because he was thus led to honor his own personality and to lead every other man to honor his, as God Himself honored it. O man, if thou wouldst be a minister, "rise, stand upon thy feet." Fear not to be personal, for impersonalness is cloud-land, weakness, and death.

An erect humanity in the pulpit, speaking to the humanity that honors it, trusts it, and provides support for it—how sublime it all is!

Secondly, what is his message? His message is really the wine pressed from grapes grown on the soil of this experience. A hopeful presumption works in him. Yes, he has the right to believe that what has lifted him and set him upon his feet will exalt and make stalwart other men. In truth, whatever else we may carry, this only is each minister's working faith. If Jesus has truly become Saul's Lord, and lifted Saul up to his full manhood, that, and that only, will Paul expect and work for in other men. By no magic or miracle can you get out of your minister what he has not to give.

Experience, which is so personal and particular, which is to be crystallized into his message, makes the erect man not less, but more conscious of the facts of sorrow and sin in the world. They lie heavy on the heart of our time, and often they conduce to a conclusion of despair. The true man cannot be erect and have an outlook of hope, unless he appreciates the maddening riddle of life in its most involved snarl. I think every true minister must have in him the making of a pessimist as gloomy as Schopenhauer, and he must know enough of the tragedy of life to shake the courage of a Leibnitz. But this must not be his all. He must have been on the dull earth, and felt its sick heart beat woe; he must also have been lifted up, conscious of it all, but equally conscious that the very Christ who lifts him up and restores his faith was no stranger to its real tragedy. No, rather was Christ so much more conscious of it all, that it brake His heart. It crowned Him with thorns when

He flung upon its night the first promise of a golden day. This is the only way God has of making Paul the minister. God's manifestation of Himself in our humanity is the uplifting fact in a world where, without Him man is on all fours in his animalism, or flat upon the earth—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in his despair. If our ministry is Christian, it surpasses the keenest eyed pessimism in perceiving the historical fact that "in Adam all die." But if it is Christian, it surpasses philosophic optimism by its discovery of an outlook through the fact that "in Christ all are made alive." Universal as was, and is, the disaster in Eden, so universal was and is the recovery at Calvary. The minister, of all men, is the one who can be erect and free because he is true to both these facts. He knows that it is a groaning creation, but he knows also that it is loaded with divine destinies. He is aware that his is a race strained in ignorance and toil, often whelmed in anguish and defeat! But against that fact he puts this fact—the Son of Man, the very fact whose luminousness lays bare this dolorous reality. Jesus Christ has lived to the bottom of its woe, felt in His own heart its blind cruelty, and, after being the victim of its calculating malice and dull-eyed villainy, this same Jesus emerges as the most hopeful and the most powerful of leaders. He who was gibbeted by man, comes assuring us, for He is carrying the fortunes of redeemed humanity in His wounded hands. Surely, He can say, "Rise, stand upon thy feet." Surely, His minister must believe in man.

And this is the central flame that lights and warms the heart of the preacher. Jesus believed in man, because He believed in God. He revealed man in revealing God. No one ever so depended upon God to reinforce man at his best. No one ever so trusted in man at his worst. He would not even save Himself at Calvary from man's fury. "He knew what was in man." He would rather trust man to come again to Calvary, age after age, to find if one drop of His blood still quivered there. But His trust in man was fundamentally a trust in God, His Father and man's Father. Jesus knew in Himself what God the Father meant for man. He Himself was that meaning. Human worth, the right and duty of a man to respect himself, the joy a man ought to find in his privilege of being a man—all these had their source in the fact that Jesus felt in Himself that the concerns of God and man are one. He illustrated the capacity of humanity to receive God and the willingness of God Himself to come into man and abide with him. In the manger at Christmas, humanity was proven capable of the Incarnation. Other events came in due order. That stable-event glorifies man; Calvary reconciles man to His Father; Easter rebuilds man; Olivet demonstrates his heavenly origin and destiny.

This is the *meliorism* which must be Christ's gift to the man who is his minister. It is far from that pessimism which says that the world is as bad as it can be. It is as far from that optimism which says that the world is as good as it can be. It is melior-

ism, as it has been wisely called, and its assurance is in Jesus Christ, when it says that this is not the worst possible world, nor is this the best possible world, but, by the certain victory of Jesus, *it shall be* the best possible world. It is not best or worst, but it is a better world and must grow better all the while. People ask, "Are you, then, an optimist?" or "are you, then, a pessimist?" I refuse the classification for the true minister. I work hopefully.

O how this hope kindles in us, when we see Jesus dealing with the perplexing problems of evil. To Him, the problem is not speculative, but practical. Witness Gethsemane and the heights of Golgotha. There can be nothing but a deeper discontent and a more bitter cynicism in our bewildered world, if, when we look on the moral beauty of Jesus Himself, we fail to see that its very beautifulness, its sovereign power, lies in the fact that He is not thus divine for His own sake. A taint of self would undivinize even Him. He is "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." He worked His divinity for all there was in it in His struggle with the undivine. He bore the whole cost of sin. Let no preacher pass over the awful ransom He paid. The pulpit which fails here, may succeed in being an arsenal of brilliant rhetoric and a fortress of valuable learning, but as a pulpit it is a pitiful sham and a wicked deceit. It will leave man prone on his face, without the vision Saul had of the real Christ. The Christ whom Saul saw, the Jesus who spoke to Saul, had been no connoisseur of morals or ingenious exponent of a new cult which

gathered about Him a unanimous coterie of dilettantes. No. His face was more marred than any of the sons of man. He had met sin fatally at Calvary, as before He had met sin and wrestled with evil in Peter and Judas and Mary Magdalene. He was Lord only because He had triumphed over sin and iniquity. He had won the heart of man just at the moment when the sin which is man's death apparently had its carnival in His crucifixion.

True and almost pathetic is the cry of the race's heart for a self-respecting ministry—a ministry whose erect mental and spiritual manhood will lift a discouraged yet proud mob of human beings upon their feet, and organize them into the city of God. Man is conceited enough, but he is not self-respectful. He is jaunty enough when walking vainly to Damascus, but, if he falls, he does not worship. He curses. Within his assertiveness and egoism is a strain of petulant apology. He blames things. He now reads and patronizes the literary autobiography of hopelessness rescued from filthy ancient sepulchres. What shall transform cultivated and skillful Saul? What will transform ignorant, bestial Saul also? Jesus alone can do it.

The only pulpit that men respect permanently pours forth the music of the redemption. It is tremulous with the minors of Good Friday. Believe it, my brothers. Men scorn to squander an otherwise pleasant hour of their Sunday, where two things are not believed: first, the fact that humanity, unhelped from God, is prostrate and despairing; second, the fact

that there come hope, self-respect, and manhood with Jesus Christ. People were never as willing—nay, so desirous—to go to church as they are now, if Christ is there to get them on their feet. Without Him, they will not stay to hear about your dream of a better day. With Him, they will not tolerate any depreciation of humanity or defamation of the soul. “*I have appeared unto thee*” makes the minister, and it alone will hold a congregation. Pessimism hears the story of Christ’s death and cries out, “There, that is proof that this is a damnable world. Such a thing should not happen.” The deeper philosophy of Paul who once was Saul of Tarsus, says: “No. While it is the saddest event of the world’s long tragedy, and the most disheartening, it is the gladdest and the most encouraging, because evil, at its supreme hour, suicided there in its bold attempt to kill goodness in its supreme hour. Because of this event—Christian life manifest in the death of Christ—man stands on his feet in hope.”

It is a fearful thing to fail to tell men of this Christ in an age both as misanthropic and aspiring as our own. Long years ago, I heard Dr. Roswell Hitchcock speak of a Bedouin on the desert whose piteous condition was this: He had been without food so long that he was starving. His hope was that some other traveler who had already gone that way, might have left, by chance or provision, a packet of food. Away, beyond, near a fountain, he spied what he took to be a traveler’s bag, and to his hunger it must contain bread. Slowly and hardly he pulled himself over the hot sand to the little pouch. He took it up and

poured out before his vacant eyes a stream of glorious gems. As they wooed the sun by their splendor, his famished body fell over, while he murmured, "Oh, it is only diamonds, only diamonds!" We echo the teacher's sigh: Merciful heaven! that this should be an accurate description of so much that is called preaching! "Diamonds, only diamonds!" Years have not changed that situation for the better. It is a piteous condition of affairs for the preacher and the people. Both are disappointed sadly. Diamonds! And he, the preacher, works so long to find them, and so hard to grind them well, and so unceasingly, perhaps, to set them in a golden paragraph—and they, the people, want only the bread of life. One mouthful of plain bread, and you may have the polished dogmas, the glittering periods, the flame-like phrases, the splendid sentences. All glowing exordiums, all flashing epigrams, all brilliant perorations, for one taste of the bread of life!

When Christ Jesus said to Saul "I have appeared unto thee to make thee a minister," he gave Paul his theme, his method of appeal to men, and his conviction of success. Jesus Christ Himself is the capital on which alone the pulpit is in business. Men have the right to expect their ministers to be experts in manhood, erect, Christlike manhood, fearless, hopeful, free. They have no right to expect their ministers to compete with their fellowmen in anything else except in manifesting this Christ in His actual Lordship over them, "in our mortal flesh." Other men have better right

to speak with plain authority on a multitude of other interesting subjects, than has the minister. No man ought to be able to overmatch his mental and moral right to speak on the truth, the way, the life of manhood. Few of us are worthy to stand here. None save by God's grace. But we fail only when we vacate our particular throne of power. No ton of diamonds is worth an ounce of bread to a hungry man. We ought to feed men bread. We have no responsibility as to creating the food. God does that. Christ is given to us, and we have no need to strive to induce hunger. What Browning calls the "God-hunger" is in us all. Believe it, men are hunting for God manifested in humanity, for living bread. While I am searching for a triviality bright enough to attract a crowd, my brothers who have the right to expect me to give them to eat are begging for plain bread. No man to whom Jesus has appeared as Lord, who also has been lifted to his feet by the hopefulness of Christ, ever was solicitous for a subject to preach on, or a text for a discourse. The true minister does not run his race with lecturer, essayist, or poet, or statesman, foolishly abandoning his prerogative, to be beaten in a contest, perhaps, with a magazine article purchasable for a quarter, but sufficient to emphasize the extemporaneousness of the parson's suddenly acquired information which could not be disguised. The minister of Christ has an unfailing theme. His topic's interest depends not on war or peace, parties or revolutions—it is the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world. His sermon is not a bit of

pious oratory or unctuous literature, neither is it an impersonal or sentimental relating of the precious story of Jesus. His is the argument in favor of bread addressed to hunger. It is an address by a man in favor of hope, and it has the impulse of his hope grounded in Jesus. It is his experience with One who has said, "Rise, stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee," and it is this experience reinforced by all the history and prophecy of humanity, glorified by the love of God, and illumined by the mighty presence of Jesus as a living Lord—it is this, in the giving of comfort, in the urgency of appeal, in the defiance of wrong, and in the championship of right—this, as it furnishes hope for mankind in Jesus Himself, makes the minister.

Let the minister say: I have before me these precious opportunities for speaking this unto you. I can waste not. I can idle not. I will not take these hours from you for any less sublime task or privilege. I do not know enough of politics, sociology, art, literature, music, or science to justify your coming to hear me speak on these topics. I know here but one thing, and if I am true to it, you will never weary of my use of your time and the expending of my limited strength. My theme has the breadth of God's love and the many-sidedness of His abundant goodness. It is perennially fresh and beautiful. I will not attempt to vie with your other sources of intellectual and spiritual vitality, in furnishing you delightful information or high entertainment. If they are valuable to you, it is because each to whom you give your

attention is a specialist. So, also, am I. No one else has been traveling my path with Christ. No one else has met Him where I have met Him. No man can have another's experience. Others have more of genius, learning, eloquence, health, than I; no man has had my life and its history with Christ. Many have had greater vision proportionated to greater piety, but no one else's vision of Him do I know. I do know my own. I will preach only what I believe—the time is short. I will preach only what I know is supremely important in the thought of Jesus—the time is short. I will preach only what I have fallen down upon and found safe and able to bear me up—the time is short. I will preach only what I found true when lately I went up to the gate of Otherwhere—the time is short. I will preach these things with absoluteness of conviction that God will bless us, and I will look for the fruit of this ministry here, where the time is short, and there, also, where time shall vanish in the morning-glow of Eternity.

X

POWER FROM ABOVE

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." Genesis xi. 1-9.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now, when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded because that every man heard them speak in his own language. And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear

we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this? Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine." The Acts ii. 1-13.

HERE are two scenes in the history of the human soul which is evermore repeating its own deepest experiences. The distance between man and God, the earth of man's life and the heaven of God's unclouded presence, man's actual ignorance and feverish care and God's perfect knowledge and calm power—this space has always challenged every human faculty, and so the mind of man has taxed its powers to bridge the immense void. The picture given to us by this ancient page, the building of the Tower of Babel, is only one intimation of that perpetual effort which man has made to work up from the earth into the presence of the divine in heaven. There has always been something pathetic and dramatic, if not entirely heroic, about these labors of man or Titan, to invade the dwelling-place of the infinite and assert the rightfulness of man's presence there. It has seemed very sublime to him to peer into the secrets of the absolute from the height of some Babel-tower, or, Prometheus-like, to steal from the hand of infinite wisdom its secret.

These brilliant enterprises appeal especially to our out-reaching and self-asserting time. The poem of

Prometheus is to the twentieth century what it is, in all its reminiscent music and fresh significance, because our own time, so recently gifted by treasures and forces of nature, feels that it has the right to the precincts and secret of infinite being. This it believes—because it has learned to love them so, and there is no distance between man and God which human nature may not span in some mighty effort to reach Him. One has only to study the geography of the human soul in its present condition, and mark the history which it is making for itself by obeying its own aspirations and yearnings, to understand how inevitably our age finds a heroic quality in that legend from far away. And so the Plain of Shinar may lie here or there in the Orient; Babel may have been the capital of the Babylonian Empire or that of some other land; fragments which attest the vulgar magnificence of a city covering a hundred square miles may have their fascinating tale to tell, or they all may be silent as to the existence of a tower which reached toward heaven; nevertheless, wherever a human soul lives, and whenever that soul is unwon to its divine destiny by that Spirit which spoke out of heaven to earth at Pentecost, Babels will arise upon every realm of its life, and there will be that confusion of tongues. It is the consequence of devotion to an inadequate and uncommanding ideal.

It is this fact which furnishes a most suggestive contrast, as we pass to the second picture. Separated as this event is from the first by thousands of

years, nowhere else save at Pentecost, do we see just *why* the whole history of Babel-building is the history of the most sadly brilliant failure with which man has ever been concerned. In no other light than the light of Pentecost, moreover, can we understand the pre-existing spiritual condition—that poverty of soul which promises to honest but mistaken effort nothing but defeat. That condition of soul is described in the words of the old story of Babel-building, “Let us make us *a name*, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.” Fear rules all minds unrulèd from above. In those moments when man has missed the truth that all his real life is to be lived from above downward before it may manifest itself as worthy life from beneath upward, when he sees not that the *secrets of his earth are to be revealed out of the heavens* above him—*then* he has been afraid of the great, broad world in which he finds himself. Lost to an ideal which commands him, he fears to lose himself. He has nothing greater than himself to live with and for and upon, and he is affrighted at being separated from his kind, even if all other men be as deficient as he. This is the centripetal force which is now gathering the weak into crowded cities; the opposite is the centrifugal force which moves the strong into the suburbs and large country. Humanity without supreme ideas and sentiments which make the world a precious opportunity for their realization—humanity uninvested by that life which is larger and diviner than its own, unwon by that mystery which over-arches its knowl-

edge with the conceptions and aims that include its world, is indeed a pitiful orphan, and is sure to become a panic-stricken exile. Nothing does he dread so much as solitude. "I will not leave you orphaned," says its true master, whoever he may be. It is not strange that, in such moments of spiritual dissonance, when the soul of man knows nothing of the harmony of the universe, when each man and his earth hear nothing but their own ambitious melody, he should seek to rally himself and bind the children of his hope about something that should at least point heavenward. He must have something to lean up against. He builds a tower of Babel.

This method of ridding himself of his fear of the life-problem—a problem which is as broad as man's universe—is very human. It wrote a tragic history before Jesus was born. The last great gift of pagan Rome to the world was a Cæsar, her characteristic man, the man up through whose personality and power Roman thought and feeling climbed, as in a tower, toward the infinite, until, in that desperate but blind effort to bridge the distance between the human and the Divine, it called Cæsar "God." Apotheosis was the logical result in man's minds of an effort at civilization unfed by the Highest. It could end in nothing else than making a man into a god, and it was, in this way, through its very failure, a testimony to the fact that God must speak in and through the Incarnation. History shows man adoring either an apotheosis or an incarnation. Babel, with its failure to unify humanity around a visible and man-conceived

institution, was the hint that somewhere in God's universe man would come to God, or rather, God would come to man in a Pentecost. Humanity could be unified, not by any self-coercion or external resolve which embodies itself in an institution, but by the power of the Spirit. This is the glad significance of Pentecost, that here at length a disorganized and self-dividing humanity comes to be reorganized and forever spiritualized into a divine unity.

The *labor* of the human soul in all its moments of paganism is to build an institution from the earth up toward heaven; the *gift* of Christianity was the revelation of a Person who was to make humanity His perpetual institution—God in Christ, in Whom God came from heaven down to earth in the Incarnation.

The desire of the men of Shinar to "make a name, lest they might be scattered," is also the ancient expression of that fearsome egotism which is at root always godless. It is self-consciousness when it passes into egotism. Egotism is atheism. On the other hand, the meeting of those Galileans in the upper room on the day of Pentecost was a triumph of God-consciousness passing into aspiring adoration—the result of the worship of that incarnate Self-sacrifice Who had promised that there would come into the world a new Spirit, namely "The Spirit of comfort and of truth." At Babel there is furnished for all philosophies of human nature and all schemes of society, the strongest testimony to the fact that conscious uniformity is the foe of that unconscious unity which operates as the unseen but regnant pat-

tern weaving all facts and forces and men into that divine tapestry called civilization. At Pentecost, while many languages were spoken by many tongues, "they were all of one accord in one place." This profound harmony of Pentecost was wrought of many melodies and came out of many instruments which were thrilled by a common hope or hushed into melodiousness by a common awe. At Babel, all the instruments were similar, but there was no harmonizing and compelling theme worthy to overmaster and include all, and so each player ultimately persisted with his own tune. Babel could furnish only a sad picture of uniformity in a desperate effort to preserve itself. God has always been careless of uniformity; His Holy Spirit is always creative of that which is most precious and fundamental—unity.

(a) The Infinite Wisdom has depended upon the might of those ideas which make their servants citizens of the universe, and keep them from the invasions of loneliness wherever they are, ideas which are the threads of power holding all things in harmony; and these alone create and maintain among the innumerable minds of earth an unvexed and full-chorded unity. (b) The Infinite Love has always relied upon sentiments as deep as the feelings of Jehovah and as far-reaching as is His grace, to run from heart to heart, and so to bind, over unmeasured distances, the sons of earth that the whole world and every realm of life shall be the place of His glory. (c) The Infinite Will has calculated upon universal laws which are the laws of love, as

the lines along which His purpose travels, so to win men's wills into obedience of them, that, wherever men are, however separated in this world or in another world, the one imperial concern of the glory of God and the good of man shall bind them forever.

To realize this vision and governance of God in the life of man is the ministry of the Holy Spirit. Wherever men have recognized this down-coming of God's life manward, and responded to it, there has been an upper room in which humanity has found a central abiding aspiration and law, and there has been Pentecost. But it comes after Calvary where self dies on the altar of sacrifice.

The confusion of the earlier Babel is no more far-sounding or pathetic than is the confusion of our latest Babel. When souls are in chaos, tongues are strange. Babel is soul-panic. Every Babel begins with an undiscerning cry for uniformity and ends in hopeless confusion; Pentecost begins in superficial confusion and ends in fundamental unity. Uniformity is a thing incidental. Unity is essential and reaches down to the elemental currents of power and hope; it calls upon the resources of unfailing wisdom. Every political, social, and ecclesiastical scheme for uniformity, and every effort at consolidating humanity around an ideal lower than God's plans as revealed in Christ, has ended in mental and spiritual dispersion. And that is the only dispersion to be feared by mankind. No nation has ever been able to exist for long which has not fed its ideal life and its aspirations from heaven downward, instead of building its poor aspira-

tion into some useless magnificence that is heavily projected from the earth upward. At Babel, a race huddles together about its self-constituted ideal; at Pentecost, a race is sent everywhither, expelled from any possible aggregation of self-esteem and self-consumption by a Pentecostal flame, an idealism greater than its dream—a unifying divine vision. It is everything in a going age to go with something that permanently exalts and upbuilds.

Out from that plain of Shinar probably came Abraham, “the father of them that believe.” He belonged to the region where life’s inspirations came to man’s heart out of the heavens of the ideal, and Abraham’s idealism is described in the words, “He went, not knowing whither he went.” A mighty certainty throbbed at the heart of all his uncertainty. He was the most practical man of his age, because he was its greatest transcendentalist. He had known trouble with a narrow man. He believed there was room elsewhere for the true liberal that he was. He was the initiator of that westward-looking movement which at last reaches the Oriental Cipango of Columbus’ dream only by going west. It was the dependence which this man placed upon those upper and infinite realms from which he drew the apparently careless sublimity of a stern purpose whose voice he obeyed, that led Christ to say of him, “Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day; he saw it and was glad.” Any true faith in the ideal, however limited or crude, involves Christianity. Abraham’s anti-Babel obedience of the divine above him was the soul

of that celestial eloquence whose ultimate utterance on earth was the Divine Incarnation.

When at length Pentecost came to remain in a serene perpetual light of all days, it is not strange that it should contrast so strongly with that other and special day when self-confident humanity was both ambitious and rebellious at Babel. There was the deification of work, and work unilluminated from on high; at Pentecost was the glorification and vindication of musing and receptive and loyal thought. Waiting is more in demand in a universe where God is at work than is even the most industrious doing. Prayer is the promise of progress. Civilization has found its most practical resources in the idealities above the grime and dust in which it toils. The city of God comes down from out of heaven. The pattern seen on the Mount must dominate the structure of the tabernacle. Great is work, but work alone is Babel. Greater is the open soul, receiving at Pentecost the inspirations and ideals by which the work of man on earth shall appear as something worth doing and be something more than noisy laboriousness, where, indeed, it shall be the bringing down out of the sky of truth and love, the city of God, that complete and glorious civilization which shall last forever. Wherever mere work rules, and men's bodies and souls are unfed by a revelation of what man is in God's thought, there is an individualizing influence which makes human speech become variant and which tears society into tatters. I may say the same thing that my brother says in his own language, and yet be

separated from him by infinite distances; I may say nothing that he says, and what I say may be said in another tongue, but, if our hearts are under the sway of one Spirit of Holiness, we understand each other. A noble thing can be uttered by a Hottentot to an Iclander or a sage in the cloister. In heaven we shall sing, because music is the universal language.

The doing at Babel and the praying at the day of Pentecost are, one, the separative and wearisome influence without a grand ideal; and the other, the inspiring, unifying influence of life with a worthy ideal. Let us never be afraid that men will lose their personalities by the unifying power of Christianity. It is only our disease of individualism that we can lose. The ideal and motive of Christianity are so comprehensive, and each strikes every man's heart at so great a depth, that every human being, under its influence, has an apprehension of the meaning of his own life that insures its development and an appreciation of the value of every other man's life and makes his slightest and truest accent understood.

The leaders of the race have always had this dream of unity. It is a sentiment and yearning as old as the first poet and as young as that era whose singer prayed for

"That common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again."

Men have all sorts of panaceas for the diseases which prevent the unity and produce the disintegration of the human family. In the contrasting darkness and light of these two scenes, I think any one

can see that oftentimes the cure has not been offered, because the philosophers have missed the true diagnosis of the disease. Babel-building is very satisfactory to our pride, and Babel-building dies hard, and even grandly. It certainly did not vanish away from man's mind and hope when the confusion on the plain of Shinar came. Many of our modern efforts for man are only splendid repetitions of the old experiment. The Greek Æschylus has made the greatest of Greek tragedies sympathetic with our love of man's enterprise at forcing his way to the infinite. We are yet singing the praise of that audacious protestant, Prometheus, as if he were a half-divine Luther or a Titanic William the Silent. Shelley's age of political revolution sang again the old story with the improvisings of its own bard. Our age, more wedded to evolution, has held that Science will exalt and bind men, and that, by discovery and up-built towers of achieved victories over nature's secrets, we may rally forever the else-separated sections of humanity into one. Science, democracy, and certain ideals of progress—how often has each been called the Prometheus of our era! And the sad truth is that each one of these, unless it be fired at the heart by some Pente-cost where God comes to man, is only Prometheus at last without the divine secret, and with a divided humanity as vulture-torn as he at the base of Caucasus. Still we sing:

“Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
 In such hours of exultation
 Even the faintest heart unquailing
 Might behold the vulture sailing
 Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!”

I. There is a passionate, altruistic, not to say Christian, spirit of Science, of which I do not now speak, when I say that the spirit of Science which has not known Pentecost is a defeated Prometheus, or a builder of Babel. Like Shelley's Prometheus, rather than the Titan of Æschylus, it has lived in an age perplexed with many ideals—an age revolutionary by descent while it has come upon the idea of evolution—an age that is yearning for some kind of deliverance. It has visions of salvation so numerous as to almost make it despair in confusion. It has, like the Titan, no conviction that it needs salvation from itself—from its imprisoning egoism, its own passionate self-seeking, its haughty and self-satisfied ideals, its unrighteous, unworshipping rebelliousness against an order that strains it to altruistic effort, purity, and truth, to which it is disloyal. It makes our age an age of faithless haste, for it does not believe. "He that believeth shall not make haste." It does not rest on the fact that eternal order is sure to succeed even through suffering. It is unquiet and in revolt. Our age has looked to such a power as Science as its Prometheus, its redeemer, for it has conceived that its disease is ignorance alone. But ignorance is not its serious malady, else a Prometheus who robs Zeus of his intellectual method, his secret, might deliver the race. Its malady, productive of ignorance and care and pain, is unrighteousness. Mankind does not need a Promethean champion of humanity as humanity is, but rather a personal revelation of God, whose influence will first regenerate man and then

champion man while he strives to be what he ought to be.

This other and divine Prometheus must come, instead of a Titanic man; and up to the hour when man is seeking to be what he knows he ought to be, all science, all discovery of nature's powers waiting to serve him, all mastery of the forces that are set to be his ministers, is a magnificent gift which man cannot take, save to his ruin. They do help him to build, and up toward the skies. But, building with them, he knows not yet the awful distance between the finite and the infinite. It is a moral distance, and so, a mental distance. Man, with all his science, must learn to work on the understanding that it is a less distance for the infinite to come, as God comes in Christ, from the infinite to the finite, than it is for the finite to travel or build to the infinite. The possession of the most helpful forces often betray us, and we build Babel. All at last is confusion, in spite of the power spent to exalt and bind men together. It is a bond that does not touch men at their life-centers, and so it fails. An effort at unnecessary uniformity has slain necessary unity. Small ideas of what is to be have bred the small-mindedness that ends in individualism and conceited distrust, one mind of another. Prometheus is only the superb anarchist, in spite of his humane aspiration to enfranchise man. Every fact that comes from our modern Promethean secret-getting, if it has not been grasped by the hand of that altruism which loves man because God has revealed man's true life and destiny in Christ, is a

peril. It divides rather than unites. It makes even genius lonely, and none can understand the other. It exalts the intellectualism of the individual, and makes society an anarchic collection of lawless atoms. Not a new impulse of the brain, only a new heart of love makes a great man safe with mankind. If he were possible, a *free man in Prometheus* is still out of harmony with the universe; a "free man in Christ Jesus" is in league with the secret of eternity; in him all of time's secrets are given over to the treasury of man.

Turn to that truer and higher spirit of Science—the Holy Spirit—spirit of wholeness and health, spirit of holiness. It does not sing with the Titan, as he looks at the sun:

"I laugh at your power and his who sent you here
To lowest scorn; pour forth your cup of pain."

It has become more reverent, as it has ascended from the deeps of the earth along the route of the charmed spirit of man. It has made its Darwin one of the humblest of the noblest; it gives us the picture of Tyndal refusing to go with the Babel-builders of negations while he waits for truth, and it leaves us the portrait of Huxley as he declines to follow the materialist; it has taught his lips to speak in hushed awe of Jesus and the immanent God. It has unconsciously adopted Christ's dream of the unity of man, a unity not to be realized by man's o'er-leaping ambition and his Babel-towers, not to be made a fact because all men speak one language, but to be made real, because everywhere the deep and elemental cur-

rents running through human nature Godward shall all of them sing one music of the infinite sea from which they came and to which they go. This Science has a conscience. It now insists that it has something to do with ethics. It cannot be persuaded, like Prometheus, to refuse to acknowledge the existence of moral evil in the world, but, more like that band of disciples after Pentecost, it finds an aching world on its hands to be relieved. The new spirit has come. We find the many-languaged race of men understanding itself and its future, when it beholds an Agassiz saying and living what he says, "I have not time to make money," and more, when an inventor, whose machine takes the work from thousands of men, is devoting himself to their higher employment, and most of all, when the cause of social reform commands the genius of Alfred Russell Wallace. Nothing confuses the utterances of men when all are swept by a sublime revelation, like Christ's, that the world belongs to God and must be His. Stuart Mills' is an awful statement, that so little, if at all, has invention added to the comfort or well-being of mankind; and its rigor of meaning must continue until, at Pentecost, where even God's power comes to be the power of His love, man learns the altruism of the redemption of himself from selfishness and pride. As long as we do not have Pentecost, every new invention is Babel-building. It is the exalter of the fiction of progress. It only enables the strong to oppress the weak. It confuses humanity.

This Holy Spirit of Science has its vision of uni-

versal government; under its influence generations learn

"To sit, self-governed, in the fiery prime
Of youth, obedient at the feet of law."

This very conception of the unity of law throughout the universe—that refreshing revival of the true doctrine of the Holy Spirit everywhere—has made a Pentecost for our modern thought. The revelation that tears and worlds are molded by one power working through one law is a loftier fact around which to rally a divided race's thinkers and workers than any Babel of human achievement. The beneficent use to which the gains of Science may be put is the guarantee for their beauty and desirableness, and what that use is may be learned at Pentecost alone. How each mind understands the other mind in that fundamental language of man, as he brings his precious burdens of discovery in, if at that hour there burns within him the enthusiasm of that band of fishermen who at Pentecost held the secret of the whole world's advance. Here was at last a true diagnosis of the malady which afflicts man, and breaks up the true unity of the race. Sin was and is the trouble. This was revealed in the cure. The remedy offered for unrighteousness showed that loveless disloyalty was the disease. A new world dawned. Christ had won man to God and holiness. These men at Pentecost conceived of taking that idea and ideal forth to unify the humanity which had been redeemed. It is the one glorious vision which makes Science the handmaiden of the Lord and an angel of civilization. If I were to de-

scribe in one word the transformation of Science in our day from that pagan, selfish, conceited air which has so often offended truth, to that reverent, humanity-loving, and nobler manner in which she now moves, I would say that the day of Pentecost had fully come. Revelations of the infinite in nature, like God's revelation of the infinite self in Jesus, have taken their place in man's thought, and, instead of audaciously building up out of man's wisdom brilliant systems of philosophy stretching from earth up to heaven, man listens for the whispers of the Life of all life. By its half-conscious reception of Christ's ideal of man and his future, Science has received the Holy Ghost.

II. What a magnificent word is Democracy! and to what fascinating paths have men been drawn, leading up to a height of aspiration that its dreams may be realized! Poetry and eloquence and heroism and a passion for achievement have marshaled the innumerable throng to build this tower to heaven. It is at once a rallying-place and a memorial. In our own land, raw recruits from every other land have joined the multitude, and no one has failed to hear amidst the shout a penetrative note of daring, a presumption, which tends to grow atheistic, as even all organized or unorganized discontent comes to be. Much of our passion for democracy is not a noble content to live and work and die for the realization of a divine ideal revealed in those Pentecostal hours of history when God invests humanity with His own presence and plan, but it is self-enamoured discon-

tent with any government above our egotistic, heaven-scaling Prometheus.

A great American has said, "Democracy means not '*I'm as good as you are,*' but it means '*You're as good as I am.*'" Surely we cannot avoid the fact that the first is individualism, conceited, arrogant, and dividing—"I'm as good as you are." It is the outcome in separate minds of a general public egoism. It proposes to be the government; it never dreams that self-government is the result of being first divinely governed. It emphasizes liberty and is silent about law. It is too thoroughly employed with itself to reflect that liberty is the child of law and that only truth can make men free. "*I'm as good as you are*"—this is Babel-building on the plain of Shinar. It writes each man's particular name on one vitrified brick, as if some day humanity, consolidated and wild-eyed, must not, as God's servant, tear it all down. It is ultimately against man's civil government, as it is from the first against God's government. When every man, in the great community of men, shouts "*I'm as good as you are!*" then, indeed, is the confusion of tongues. The more it works at uniformity, the more despairful grows the hope of unity. At last, nobody understands anybody else. Each man has formed a society of one member. Our noisome day is the witness of all the disorganization, mutual misunderstanding, and cynical distrust of a democratically inclined race, whose democracy begins and ends in Babel-eloquence, saying "*I'm as good as you are.*"

But there is another spirit of democracy—the Holy Spirit, the spirit of wholeness and health—the spirit of holiness, the spirit which is Christ's own life. We accept Mr. Lowell's word, in this sense, when he says, "Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed." Then we have moved from the chatter of the plain of Shinar to the eloquence of Pentecost, from Babel to that glorious upper room.

Christ makes a revelation of God in man, as God makes the revelation of Himself in Christ. It is this revelation which, with tongues of fire, says, not "*I'm as good as you are,*" but "*You're as good as I am.*" Christ's valuation of the other man, His saving of all men, of every grade, by His own sacrificial life and its issue, His creation of indubitable equality of men before His cross on Calvary—these are the bases of triumphal democracy. Above them all, His Spirit, the spirit of help for others, the soul of altruism, the over-flowing care and love for all men because they are God's children, all this passion that grows divine in Him and through Him, as it worships God and is loyal to God's government—that is the energy that cries out, "*You're as good as I am!*" This is a gift to social dynamics from Pentecost. No Babel of misunderstanding, no centrifugal force is here. I care not whence they come, careless as they may be of all superficial uniformity, those who surrender to this Holy Spirit have genuine unity, and each man hears the other in the tongue wherein he was born. "*I'm as good as you are*" is the democracy that leads all social enterprise to Hell; "*You're as good as I am*"

is the democracy which leads every effort of civilization to Heaven.

III. Consider some of our ideals of human progress. We do not ask Prometheus to rob God of His secret; we need men so inspirited by the Holy One that they are willing to listen, as that secret of good government is spoken by the carpenter's son.

There are signs that Pentecost has fully come. The spirit of Christ, unhurt on that Calvary of greed upon which He has been so often crucified by ecclesiastic and politician, has left a spirit of truth which has come into our political economy. That Pentecostal spirit is taking the things of His and showing them unto us. Christian ideas and ideals of society are being reconsecrated to missionary effort in the upper room of thought and hope. As these conceptions reappear, we know how much of our vaunted progress has been only Babel-building, and that such principles as have most ministered to man's self-confidence under the form of economic orthodoxy, cannot form a tower about which to unify the race or create a Prometheus to redeem humanity. The undisturbed genius of our wealth-producing era has been half-worshiped as our Prometheus. It is a true Prometheus, in this sense, that it has robbed God. It has not, however, obtained the divine secret. Our age has declined to let its heart be fired with the altruism of Pentecost, and great has been our confusion of tongues. Statesmanship now knows that we must rid ourselves of Babel and substitute Christ and Calvary for Prometheus and Caucasus. Our Chris-

tian scholarship realizes that Babel and Pentecost are opposed forever, and that, in the light of Pentecost, we must welcome inquiry as to the righteousness of our regnant industrial system. Have we not forgotten that the abiding wealth of the world has foundations in the *golden* rule and not in the *iron* rule? Have we not so adored man's ability to make a memorial of his genius in material wealth, up-piled in the form of capital, rather than justly distributed among men, that man, on whose life Pentecost puts a divine value, has been stunted while the tower gleamed skyward? Has not even Christian scholarship been unable to account for our confusion of tongues, and have we not halted beneath the shadow which that lofty, earth-founded progress has cast upon legislatures, city councils, courts, and juries? Let us not forget that the cloven tongues of Pentecost are yet in the air, and must be reckoned with by our civilization. Let not Christian scholarship be dazzled by Babel. It hears much of the value of machinery and the exquisite music of mechanism. It is invited to look into the crowded cash-books, and wonder at the fortunes which have come forth in a day. It is asked, "Did ever fabric like this come from the mills of any other century? Did ever economic philosophy dream that profits like these could accumulate so rapidly? Can the genius of discovery go beyond the results of our whirling steel? Even Christianity—how it pays! How could we ever expect to keep men employed at such a wage, if they did not expect, instead of homes on earth, each to get a home

in heaven?" "Go to," says this spirit of evil in the garments of good, "we will build a mission for our workmen!"

Our Prometheus vaunts himself unseemly, even when in his leisure he sits with his loved Asia devoted to arts and ideals, hearing nothing from above him. At last it wearies. The soul wants a word from above itself. Pentecost placed that word on human lips. "Whatsoever ye would have others to do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Let us pause. The Christian idea of God's valuation of a man has at last been taken by what are called the dangerous classes, and we are asked, "What quality of man does all this progress bring forth? What tissue of heart-cord, what hardness of righteous conviction, what whiteness of sentiment, what strength of purpose, what purity of heart?" Of course, the reply is, "Just now that is unwise and agitating questioning. So soon as the labor-problem is settled we mean to look into that, but that is impracticable now." Ah, dear victim of sophistry, the Pentecostal truth as to the value of man is at last out into the fields of our political economy; it has been caught up by the loafer and striker, and is being flung into the air by the mob, and you must leave your ledgers to welcome a truth so long delayed. No modern cannon can shoot this idea down, although the mob be slain at your door. The spirit of comfort always is the spirit of truth.

It is ours, my brothers, to prove that this idea, tossed into the air by the lawless, does not belong to them. We must tell them that it means law and not

anarchy. But who are we? We have too little known them. The communist will not listen to me, for I have been quiet too long; but the sunlight I have kept back so long, now flaming forth, only shows him a weapon gleaming at his side. He sees nothing else but that. The religion which avows that man is the greatest factor in the equation of this world must insist on the fullest agitation as to the adequacy of the principle of our economy. And the problem of labor and capital will be settled only when we shall gladly see the golden rule victorious through Christ's perpetual presence in the Holy Spirit.

Let our Babel towers go, if they must. Every effort to get to heaven by building up from earth may fail. Only God revealed from above, earth transformed by heaven, will truly "hearten the chorus" of sincere men.

Come, then, unto our whole life and enter in, O Holy Spirit! Save us from our separating individualism. Quicken our sense of brotherhood. Inform and inspire from above. Send us out as apostles who shall preserve the unity of thy workers and carry on the work of God through man.

XI

STEADYING POWER

"After these things were ended, Paul purposed in the spirit, saying: I must see Rome." Acts xix. 21.

I ASK that you study with me a single event in Paul's life which, as I believe, will afford us much help in estimating rightly the quantity and quality of the power, at once propulsive and regulative, received by Paul from his Lord Christ. That event is Paul's visit to Rome. I say *visit* rather than presence, because the presence of such a man anywhere is a very visual affair; he *sees* things. Such a man lives so vigorously that any fact becomes at once a factor with him. Is it a visit to Rome? His whole character is expressed in it and by it. It takes place first in the soul, then on the map of earth. To live in this high manner is to transform the world into an opportunity for the mind. To act according to an inward vision is the only way we may adopt by which we be sure of seeing outer things. He gathers up all his past into the quick and eager present, and his total character invests his act with its own significance. This thing has perspective and retrospective. "*After these things.*" This man's life has an order, continuous, consequential. Here is background. Listen, "Paul purposed: I must see Rome"; still there is continuity and logic; and here is foreground also.

Paul must have been in the full maturity of his powers, when, about the year 54 of our era, he had laid firmly the foundations of the churches in the cities of Asia, and he made the remark, "I must again visit Jerusalem, passing through Macedonia and Achaia, and, after that, I must see Rome." Such a man has literary style which is indeed of him, and he says his great things with an effortless naturalness and lucidity which often leave us, who are a little laborious at our emphasizing, in the mental condition of one who mistakes the thunder which hits nothing for the lightning which finds the heart of the oak. How straightly his thought goes to the mark! Consider the incisiveness of this man's mind. It gets at the core of current events. In that very year the incarnation of paganism ascended the throne of Rome and began the reign of Nero-Cæsar. Was the embodiment of the new faith, Paul, ascending another kind of throne, to oppose him? The answer to this query develops the fact that the important acts of life are done unconsciously. Then it is that a man freely steps upon some mighty necessity. The necessity is in his character. Remember that word *must*—"I *must* see Rome." That fact of the soul is more than granite. A necessity of his personality finds a firm footing of reality. Paul and his destiny may have, not only to step upon it, but also to stand there for a time. We hope it may bear him up. So much now for the first appearance of this idea in his mind—"I must see Rome."

This idea appears again; and what of the second

appearance? All important ideas reappear in this manner, and they will stay with any Paul until they are at peace in the form of deeds. Seven years are passed, and Paul is sea-worn and storm-tossed. He is in a gale. The men on board with him are in a panic of fear. The idea is still in its commanding place in his mind. He is in a different environment, no longer on land, but upon wild waters. But he is clinging to his idea. The sailors have nothing to cling to. A typhoon has broken forth upon them all. Only one man among them all is sane, calm, and confident as to the result of the struggle with the elements. And this man is not a professional sailor who is steady because he knows, nor is he a stupid fellow who is quiet because he does not know. He is only a preacher of a despised heresy—is this Paul in whose soul twangs the tense lyre-string, “*I must see Rome.*” But he speaks to them like a kingly friend. He says to the terrified crew: “And now, I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship. For there stood by me this night an angel of God whose I am, whom also I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; *thou must stand before Cæsar*; and lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee.” His good cheer has its logic, and he adds his conclusion as to the conduct which his character proclaims as a law unto them, “*Wherefore*, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that it shall be even so as it hath been spoken unto me.” Now, that kind of a man will reach Rome—do not doubt it for a minute!

A conviction born of a divinely bred plan is once again the granite under his feet. It is of the same texture as it was, when the idea first took the form of a purpose—*he is going to Rome*. We have a fine advantage in studying his approaches to this event, for the significant remark is one that caught the attention of his friend and companion, Doctor Luke, and Luke, probably the author of the Acts of the Apostles, says, "After these things were ended, Paul purposed in the spirit, saying, 'I must see Rome.' " Once again, a word as to Paul's mental manner and its expression here. Let us not be misled by the lightness of Paul's touch. We may be misled, for we are complex; he was simple and straightforward. These are marks of supreme genius and its moral intensity. The power serene is behind all great utterances like this, "I must see Rome." A man who does not appreciate values in literary style, may ask, "Did he say, 'I must see Rome?'" Is this a tourist enjoying to the full the gayety and culture, the artistic and literary associations of multitudinous cities and districts with new and ancient fields of enchantment for the traveler? Has he been running up and down Asia, and is he now preparing to descend on what is now Europe with mental kodak and Baedeker? Is it such a man and with such an aim who says, 'I shall pass through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem. After I have been there, I must also see Rome.' "?

The answer may well be delayed. Until we know *who* he is, *where* he is, and *why* he is talking thus;

or rather, until you and I feel the Almighty Spirit in whose planful secret Paul purposed, his words may appear as unmeaning an item as this questioning portrays. He will seem to be only a kind of sated amateur photographer, with only one thing more worth his taking, the one thing that superior and traveled persons may cruelly ask him about when he gets home, whereat he shall embarrassingly confess, "I was not there, and that thing which I saw *not* is Rome." Paul clears the air, and he says, in a high manner, "I must see Rome." This man is serious. There is a demand upon him, and that demand is of God, and it is the desire of the man. Duty and desire are one. It is thus in every great soul's experience. Let us tarry with a phrase. The large significance of the proposed event was gained when Paul "purposed in the spirit." Consider that phrase—you hear it from every deep man who has a voice. If he had not done that—"purposed in the spirit"—the history might as well have told us that Paul said, "I must go out to mend my tent, as aforetime." "*Purposed in the spirit.*" O this, then, was the constant and intense fire in which the littleness was all burned out of the iron bigness, so that there was left only the steel greatness of his desire, "I must see Rome." The fire in which a plan is conceived gets into the plan; and the infused spiritualities rescue the consequent event from being merely human history, and it becomes divine history also. There is something of the biography of God in every lofty man's life.

Well, Paul! you shall see Rome—not as a jaded

tourist, not even as a quick-eyed student of men and manners, not even as an enthusiastic lover of its art, arms, jurisprudence, and literature, but you shall see Rome as a man pledged to the Master of Men, Jesus Christ. Of course you can see Rome only as His follower, a man with the method of Jesus, the Crucified; and, therefore, you shall see Rome after you have entered Appii Forum a criminal, after storms have drenched you, and you have been taken for a murderer and then for a god at Mileta. Such are the contrasts in any ardent soul or strenuous life. These are experiences which eliminate the apparent from the real man. But they are not intimate and decisive. Yes, you "*must* see Rome," Paul! We speak to you from the viewpoint of the insistent ages. You will first be forced to appeal for your life to Rome, but the Prefect Burrus will not be waiting for you as a guest, when you toil along the Campanian road. He will be waiting for a prisoner; and you will be received, not as a hero, but as a troublesome lawbreaker, chained to one of the Prætorian Guards. Your eye will glance upon Campus Martius, dotted with lovely villas, or upon the arch of Titus, standing firm against the white background of snow on distant mountains. These will be incidental. This is not what you went to see, but you will see it all. Yes, Paul, *you must* see Rome.

Between the time when Paul first made the utterance, "I must see Rome," and the time when the little, unimpressive man walked between the Coelian Mount and the Palatine, toward the golden milestone

at the head of the Roman Forum, as a felon and a despised prisoner, the occurrence of this shipwreck, whose story became our morning lesson, must be placed. It is an intermediary fact. It stands in marvelously sympathetic relations with the younger Paul, who at an early time said, "I must see Rome," and the maturer Paul who, later, having found his manhood crystallized by experience and his faith hardened to a gem by suffering, is actually in Rome. "I must see Rome." Ah, this voice never was that of a wandering son of luxury, half weary of the visions of civilization, feeling that he had only one more novelty for the sensitive plate of his fancy, and then the list of mental snap-shots would be complete. No; Paul had even then so yielded to the Lordship of Jesus Christ, that Rome, with its Cæsar and its chains, was as *inevitably* in his path as Calvary had been in the path of his Lord. "I *must* be about My Father's business," said the Master. "I *must* see Rome," said Paul. All of Paul's "therefores"—and they are like the stars for multitude—are loaded with this divine dynamic. The thing, however, with which we are most concerned, at the present time, is this: Paul's vivid realization of the fact that events have no true complexion save that which is illuminated with the morning of God's purpose transforming itself into his personal, persistent desire. As he touched the destined event, "I must see Rome," seven years later, when the masts were straining in the toils of the equinoctial storm and the sea was sweeping over the decks and filling the ship, the

event bore another appearance to the men next to him—but not to Paul. At the first, he had said, “I must see Rome,” with a dignified and propulsive power behind that *must*, which made it an event in which he exulted. When he looked forward to the event later on, as it came up in his experience with the tempest at sea, he exulted still more triumphantly, though he was in a hard place. The divine event in a human life had not changed. Only the cheer which he heard in his own soul he uttered; and it communicated itself, in an inspiring way, to the hearts of the others, when he echoed what God said, “I must stand before Cæsar.” Get the divine note in this human affair. He feels this, “God says in me, *Be of good cheer*, and I believe God.” “*I believe God*,” not a theory of God, not that He is this or that, or that this or that about Him is true, but “I believe God.” It is a person’s faith in a person. Not an abstraction hovers near. It is character resting nobly in character. That is more than belief; that is faith.

O what a saving of the power which one needs to husband, because life at its best is so exhaustive, lies in one’s having his personal desires identical with God’s purpose in him and through him! He can never arrive at this happy situation, unless he believes far more deeply, admiringly, lovingly, and hopefully in God than he believes in himself. His basic thought must be, “I believe God.” To furnish out a program for one’s own life would be easy enough, if each life were not of divine origin, to be lived by a divine impulse and according to a divine method. To extem-

porize a plan for one's endeavor would be apparently simple enough, if the whole issue and destiny of one's being were not an affair of eternity. It would be a task without weariness and unworthy of watchfulness, if our human life were not loaded with a divine purpose, and quick and ardent with the expectation of God. "Thou art wearied in the *greatness* of the way"—O my soul! Now, think of the economics of the truly religious life. Paul is God's man. "*Whose I am,*" he says. Let him own the loved sovereignty; and he does. This relieves him of the irreverent inventiveness which proudly yet laboriously cogitates, and at length produces a plan of action for himself. That is God's affair. And now, like a car full of human interests, he is "on the trolley." From the divine purpose concerning him, he catches fiery momentum, because he is receptively in connection with it. It is above him, infusing its own motive-power into him, and sending him on without expense to himself. Is this not the way in which you and I may, at once, economize and augment our personal force? "I believe God!" O Paul, you are not, as many of us are, off the line of energy!

To desire to do the thing which God aims at—*this* is the divine-human combination which means ease and certainty of movement, progress toward a worthy end, and, at last, complete achievement of the hopes of man in God and the purposes of God in man. Do not pity Paul. Reserve your pity for the man who labors and frets with his narrowly conceived plans; do not insult Paul with your silly sighs because he is

going to Rome. His wish and thought and dream are born of the Holy Spirit in Whom he purposed. What he ought to do—*that* alone is what he yearns to do. He does not need to rub dry woods together to make a flame of urgent vitality. Flint and steel struck with difficulty, and at length *fire*—this is not his necessity. God lives in him; the fire of a great personal love of duty burns already. He has not to pay for fire or fuel. He says with a gladness which you and I will know only when we are joyfully lost in God and His purpose concerning us, "*I must see Rome.*"

But here is found the philosophy of good cheer. Do not try to make this a cheerful world, except by communicating to other men your belief which comes up out of your faith in God. That is the ductile line—soft to the touch, and firm to withstand as silken copper—the line which communicates the current of fire from event to event, until the hasting splendor illumines all of life and duty. "I believe God." But to believe God, as Paul believed God, involves something more than the deliverance of Paul from unpleasant duties. It forecasts something more than his being excused from a dark and tragic experience. It involves the heroic life. Large problems are produced by large duties. Duties come with vision. "I believe God?" Do we, indeed? Then, we must pay for our enriching faith in precious obligations. Just because Paul believed God, he *must* see Rome. He must see Rome, with his eyes strained in searching out solutions for divine mysteries in our human

life—mysteries and solutions of them such as he could not dream of, when first he thought of seeing Rome. He is God's man, in this oncoming event. He must estimate this occurrence, his certain going to Rome, alongside of the fine hopes and high duties as to the Gospel of Christ which were now able to weather gales and outride tempests. Well, then, the time for a storm had come. Each duty had previously cried out in his heart, when Paul said, "I appeal unto the Emperor." Here is a man of ultimates. Nothing but consummate wrong can finally judge the consummate right. Just as His Master, Jesus, was "*driven* into the desert," and for the same reasons, Paul "*must see Rome.*" As Jesus "returned with power," and only after a similar process of education, Paul will preach good cheer to these half-crazed sailors.

How many men, on all this planet, in that hour, would have dared to go to Rome under those circumstances, exultingly? And yet, the souls that make this world a cheerful place for those who are practically shipwrecked and forlorn—these are men who ground their cheerfulness on just such a fact as this: "I must see Rome." The fact that they have a more ultimate trial is our hope. They, only they, are those who transform the discords of our storm into music; and the poor and helpless, the panic-stricken and hopeless, cling to them with a faith born only of despair. "Ah," you say, "I am no Paul; I am only a fellow-passenger." Well, then, you, my brother, must cling to Paul or to some such man,

at this an hour in your experience. Let me prepare you; don't expect him to be out of trouble. He will be valuable to you only because he is sure to get into greater trouble. If he is the Christ, or Christ's man Paul, he will be more than storm-tossed; he will be chained; soon he will be on his way to his Nero. That man who can succor you is on his way to Rome.

There never has, and there never shall be, a cogent argument for good cheer which does not rest upon some fact or factor that has been, or some fact or factor that will be, apparently, a great sorrow. Sacrifice and atonement are at the basis of all human progress. Paul was actually following his Lord with intellectual and spiritual sympathy at this point, *for the good-cheer of the race of human beings stands exultantly upon the saddest event in history*. Paul was following his Master in his mind, first, and then in the body. Look at his Master, to understand His servant. The crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth is the darkest blot on the history of man. What could have been a more apparently awful disaster? And yet that fact of Golgotha furnishes the basis on which we greet the seen and the unseen "with a cheer." It is the source of all the comfort, joy, and hope of the human family. So Paul's sad fate was the basis of their good cheer. Hear, now, Paul's exhortation, "And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but only of the ship; for there stood by me this night an angel of God, Whose I am, and Whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; *thou must stand before Cæsar*,

and lo, God hath given thee all who sail with thee." What did it mean to Paul, to stand before Cæsar? He was not to be there on exhibition; he was not there for his own pleasure, or for a dividend, or for his health, as we say; nor was he there for any other reason, or consideration, except to be Christ's man at that crossway in human affairs, and for this he was to be tried for his life. He was not sure of an acquittal. He was taking Christianity to Rome in a way none other could. He was the avant-courier of a faith sure of universal empire, to a world-throne whose dream of universal empire was dying. He was already finding his proposed visit to Rome turned into a business trip. Like his Lord, he was about his Father's business. He never forsakes the way of Jesus. Away back yonder at Jerusalem he had astonished Festus, by the bold termination of his speech, when he said, "I appeal unto the Emperor."

That was an independent remark; but it involved Paul's greater dependence on God. He had slipped from the jurisdiction of the Jewish sanhedrin and put his case before the judgment-seat of the emperor at Rome. He had exchanged the fierce hate of Judaism for a more powerful antagonist and the almost certain condemnation of the most merciless monarchy in the world. What, though he should be acquitted and preach in Asia and in Spain? The fact would remain that he had flung himself at once and irreversibly against the spears of Rome. "Be of good cheer," he says to us, when we falter again. What a firm viewpoint a man has who can say, "Don't

you worry or fret. The involved darkness and locked-up agony of the probable fate upon which I throw myself for Christ's sake, the certainty that the event must occur, whatever may be its issues—*this* constitutes the basis of your good fortune. Be of good cheer. Your small difficulty will be passed, in the graver one to which I am hastening. I must see Rome." Christ, his Saviour, had given good cheer to humanity by His offering Himself upon the altar at Calvary; why should not His disciple and apostle give good cheer to these sea-lashed men, by the very anticipation and certainty of yielding up his own life, if need be, upon the altar at Rome?

The whole philosophy of good cheer, in the mingled lights and shadows of this world of ours, manifests itself in the confident and heroic use of events which are apparently hopeless and despairful. They alone are the bases upon which there rise and reign the shouting hopes and promises of mankind. To live in this confidence requires insight—the insight of Christian faith. A soul like Paul saying "I must see Rome," makes a pivot upon which there swings back into true relationship with the well-known street which is called "*Now*," a bridge which connects our traveling hopes with the other end of an unknown but firmly built street which is called "*Forever*." The awful pressure upon the pivot may be heard in the cry, "*I must see Rome!*" But it is a glad cry, when it comes from Paul. It has behind it the enormous movement of the Infinite God; and Paul's *must*—"I *must* see Rome!"—quivers and throbs with the heart-

beat of God. Find me anywhere in history an event in a man's life in which Christ has so lorded it over the man himself that the man is lordly over the event itself, in which he must see his Rome because his Saviour and his Master has first seen His Calvary, in which the possible doom which is before him is entirely lost sight of in the certain moral splendor of the thing which is accomplished, and I will show you an event which is a pledge and promise of good cheer to humanity. Only there ordinary men unfurl flags of hope. Paul had got to reach Rome, and that meant that they who clung to him would get through the gale somehow. It was God's business as to the "somehow," and He would attend to it.

After all, what does *Rome* mean? Rome is the name of those capitals in life and time to which we take what we have for the ultimate trial. The sincere thinker says, only after being annoyed and tried, "I appeal unto the Emperor." "I must see Rome." I must get it before the Supreme Court. I believe in my idea, but I must urge its claims before the tribunal of last resort, before I can wholly know and trust my thought. I must carry my deliberations and my argument, my mental strain and achievement, to the point where it shall stand before the most intense and searching opposition the world can offer it. "I appeal unto Cæsar." I must have it antagonized by all the strenuous and effective enginery that shall ever dare to object to the truth as I see it." That is Paul going to Rome. Whoever abides on the ship with any heroic sailor like that, on the ocean of investiga-

tion and discovery, as he cleaves the sea of tumultuous intellectual tempest, will certainly get wet. Do not expect calm seas, if you have divine ideas in the hold. He will have to get rid of much ballast and cargo. It often takes more genius to refuse than to do. Cling to the essential; that man will be saved. Just because the brain he trusts in and the heart he believes in are so obedient to the impulse of truth's enthusiasm that his leader *must* see Rome, the ship may indeed be lost, a thousand interesting errors by which truth comes to be known as truth may be swept away—let them go!—nevertheless the human freight that trusted in Paul's God and in Paul shall be saved with Paul. All on board his ship of thought belong to the heroic and cheerful thinker who sails Rome-ward.

What is *Rome* to you and me? Rome is the name of the place in life and in time where the roadways of this world's meaning are centered, and every sincere man's purpose, or conviction, or plan for humanity, says, "I must see Rome." Take your soul's truest friend in any walk of life. His mind is not under the dominion of whims, nor is he obedient to sudden gusts of impulse; on the contrary, he is steadily working under the mastery of a sturdy idea, and a serious enthusiasm possesses him. You meet him day by day; yes, you have just embarked with him a little way, in some really chivalrous effort whose heroism shall deepen as you go further with him. Suddenly the air changes, and it grows squally. Public opinion is against him and you. By and by a

panic strikes you. He is calm. You are suspicious that you have trusted the ideal too far, and you are fearful that everything is going to the bottom. Then, like these sailors with Paul, you empty the ship of very much that you regarded as very valuable; and the tossing Mediterranean beneath you receives your cargo of wheat, without giving you back a penny for it. Anything to be safe! With breakers in sight, you cut the ropes, and the boats fall off; but there is one thing that does not go, and that is the steady and strong spirit of your friend, who, as you know, has a hundred times as difficult a problem in front of him as you have in front of you. That is the saving thing. "Tell me!" you say, "must I get my cheer out of his more dreadful trouble?" Yes. He says, "Do not worry. If I thought this was the most serious difficulty into which I could get, I would be worrying, too. But we are only in an unquiet estuary of *my* trouble; *you* must not fret; I have to go out into the unknown and tossing sea of my stormier problem; you are certainly safe with me, until I get to *it*; but you must stay so long with me that you can safely land at the one point which I must pass as I go on over crest and trough of sea, to my broader destiny. Believe with me in "*the long run.*" That will land me in Rome. I know I will be delivered out of this, *because* I know that I have a vastly more important and critical hour to meet, and more athletic and imperious foes to confront. I have appealed the cause of my life to the highest court I know; I am living and working on the heights and before the heights. I

must see Rome, for I have appealed unto Cæsar, with this divine ideal of which I am the slave. Nothing can sink here, with me and that fact on board. You can be quiet, and of good cheer, for I must see Rome." That is Paul's way of pressing the oil out of the rock of his difficulty. Is it not sublime?

So the world of the future comes cheerfully out into the full matin and from the vespers of the past, because there are souls that are not afraid of the distracting midnight which lies behind a coming day. But here is another truth—this indeed, that, in a grand sense, only to the souls that move on toward the Rome of some deeper difficulty is the angel of God able to say, in the midst of the less interior difficulties which men meet, "Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." "All on board are thine." This is the refrain of a divine epic to any soul. A true man has his wealth in the men who trust him. Just that truth the angel of progress does proclaim to such men as was Paul. Just that is the lofty function of the good and the great—to own values in other men—not because they are getting out of their problems unharmed, but because they are conquering them, by sending their lives forward into graver problems, whether to be harmed or to be unharmed they know not, and they care not. Then comes the hour when they *cannot* be harmed. "Stay on board, my brother!" says Paul, truly and wisely. "Cling to God's man and you will be safe."

Let us recognize, this morning, the divine persistence of a personality like that of Paul, when, within

it, is the momentum furnished by the power behind it, the swift and strong God. Of course, he has reached Rome. No man who must see Rome, whose heart has been told that God expects him to keep his soul's engagement with Almighty Truth in Rome, ever failed to arrive at Rome. Given the power behind Paul's eyes, and *he* must see Rome. The universe would have dropped to pieces, as a rock dissolves into sand, if a man like Paul, sent from such a power as was the Divine Intention behind him, could miss striking the spot in this universe toward which, like an arrow, he was aimed. The Almighty goes along with those who have taken Him on board. To have drowned Paul off the coast of Cyprus would have been to have drowned the Eternal God from a corn-ship of Alexandria. Fate cannot drown Father.

When Paul reached Rome, he had in him the Jew, but he had also the Roman citizen he started out with, when he claimed his prerogative and appealed unto Cæsar. But he was more, after that voyage and shipwreck. The little old man, bald and weather-beaten—he that had labored at the helm of that ship, stronger than the Northwest wind—was more erect of soul than the promontory under whose lee he had been guiding the craft. More vigorous and tenacious than Euroclydon, in whose tempestuous heart the planets charged, he was now as various-minded as the sea which had whitened with rage and then tore the tackling from their masts. He was now ready to help cast any anchors, or lower any boats, or shift any ship amidst blinding rain, so that she

might meet the gale victoriously. He was fearless of any treacherous sand upon which any vessel had grounded, or the rocks against which, in a moment, that ship had once seemed about to plunge. This Paul was now more Roman than any Roman in Rome. He was a Christian in his valor. Everything else had been washed away, or jerked away, or blown away, in that voyage; and when he arrived at Rome, he was ready to stand in Nero's Rome. His eyesight of spirit made him able to see Rome to its very heart.

O how God helps us to *see* Rome! And it is Nero's Rome, bloody and perilous, but O how splendid for the deepening of Paul's life! A well-fed and yet true minister prays, "I want power! let me have the burning coal!" Is he willing to have God answer his prayer for power? God takes him to it by shipwreck and chain, and when he reaches it, Nero's Rome is there, with its power to deepen him by peril and suffering. O my brothers, it means this expenditure to get power.

Of course Paul reached Rome that once. Yet this was not all. Paul's soul and body reached Rome then; Paul's soul has reached Rome several times since; and Paul's vision will ultimately conquer Rome.

It is my contention that the real Paul has been saying, "I must go to Rome," from age to age. History has its continuity, in the presence of such a man. I wish you to see how the philosophy of history, which lay in the heart and brain of Jesus of Galilee, is illustrated in the fact that Paul arrived in

Rome in obedience to his saying "I must see Rome," and that he has arrived there so often since, and will arrive in Rome so often in the future, that by and by he will have subdued even Rome with the victoriousness of Christ.

What a wonderful and perpetual thing is Rome. Let us learn a lesson in the philosophy of history. Many historians have observed how impossible it was that the human mind could have gotten on without an abiding Rome as the center of its interests. Humanity is in its kindergarten-experience always. Like a little child, in its true education, humanity educates itself by making its own playthings and tools, and by building its own wonders. Rome was the finest toy and the most effective instrumentality, as well as the greatest investment in a visible fact, that the child humanity ever made. Rome had a dream of universal political empire. When Christianity came, with its very different dream of universal empire, humanity could not throw its Rome away, because Rome had been so richly representative of human life, and the child had gotten into the mental habit of gathering things around its grand Rome. Christianity, however, removed the emphasis of life from politics to ecclesiastics. Its ideal creation was not a state like Rome had been, but a church. Rome's great and representative man in the past had been Cæsar, who was a political pope or *papa*; the future of humanity demanded an ecclesiastical Cæsar, who should be called pope. The child humanity must still have its Rome, and after this manner, the transformation

came. Rome was still to be Rome; and though the roadways were now paths of religious enthusiasts, they still found the seven-hilled city and their plans radiated from the market-place, where the golden milestone became a cross. Monks and bishops and cardinals looked from the four quarters of the world toward Rome, as once captains and generals and kings had looked. Rome's decision was yet authoritative throughout the world, and the church catholic, taking the place of the state universal, became the Roman Catholic Church. Just as naturally Peter incarnated the Roman spirit. His *primacy* among the apostles, which everybody admits, was transformed by this same mental and spiritual process into the *supremacy* of Peter, and he became the first pope. The palace of the Cæsars was vanishing: the vatican of St. Peter's successors was coming. Cæsar's senate-house had gone: the cathedral of St. Peter had come. The soul and manner of Rome still lived in the Imperial City. Centuries came and went. At last came Leo X., St. Peter's successor. He absorbed all historical and spiritual significance into himself. The pontificate had compelled barefooted Henry, Cæsar's successor in a shriveled form, to stand in the storm for days, cowering before the small parchment-faced man called Pope Hildebrand. The church gathered her armies and servants and kings as vassals. Corruption nestled under the papal chair, and iniquity wore the glittering tiara. Rome was going Romeward with characteristic pace and power. Feverish with internal malady, luxurious,

greedy, drunken with power, lavish with pretentious honors, the Rome of the fifteenth century attired herself at length in the garments of the sixteenth century, having no more apprehension that Paul was coming to Rome than had Nero's Rome aforetime. But the spirit of the mighty little man obeyed the commandment of his conscience, "I must see Rome."

Of course Paul must see Rome; and Rome must have Paul within her gates. But where is Paul? There is Hans Luther's son. John Huss has read John Wyckliffe's plea for freedom and truth; and later this Martin Luther has read John Huss's appeal for piety and progress. The forces which gave authority to Paul's conscience are working for revolution in Luther's soul.

"And whoso knoweth God indeed,
The fixed foundations of his creed,
Know neither changing nor decay,
Though all creation pass away."

Springtime is coming, for Luther is in Rome and St. Peter's Rome; but he is saturated with Paul's epistle, and he walks to the foot of the cold stone stairway entirely loyal to *Peter's church*, yet resolutely obedient at heart to the Christ of *Paul's convictions and experiences*. As he tries to ascend on his knees, the awful weight of Rome's iniquity drags him back, and then, with one leap of sublime confidence in something greater than Rome, he cries out, "The just shall live by faith." It is Paul's own word. Now the Reformation is born. Paul has again come to Rome.

Another era passes away, and Rome sinks back again into the darkness and dogmatism, and she has doubts as to those spiritual powers which alone will save the church and nation and the man. Again she marshals her great armies. She becomes dependent upon ecclesiastical organization, and she annuls the command of her Master and Lord. She makes political domination her business. In a moment, when faith seems most vigorous, but when it is really self-assertive in the shadow of skepticism, Rome pronounces her head infallible. It is a whistle in a grave-yard. Investigation must be suppressed. Liberty is crushed; and the Italian people are crouching with fear. But the unconquerable spirit of a mighty truth is in the air. It is the spirit which carried Christianity from Asia to Europe in the person of Paul—the one man whom we are studying. The air is electric with his idea of the functions of the church, and the worth of individual freedom. We see Garibaldi's heroic soldiers; we hear Mazzini's eloquent appeal; we behold Cavour meditating and organizing statesmanship. At last, these sharpen the sword and lead on the noble war, and they conquer. Behold the achievement! Victor Emmanuel has entered Rome, and the tri-color floats above an united Italy. Ah; there is something more accomplished. History is repeating the experiences of men, according to the divine method. Paul has again come to Rome.

A great man is a very dramatic factor, is he not, when he has such a stage? "O yes," you agree; "but what about the ordinary and unstaged and un-

dramatic man that I am and that ever must be?"—you add this question. Well, this about you and me, dear friend of the realm of the commonplace, this at least: you and I are under the same God's plans for all His children and for the working out of our destinies; we are touched by the same grace after the same providence; we are plied by the same motives and beset by the same unvarying winds of the Spirit; we are of the same origin and stuff as a Paul and his frightened sailor casting off the ropes; we have success and failure both circulating in us with our blood;—let us now grasp the divine intention in us and for us, even to the loss of cargo and the undergirding of the ship; the thing will work out, and higher destinies and heroisms will rescue us every time from the perils of all lower safeties—God's chosen man must be a choice man, and he will reach Rome. O do you not feel the attraction of an overmastering ideal and plan of life—even God's purpose—within you? In an unstable and shifting world, in a jostling and unordered social existence, how divinely satisfying it is to be wooed and won, caught up out of petty circumstances and held by a planful power which amplifies the forces of one's being and makes one a part of God's reign in His universe! This is the secret of steadying power. It is the gift of God to the least of us, as also to the greatest. It greatens every soul who reverently and joyously abandons everything less than a divine reason or motive for living a human life. Our over-exertive and feverish age has cried out, "Get there! Get there!" Well, get where? Ask

that question vigorously, my friend, of any and every influence which addresses your integrity and completeness of soul. "*Where* shall I get?" Until you are sure that it means that you shall emerge out of all deeps of trust—as Browning intimates in his Paracelsus, when he sings:

"If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day."

—that is, until you are made certain that you will attain the purpose of God in yourself—for that is your ultimate treasure—do not obey its impulse. When you are sure of that, then you will say, "*How* shall I get there?" Ah, here is the critical point. Start not an inch, until you are certain that the manner of your life is that of a God-infused, God-encompassed, God-guided, and God-driven soul.

You will live life nobly, or not at all. You will be sure of this, only when you are God-enfolded in obedience of Him, through your love of Jesus Christ, inspired by His love of you. Then and only then will you have steadying power. "*I send you forth,*" He said. Pity—only pity for the man who goes forth into a world of problems without visible solutions, of questions without genuine answers, hates without o'ermatching love, fears without the triumphant conviction that a man's *somewhere* to which he goes is also God's clearly conceived *somewhere* of higher living—pity, only pity for so weak a craft upon an uncharted

sea! But, O, what an independence of man's criticism of nature's wrathful elements, of extreme perils, of losses of cargo, of human panic, is that of a man seized by an ideal of life which, greater than he, wraps him up in its safety, urges him on to severer trials which cultivate and issue in finer triumphs, and, at length, watches by his latest earthly day with the beckoning morning flooding the windows of his prison! May you and I have that deliverance, because our life is imprisoned of God's purpose!

XII

THE PHANTASM OF POWER AND THE REALITY OF POWER

"Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee and power to release Thee? Thou couldst have no power against Me except it were given thee from above." John xix. 10, 11.

IT would be a strangely inadequate study of spiritual power which could neglect to consider, by contrast, the phantasm of power which so often struts for a brief day upon the stage of life and the reality of power which, at length, holds the center of the stage by right of divine permanency and radiates its influence everywhere throughout the theater of human life. If now, at this time, there exists that defect in our consideration of the subject of power, begun and continued here from morning to morning, it is well that we look at once into the scene and event which the words of my text have recalled to you. Surely, if we are searching for an opportunity to discern, by means of instructive contrast, what is the behavior of the phantasm of power which confuses a man, and what is the reality of power which commands, calms and guides a man, there can be no episode in human history more rich and valuable than this chapter in the chronicle of the trial of Jesus Christ, in which we see Christ brought before Pilate

at the first, and then the drama fitly concluded when all is changed, and Pilate is on trial before Christ.

All these things come about logically and naturally. That is a strong declaration of Jesus, made when He is explaining the new and mystifying phenomena of judgment which sincere men observed as they remained in the range of His influence, and He said, "Light has come into the world." There are no terrible judgments except the judgments of light. The shadows which are flung apparently by huge masses owe the density of their darkness, not more to the thickness of the mass, than to the intensity of light which projects the shadow. The light beating vainly upon the mass emphasizes it quite as much as the thing which impedes the light. As we come near to the close of the earthly life of Jesus, we discover, in the thick shadows made by Judas, Caiaphas, and Pilate, how white and overwhelming is the light which they impede, and to which their shadows are witnesses. We must not be surprised, therefore, at the awful contrast which deepens and widens between any pretense at power upon the part of one man, and the thorough-going experience which demonstrates and reveals the very essence of power in another.

But, my brother, let us not fail to get, each man for himself, personal teaching out of this episode and these events. Do not permit the blackness which you name Pilate, as his shadow quivers there on the ground, to become a far-away, impersonal thing. He is very human, it is true, but he is not more human than you are. The shadow he throws upon the pave-

ment is not darker than the shadow which you throw upon the pavement, when the same intense and awful glory called Christ is impeded by your standing disobediently against the flood of His influence. Let us learn, from Pilate, how any pretense of power is inevitably and utterly weakening. But shall we not learn something from Christ, also? Do not permit Him to be lost in the thin air of any fancied theological adoration. Let Him be God Himself manifested unto you; but remember also, that He is the "first-born among many brethren," and that He has just been saying, "The glory which thou gavest unto Me, O Father, I have given unto them, that they may be one, even as we are one." Be sure that, just as the sources and methods of all and any growing, self-revealing, and efficient moral energy were found, in His experience of temptation, to be the same in Jesus of Nazareth as they are in the mind and heart and soul of any other man, so here, if spiritual power shall make any demonstration of itself by contrast, we will see that its origin, its method, its destiny, are the same in the experiences and the life of all ordinary human beings as they are in those of the Master of men, even Jesus Christ. Any other way of approaching the valuable teaching and guiding which Jesus has for His disciples, is not the way of reverence, but of irreverence. He reveres Christ the most who permits Him to brother Him into harmony with the Fatherhood universal, of which Fatherhood Jesus spoke clearly, when He said, "I ascend unto My Father, and *your* Father, and unto My God and *your* God."

And now just a remark as to the manner of our looking into this contrast, from which I hope we may get much of practical advantage. I will ask you to put yourself in the place of an entirely unprejudiced man, if that be possible. You will go with Him on that April morning into Jerusalem and follow the fortunes of this kindly, loving, and, it may be, entirely mistaken and disturbing human factor, as Jesus has to do with the life of Jerusalem. Go with Him as Jesus, the peasant of Galilee, who has been arrested and has been pushed along from the ecclesiastical Court of Caiaphas, the high priest, toward the civil or political court which naturally was presided over by Pilate, the representative of Rome in Jerusalem. If you wish to know the reality of power as distinct from the pretense at power, just open-mindedly *re-live* that day, in so far as it is possible for you to do it.

Reflect a little. When Jesus was brought before the assembly of elders and priests, at whose head was Caiaphas, they were forced to remember that, years before, they had ceased to pronounce judgment in cases like this one of Jesus. This was one of the great days on which a capital sentence would certainly outrage Jewish modes of procedure. It was too near their July 4th, to lay any patriot in the dust, and without propriety. The Sanhedrin was not, however, totally perplexed, for, while it might not sentence Jesus, with the shrewd Caiaphas in their lead, it might hunt Him to the death. There were no precedents for such a case; for this man, whose influence was proving itself already potent enough to put all opposition on trial,

had never had a predecessor. Nothing could be done by Caiaphas and his ecclesiastical commission which would be legal, and which, at the same time, would probably accomplish the death of Jesus, save to send Him to Pilate. This appeared a happy issue out of difficulty. They could thus make Rome aid in the execution of One who was certainly the foe of a corrupt ecclesiasticism and a tyrannical state policy. Caiaphas, the ecclesiast, had first asked Jesus as to His doctrine, and Jesus answered him with a frankness which made His account of the method a most effective illustration thereof, "I have spoken openly to the world; I ever taught in synagogues, and in the Temple, where all the Jews come together; and in secret spake I nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them that have heard Me, what I spake unto them; behold, these know the things which I said." The priestly Caiaphas was silent in the presence of facts. Facts are stubborn things, only to fictions. But Jesus had ever been frank. The only reply which an underling of Caiaphas could make to Jesus was a vicious stroke with the palm of his hand, as the officer said, "Answerest thou the high priest so?" Jesus answered him, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou Me?" There is no argument in a blow of the flesh.

Now the day had fully come, and the council had sought in vain for any scrap of evidence by which Jesus might be sent to Pilate, in the confidence that He would be put to death. O how mere churchmanship desires to get rid of a living and commanding

Christ! Two witnesses, the falsity of whose testimony was manifest in the fact that they had distorted what Jesus really did say, and that even then they did not agree, came forward, and said, "This fellow said, I am able to destroy the Temple of God, and to build it in three days." The high priest, glad even of this doubtful aid, and displeased with the silence of Jesus, said, "Answerest Thou nothing to what these witness against Thee?" The question was asked in such a way as to invite an explanation on the part of Jesus; and that might provide Caiaphas with something which would rouse the ire of Pilate. Jesus said nothing. Observe the silence of power.

This scheme of Caiaphas having failed, some more effective method had to be employed to get out of Jesus a word which would make His condemnation sure. Caiaphas might mount to his fancied height by adjuring Him by the living God. He did this. O pretense of power! He might thus quicken the atmosphere, until the answer of Jesus should run upon its waves to the ends of the earth. But, at last, the moment for a word from Jesus would come, and it did come. Caiaphas had said, "Tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God." The emphasis of past, present, and future was in the reply of Jesus. Jesus saith unto him, "*I am: and hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man.*" He does not use the theological phrase, "*Son of God*"; still He clings to this oft-repeated phrase, "*Son of Man*," which is so definitive of His method of revealing divinity. "Ye shall see the *Son of Man* sitting on

the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." The high priest, who was himself a candidate for Messianic honors and ready to be jealous of Messianic powers, of course flies into a rage. Is this power? Caiaphas is rending his garments now. The petty law demands it; but his soul is rent also, because the highest law of the universe demands *that* also. Nothing further is needed, as Caiaphas says, "He hath spoken blasphemy, and we have heard it ourselves from His own mouth." Jesus' frank method, of which He told them, is appreciated, and Jesus is condemned. Condemnation of Jesus can never beat back the tides of music which He has organized and set moving in the common air by His word, and which the human heart keeps on repeating. Their melody judges the discord and makes it appear hideous. The only answer that can be made to Jesus at such moments is the answer they made. "And some began to spit on Him, and to blindfold Him, and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, prophesy *Who it was that struck Thee*, and the officers received Him with the blows of their hands." This was their sole way of judging of divinity.

The day grows more luminous against an eternal night which deepens for the pretenders to power. Caiaphas and his fellow-conspirators have left the Temple. Jesus must be brought before Pilate. These who had tried Jesus and these whom He had been trying are of one fiber and have one point of view. The man into whose presence He is now coming has a different attitude toward Him and his

soul is of a different texture. Pilate was the officer of Rome over a province. He was skillful, callous, luxurious, corrupt, imperious, and politic. He had nothing but the severity of iron for popular opposition which he always feared; he had nothing in his heart but superb contempt for the religious peculiarities of the Hebrews he ruled. He had been cold and brutal, but now he found it desirable to be judicious and shrewd. As Jesus comes near to him, we feel that Pilate is squaring himself to deal with influences of a more sovereign sort than any which have appealed to him heretofore. O pause here, my soul, for thou hast both Caiaphas, the man of cant, and Pilate, the hard and cold, in thine own self. How dost thou deal with the Christ?

It is full daytime everywhere, except in the hearts o'ercome of the moral night-time. The Jewish conspirators who were just now assembled in the palace of Caiaphas have reached the only result possible for them, namely, this, to bind the prisoner over and to get Him to Pilate on the general charge of being a malefactor. Of course, they must avoid definiteness in their accusation. When you become definite, you are in danger of being right. The Jewish trial has failed to do anything save to compel the high priest to rend his garment. It was a confessed failure. The chief priests have held a hurried consultation with the elders and scribes, to procure justice? No; their confession lies in the words, "*to put Him to death.*" Everything must now be made to demonstrate that Jesus is a political, rather than a religious,

offender, else Pilate will have no interest in Him. Jesus Christ never has a fair trial with a man who is wrong. Men who are hateful of such a glorious expression of goodness as He was, have unfortunately decided, as did these Jews. You and I are like unto them. If even they have a good case, there is another embarrassment. O how cantingly we muse, when we refuse to do right! These piously scented religionists have scruples that prevent them from entering the Prætorium, where Rome flaunts herself. A Caiaphas, wherever he is, must hold to the petty formalities with the same iron grip with which he seizes the throat of inspired holiness. It is always difficult for evil or bigotry to succeed with itself. Why? Because we, the victims, are so truthless and insincere.

Daytime had now flung its full radiance over the quarters occupied by the representatives of Rome. We do not know their exact location. It may be that Pilate and his wife were staying in the royal apartments of Herod, and that these are not the walls of the fortress Antonia. It matters not to any soul *where* it judges of Jesus Christ, if, like Pilate, it does not know *what to do* with Jesus who is called Christ. The result will be the same in moral disaster, unless He be taken as King and Lord and loved by the heart. Behold the pretense of moral power! Caiaphas and his henchmen must not be defiled. I never knew a hypocrite who was not a sacramentarian. But they must eat the Passover. Others would stay with the Passover Lamb whose name was Jesus, and Him they lead to Pilate. What a contrast!

It is now seven o'clock, and Pilate has gone out to an apparently good and gentle man, who, by private procedure, has been pushed forward as a friendless prisoner into the presence of Roman justice. Procurator Pilate and the Christ confront each other in the Prætorium. Pilate has known enough of the affair which now is culminating, to warrant his putting a military force at the disposal of the conspirators, and, in the presence of the man who was arrested by the help of his constabulary, it is not inappropriate to the situation that Pilate should straighten himself up and make a full exhibition of the Roman type of man and ruler. "What accusation bring ye against Him?" he gravely inquired. Here are exhibited the old notions of truth and justice which made Roman law fundamental to legal jurisprudence in all modern nations. For all these Pilate stands, cold and imperious. The chilly air strikes the face of the Nazarene peasant at the very moment when Pilate makes it clear that, first of all, these proceedings must be entirely public, and, secondly, the accusation must be definite. A shade of disappointment flits across the faces of those Jews who had too eagerly relied upon Pilate, when they reflect that only last night he let them have a Roman guard to arrest the offender, and now he seems only a Roman provincial officer—and very Roman indeed—who has forgotten that the Jews expect more favors at his hands. Yet they have answered Pilate, "If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up to thee."

We always blunder in our attempt to get rid of

Jesus Christ as our Lord. Where is the old charge of blasphemy which Caiaphas and his conspirators made so much of last night? Ah, humiliated and maddened religionists! what does Roman Pilate care for any blasphemy against your local Jewish God? Pilate shows also how embarrassing a problem is Jesus, when he seeks to rid himself of Him, by saying to them, "Take ye Him and judge Him according to *your* law." "*Our* law?" The defeated ecclesiastics acknowledge, "By *our* law we may not put any man to death." Law has failed to compass the doom of Love. The air is still quivering with Pilate's demand for a definite accusation. He himself is very glad, for some reason, to consume time. But time here is loaded with eternity, and he cannot put a pawn against that. He stands on the proposition that the Jews ought to handle their own problem, but at the moment he intimates that their authorities have acted from motives of envy, *that* ground has gone out from under him, and the thing becomes Roman and human. *They* are criminals. Besides, Pilate's heart and conscience revolt at the idea that any man should get helplessly into the hands of the Jews, on such an accusation as that of calling himself *Messiah*. This Roman knows that the Jewish Messiah, even as he conceived Him, will prove Himself a revolutionist against Rome. After all, then, this is not a religious question, but it is a political one.

Things are getting very tangled now, for Pilate has straying over his soul the fresh recollection of his wife's dream. His wife may have been a convert to

Judaism, through the influence of some unknown evangelist, possibly; or she may have been worthy of the place given her by the Greek Church in the list of Christian saints. One thing is certain, this man Jesus has gotten into Pilate's household, through his wife's dreams, and has touched not only the Roman, but the human, at his hearthstone. The words of his wife come back to Pilate, "Have thou nothing to do with that religious man." What an enormous weight Jesus becomes, in the scales of Pilate's judgment, when once the tenderness that is in woman touches the scale, or the man!

Now the capital charge is formulated so that it must appeal to Pilate. He is not interested because of anything Jesus may have said about His ruling men's hearts by love, or Sabbath-work; he is taken at once by the statement that Jesus said that He Himself was Christ and a King. Besides, they have now dragged the name of Cæsar in, and they have told him that Jesus forbade to give tribute to the Emperor. There stands Jesus; and the guards are still about Him. Pilate is determined to observe and save these five things: *truth, justice, and mercy, Rome, Pilate*. This will test his power.

"Thou art the King of the Jews?" he says, inquiringly. Who can tell how wonder and bitterness struggled in his voice? Did he put the emphasis on the word *King*, with his cynicism, or on the word *Jews*, with his contempt? We do not know; but we look at Jesus. If Pilate will let Him, Jesus will prove now that He is the King of humanity, by saving

Pilate's soul. In this instant Pilate himself is on trial; for Jesus then asked him, if the question is his or the pitiful echo of what his Jewish advisers have told him to say. The ground was shifting beneath the governor's feet. Almost too anxiously he asserts to Jesus that this thing is not a personal affair with him. But Jesus always is a personal affair. If Jesus Christ is not a personal matter with every man, that man is only a chip on the foam; and he will be cast backward and forward from the trough of the sea to the crest of its waves. There is no escape from the command of Jesus' moral divineness. "Am I a Jew?" asked the stern Roman. Then he cries out, "Thine own nation and the ecclesiastical authorities have delivered Thee to me. What hast Thou done?" The reply of Jesus makes the matter more fundamental than Rome or Judaism. He said, "My Kingdom is not of this world. If My Kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is My Kingdom not from hence." The Procurator saw lineaments of a true King in one glance. "So Thou are a *King*, then?" he said. O yes, my soul! Jesus is a criminal, or the thing which antagonizes Him is criminal; surely one or the other is criminal, not only against the Jews, but against this *truth* and this *justice* and *mercy*, and this *Rome*, and *Pilate himself*—all of which Pilate is trying to save. O what a trial for true power!

The human in Pilate has now met Jesus. But the only way Pilate sees for escape from the chaos into

which his mind has been thrown, is by playing on that word "king." So, with his fatal incapacity for seeing its lofty meaning for his human soul, the Roman is content, for the moment, with his puerile efforts at sarcasm, "So, then, *a King art Thou?*" he says. Pilate is working for a position, as we say. Jesus instantly takes his words, and He makes it clear even to Pilate's thought that the large kingdom of eternal truth is His. "*Thou sayest it,*" answers Jesus. Jesus knows that Pilate is trying to protect *truth*, as a Roman officer. He is standing for the old Roman idea of truth; and Jesus tells him that it is His business to "*testify of the truth,*" and He does not leave the topic until He tells Pilate, "Every one that is of *the truth* heareth *My* voice." That is kingly enough. O how weak is human power in the presence of a human revelation of Divine power!

This is not the moment for an abstract discussion, but it is the moment for the concrete regeneration of Pilate's soul; yet Pilate asks, with all philosophical coldness, "What is truth?" and he is alone with Jesus. The moments in which men see with joy the towers of the heavenly city, or fall blindly back from its glory, are moments in which they are alone with Jesus. These only are crises of the soul. Magnificently personal was this relationship of Pilate with Christ. The whole operation has cleared itself of Caiaphas, Sanhedrin, Prætorium, Rome. He is alone with Jesus. There is nothing but the living Truth and the quivering man asking of Truth itself to tell him "*what* is Truth." Intellectually Pilate

apprehends Jesus; but his heart is untrue; and therefore the man is untrue, and he who set himself up just a moment ago as an arbiter, to look after the interests of Truth, has now let Truth slip from his grasp. Why and how? The answer is, *he has not been true.*

“His honor rooted in dishonor stood
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.”

but he who is falsely true is truly false. Truth is gone now, at least to Pilate. Truth always goes, when we do not accept *it* as *Him*, and make Him our Lord and Saviour. It will not do for Pilate to say, “O Truth, I will not kill you. I do not find any fault with you.” That is not enough for the virtue of a soul. Truth is such an angel as must either be loved or hated. It will not do to say to Truth, after a trial, “Guiltless!” for that leaves Pilate guilty of not taking Truth to his very heart and making Truth his Lord. You must make Truth your all and in all if you wish to be true to Truth or true to yourself.

The noisy mob is outdoors; for Pilate has dismissed Him, and he has said, “I find no fault in Him.” Ah, yes, but Truth is gone.

But then there is something left to Pilate yet, as that sunlight deepens in its gold. He has a sense of *justice*. True, the Sanhedrin now, in a conspiracy of hateful noise, are besieging Pilate with a perfect tumult of charges against Jesus. The clamor shakes the portals of the Prætorium, within which Christ is standing, but He meets it with His silence. “Dost Thou not hear the frightful and innumerable charges

they are making against Thee?" says Pilate. What reply? Jesus is still silent. Pilate again addresses the mob, "I find no fault in this man." "He stirreth up the Jewish people, beginning from Galilee," cries the mob. "Galilee?"—that word echoes in Pilate's heart. Why so? Pilate has gotten upon his feet again, so far, at least, that he is amazed at the calmness of the prisoner, and there steals across his heart a hope of escaping from further embarrassment with this evidently innocent man who is caught in the toils of injustice. "Galilee?" Fortunately he has thought of Herod, who has come up from *Galilee*, to humor the Jews. Herod's jurisdiction surely extends over the prisoner, for He is a Galilean! The mob has uttered the word "*Galilee*"; and Pilate is very thankful that Herod is over there in the Maccabean palace, with others who have come to town for the Feast, and to that palace he is glad to send Jesus. O what a confession of powerlessness in the presence of power we make, when we grasp at what we hate in order to get rid of the commanding Christ!

But we can never entirely send Christ away. Herod or any other man fails to give us a receipt in full, intellectually and spiritually, for Jesus. O what a pretense to power all this is! He will return to our rebellious heart, most certainly after we have sent the Saviour to Herod. The Herod of to-day may be as glad to see Him as was that Herod Antipas, but He is as troublesome to Herod, the curious and ostentatious, as He was to Pilate; the chill-hearted and luxurious, who now is both flattering the Tetrarch of

Galilee and lifting a load from the conscience of himself as the Roman Governor. The chief prosecutors have come also, and they propound their questions. Herod, the sensuous, is desirous of a miracle. We always desire a spectacular Jesus Christ, when we love Him least. We become men like Herod himself. His senses must be played upon. He does not know that miracles do not prove divinity; he does not know that divinity illustrates itself through humanity, and that miracle is the incident thereof. There is no miracle upon which Christ ultimately risks Himself, save the miracle of Himself. A fusillade of questions, such as Herod asked, will always fall like broken darts from the shield of the Christ. They are deprived even of the sting with which Herod would fill them, because Jesus is divinely calm. Such a silence, as is Christ's before the religious curiosity-hunter, Herod, is rewarded only by insults. Herod is incapable in every way, and every Pilate gets Jesus back on his hands, arrayed in the many-colored robe in which Herod has woven his contempt.

Just at the moment, Pilate is perhaps walking for his pleasure in the Prætorium. Contrasts are everywhere; for the miserable Judas, just a little time since, has brought his newly acquired and hated thirty pieces of silver to the Jewish officers and begged them to take them back, crying out as he presented the coins, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood." They have answered him, as the wrong always answers its slaves, "What is that to us? See *thou* to that." Down on the marble pavement of the

Temple the wretch throws the coins, but ecclesiasticism dare not pick them up. They are heavy with innocent blood. The priests must be ceremonially clean, and the Temple also, even though in their name and in the name of the Temple a frightful crime is now being accomplished upon Jesus, the only man who has ever truly purified that great fane. While the authorities debate as to what they may do with the money, which even Judas's guilty hands cannot touch, more than will their priestly fingers, Judas himself decides. He is freed from the fire of the coins that burned his hands; he now resolves to get rid of himself. Yonder is the clay-pit of a potter. Soon Judas has suicided there. So swift are his preparations for the deed, that the too slight cord which he uses breaks; and he falls, a horrible mass, upon the ground. The difficulty of the priests is solved. With the money of betrayal they purchase the clay-yard, and it was called "The Field of Blood."

You say, "I am no Judas!" No; but you are Pilate, and are you sure that Pilate has not committed moral suicide? At the last, Judas may have hoped that Jesus would free Himself; but Pilate is dull to all the desperate agony experienced by a betrayer of the Judas-kind; Pilate's body will never hang on a branch in the dark valley yonder. He is not earnest enough, being only a connoisseur of the moral heroism which a Roman may see. But Pilate's soul has seen *Truth* go, and now *Justice and Mercy* must make their last stand with the Procurator, in the

presence of this man Jesus. Pilate also may be a betrayer. He is not freed from the impression once received from the moral splendor of Jesus; and he ventures to say to the authorities, to whom he repeats their own charge against Jesus, in a manner bringing out its insidious falsehood, that neither he, nor Herod, has found any crime in the Galilean peasant. When a man's conscience is nearly gone, it is one of its last pathetic efforts at proving its existence, to lean up against the conscience of somebody else. Then only has a Pilate use for even Herod's conscience. "I find no fault in Him! no!" he says, "*nor yet Herod.*" Poor Pilate! The long-hated Herod has become his friend at last. The exigencies of the situation have swallowed up their animosities. "*No, nor yet Herod.*" A week ago, and Pilate would have spurned the thought of quoting the hated Herod. Such a man as was Pilate and such a man as was Herod are certain to be enemies, until it is necessary to sacrifice the consummate good; and only on such a bloody and horrible platform as that can they be made friends. What though the last gasp of such a friendship is a timid word for the King of kings? It will soon be lost in the swirl of other currents. O what abomination we allow in the holy name of friendship, when we push the true Christ of our lives toward crucifixion!

Pilate and Herod compromised. Conscience is first wounded by a compromise. Compromises never do the things they promise to do. Down, through the poorly built bridges which we call our compromises, conscience goes into the deep and is lost. Jesus

is back on Pilate's hands, as truly as if He had never been sent to Herod. Herod and Pilate *together* may decide other questions. They cannot decide this. Nobody can decide for any man, about Jesus, except the man himself. He enters each man's soul with the moral commandment of love. The Christ is a personal fact, and His appeal is to Pilate's personality. Pilate may well be rehearsing to his heart now what he will soon cry out to the overmastering mob, "*What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?*" That is the main question in every man's life. That question with Pilate is tangled up with two other questions: "What shall I do with the people here? I, the time-server?" and "What shall I do with *myself?*"—the man who certainly is being tried, while he tries Jesus. Along with these questions is another: "How shall I be true to Rome?" But what is Rome, now? The human soul is all—

"Out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air."

The fact is, Pilate had no power to keep anything valuable. He was an utterly powerless man, at the moment when all Rome was behind him. Behold him at the hour of his first moral failure. He will compromise. He is now ready to appease their brutal appetites. "I will chastise Him," he says, "and let Him go." But what has the man done demanding that He should be scourged? "Nothing?" But it may make them compassionate? No; the thought of it only brutifies them. *Justice and Mercy*, two angels that walk together in this old world of ours,

turn their backs upon Pilate. Soon he will call them to come back; but they will not return. For Pilate they are gone.

The crowd outside the Prætorium has grown very large. The priests are moving everywhere; and the population, ready for a spectacle, has happened upon the fact that, at the Passover Feast, some well-known prisoner, lying under a capital sentence, is usually released to them. Pilate has offered to release Jesus, after chastisement. Dreadful and pathetic hour, tragic and exacting hour, death-dealing hour for any soul when one is acquiescent here! Think of punishing good for being good, truth for being true. Can we agree to this? But poor Pilate; he is trying even yet to save *Justice*. He does not acquiesce in the scheme to kill Jesus, yet he has lost Truth. The conspiring members of the council are moving amongst the mob and exciting them to demand the release of a prisoner named *Bar-abbas*. This man has been particularly popular with the rabble of Jerusalem, because he has committed a crime in sympathy with the political hopes of the Jews, as against Rome. But this certainly cannot please Pilate, for he is there as the representative of Rome. Jesus and Bar-abbas at once appear to his dull eye only as two prisoners standing upon the same general ground of political anarchy, with everything in favor of Jesus, for Bar-abbas is both an active insurgent and a murderer. Now, he knows that Jesus has often declined the leadership of a rebellion. Jesus has been true to Rome. But Pilate is untrue to Jesus.

Justice and Truth are gone together, else he could discern distinctions. But he can save *Rome*, perhaps? Let him try. He has not yet released to them a prisoner. Now, Pilate's eye sweeps over the mob. He is startled, as he realizes that he has given to *them* the choice between Jesus and Bar-abbas. He has lost *his* power to decide. He has actually offered the life of this man Jesus, who has met him with a kingly power in solitude, and he has offered that life to a mob of men who hate Rome and who would never have urged an accusation against this man Jesus, if the Holy One had actually been willing to lead them in revolt against Rome. Pilate has lost his authority, for *they* are deciding the question now. The mob sways hither and thither. They thunder against the shaken will of Pilate. Pilate knows *why* they are calling out for Bar-abbas' release. Bar-abbas is a seditious criminal who has lifted his hand against the Rome which the Jews despise and fear. Jesus refused to do that. Where is Rome now—the Rome that Pilate would save in this hour of Jewish frenzy? How ineffective are his expostulations, and how weak and inane is his appeal to all these belligerent haters of Rome, who, just a little while ago, were cunning Jews who held a gentle enthusiast in their grasp! The mob knows what Pilate has lost. *Truth* is gone, *Conscience* is gone, *Justice* and *Mercy* have gone. And now *Rome has gone*. Pilate has nothing else to do but to perform a hollow ceremony. The noise is so boisterous that nobody can hear the tinkling drops of water. Nevertheless, the pantomime

goes on. He is standing there, washing his hands. He cannot efface the stain; the blood of Jesus is on his soul. Poor, powerless man!

The Jews offer to assume the consequences of the guilt for themselves and their children. But that will not restore what Pilate has lost, despite his wife's dream. It is all over. Soon the soldiery with heavy leather thongs loaded with lead will be scourging Jesus out there, in front of the Prætorium. Pilate himself has gone, with *Truth* and *Conscience* and *Mercy* and *Justice* and *Rome*—and Bar-abbas, is the only prisoner he may release! True, there was a human form standing there, which men still call Pilate; and its mouth is working with the words, "*What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?*" He might as well be dumb, or be uttering words in an unknown language, for they do not hear him. *They* have decided this matter for Pilate. Out from the woods there has been dragged a tree which shall soon be a cross standing on yonder hill. It is all over. Pilate has lost *himself*—Pilate is gone, and the mob is crying, "*Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*"

Let us go out toward Calvary? No; not yet, not yet. We may be wrong. The air is still quivering with Pilate's question, pitifully inadequate and ineffective, "*Why, what evil hath he done?*" When any man asks that question of anybody else on earth, he has no conscience of his own left; there is nothing in his soul before which he can put any serious inquiry. People who are running about asking if Christ is guiltless have lost the power of receiving Him.

This is perdition. This is eternal loss. The only answer which such a man ever hears from the forces to which he has delivered the Christ, is this, "*Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*" "And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as *they* required." Poor Pilate!

It will be easier for Pilate, if this shall be the end. But it will not be. Into the common hall they go, with their bound victim pushed along by the frenzied cruelty which just now was intensified when the scourge of Pilate whished through the air and fell again upon the lacerated back of Jesus. The men of Rome, who have become baser under the influence of their pious Jewish leaders, strip Him, and having made a study of hideous sport, they play that He is king, that they are subjects unto Him, arraying Him in a scarlet robe, and putting a reed in His hand, so that it looked like a scepter, crowning His weary head with an extemporized circle of thorns that looks crown-like. Then they dance about Him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews!" while one smites Him with the reed and bows contemptuously, and others bow and then spit upon Him.

Again Pilate brings Him forth, the King of kings, to be jeered at and to be made a mockery. But the Procurator cannot give Him up. O powerlessness of fancied power. Pilate has nothing new to say. Pilate is a mechanical thing now, not a man, "*Saying.*" He is only uttering, "*I find no fault in Him.*" Looking at the almost revolting sight, *Jesus*, in Whom Pilate could see no divinity, he adds, "*Behold the man!*" Was it an appeal to their human-

ity? Was Jesus, the Divine, to be recognized at last, through the human? Or, was it Pilate's expressed conviction, "Now see the *man*. If He were the Son of God, He would fling off this contumely and blood"? We cannot answer. We only know that the old answer comes back to Pilate, "*Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*" Pilate in desperation leans over the marble railing, and says, piteously: "*You take Him and crucify, for I cannot; I find no fault in Him.*" It is the death of earthly power.

Cannot some one relieve Pilate? They try, and they shout up to the wretched Procurator, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God." This does not help Pilate. The Roman rather feared the more, for the phrase, "*The Son of God*," arrested him in his procedure. A divine element was coming within his sight. Even now Pilate can more than regain all, *now*, if he will forget all but Jesus, and accept Him as "*The Son of God*." But, perhaps, he *cannot*. His power may be only a phantasm. The Roman who knows how humanity had yearned Godward, and had testified to that yearning, in making Cæsar a god, takes Jesus into the palace alone. Once before he was alone with Jesus. The critical hour of any man's life is when intellectually and spiritually he has marshaled enough of his manhood into an act, and is grandly alone with his Master. Ah, it is too late for Pilate to understand Jesus, arrayed as He is, a mocking by the mob. Pilate has lost *himself*, and now he can only stammer out the question, "*Whence art*

Thou?" It is all silence on the lips of Christ. *Pilate cannot hear silence; he cannot feel spiritual power.* If Jesus cannot be discovered as the "*Son of God,*" by the moral sense, He must remain forever unknown. Christ will not answer him, for Pilate is gone. "*Speakest Thou not to me?*" says the angry Roman. "*Knowest thou not that I have power to release or crucify?*" What an irony of the *Fate* which is *Father!* Never was Pilate so powerless. O Pilate, thou hast not power to prevent this Man, who bleeds in thy presence, from being the Lord Invisible of all humanity. Thou hast not power to displease the Cæsar, or the mob, which is now professing loyalty to Cæsar. When Rome's marbles have crumbled, and thy name is but a stench, there will be one of this poor Galilean's missionaries walking in a street of Rome, and saying, "*This is a saying worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.*" And later, yonder cross will be upraised over Rome's ruins, and it will be the symbol of civilization.

"O what have I to do with Rome's ruins?" you say, and you have a right to say it, for there is nothing comparable with one's own soul. What you and I may have is this: that there shall be upraised in my heart and yours, the all-triumphant cross of Jesus Christ! To Him, tried before Pilate, Pilate must himself turn with repentance and confession, and realize that power comes from above. God save you and me from the misuse of such a power and such an opportunity. God save you and me from being

deceived by our position and the semblance of power that hides in its shadow. O, for that energy from on high which shall enable you and me to do right with this same tender, loving, strong, and saving Jesus Christ!

XIII

POWER FOR NATION-BUILDING *

"Thy kingdom come." Matt. x. 6.

THE solemn and magnificent ceremony to which loyal Englishmen have looked forward for so long has been performed. Edward VII. has been memorially crowned. The gray walls of your historic abbey have quivered with the significant harmonies of majestic anthem and pious chant, and where the dead lie in sculptured urn or beneath emblazoned monument, the ever fresh and vital music to which generations have listened has risen with the incense of prayer and adoration to the All-Merciful and Omnipotent King of kings. The poignant delay in carrying out the purpose now consummated in this regal pageant has served to brighten the page of history upon which its record has been made. From the whole civilized world prayers quick with sympathy have been ascending to the throne of heaven. All ordered nations have been pleading that the symbol of authority on England's throne might be safely replaced in the hands of your king and queen. A thousand years of your history have made the youngest government reverential in the presence of this high investiture.

* This sermon is reprinted here, in accordance with the expressed wish of many friends who were present in City Temple, London, on the Sunday morning following the coronation of King Edward VII., when it was preached.

That growing belief in the proposition that all liberty is the child of law, and that all social progress depends upon order, has moved every nation under the sun to unite with the people of Great Britain in asking from heaven an occasion and event of coronation such as yesterday filled the world's heart with grateful joy. Still more have we all learned, as from that day of expectancy and disappointment in June we who are not Englishmen solemnly and prayerfully came with you to the gladness of yesterday, what God seems to have said to one of the proudest of peoples, that even they must pause to remember the insecurity and transitoriness of earthly things. Dull is he, whatever his nationality and standard, who has not known, in these days of humble petition and larger vision, the joy of reliance on the permanence and strength of Jehovah's throne. Already the mighty function with all its color and music, its historic symbolism and its ample pomp, has begun to vanish away; and it would be singularly inappropriate and wasteful of the opportunities and gifts which come to us by way of this occasion, if, providentially met together as we are, we should not pass in review before us the fundamental and imperishable principles upon which our Anglo-Saxon enterprise of civilization began its career, and upon which, under God, it may be able to endure and succeed.

The prayer which Jesus Christ taught his followers, "Thy Kingdom come," is indeed filled with the vision which concerns itself with the statesmanlike policies of mankind. His whole career upon the

earth, and His special influence amongst men toward the creation of a new state worthy of God's investment in humanity and fundamental to man's highest hope, were harmonious with the principle we repeat when we agree that the Kingdom of God is the true republic of humanity; the government of God in the universe is in conception and in practice the type and inspiration, the pattern and guide, for the government of humanity. When Rome was dissolving like a brilliant but outworn dream, the sea-tossed John on the island of Patmos discovered the method of human progress. He saw the City of God coming down out of heaven from God, and becoming the practical and commanding affair of earth. All Christian prophets of civilization have held to the reality of certain ideas and principles whose imperial sway is predestined not only in the plan of God, but also in the very structure of man. Humanity has been the re-creation of Jesus of Nazareth, for without Him there is no conceivable unity in the race of man. And this Humanity has within itself potencies and prophecies which stir and create the art of nation-building. They demand a statecraft which recognizes and reverences the evolution of what God has involved in the human soul. All politics failing to recognize the certainty that man under God will fulfill or complete himself, according to the revelation of manhood at its best in Jesus Christ, are impolitics. That there must be an advancing process of evolution of liberty and law, of order and self-government, issuing at length in the Kingdom of God in the life of man on earth, is the first

presumption of true politics. All revolution is delayed evolution. The principles announced in the Christian programme, when happily and devoutly obeyed, are the safeguards and guides of this process by which man comes to the full stature of himself. If Anglo-Saxon enterprises in the direction of civilization have taught us anything, it is this: that statesmanship is the art of divining God's purpose and of getting things—trade, commerce, institutions, and traditions—either out of God's way or, better far, into the all-moving chariot of His resolve, that they may not be crushed beneath the advancing wheels, but, rather, carried forward to endless benefit. Now God's ways for man, His insistent and irrepressible working plans, are disclosed in Christ Himself and in the movement called Christianity. Principles upon which man is to advance are not more the revelation of God's vision of humanity than they are of man's vision of God. It seems to me that those which we need most to rely upon, in these days when, of all nations, England and America surely must confess the Divine Commandment which shines forth in our opportunity, are the five which I shall here discuss with you. When they come to be loyally accepted and enthusiastically wrought into our very life, then, and then only, will there be such an alliance of hopes and energies as will have behind our life, as resource and defense, the Great White Throne itself. And then, indeed, shall there be an all-fulfilling answer in the fulfilling, not merely of Anglo-Saxon, but of human destiny in the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come."

I. Our true destiny will be unfolded, as it, at the first, found its promise and development in a true conception of aristocracy. Before the Nazarene peasant had begun His public work, the air was surcharged with forces of the dawn. A new statesmanship fearlessly assailed ancient and meaningless tradition. John the Baptist appeared to his age as a fiery iconoclast; but the preacher of the desert was a reformer upon truly constructive lines. The nobility of the movement inaugurated was evident in its prophetic opening of the doorway for the most positive force which the politics of the world has ever known, Jesus Christ. John was a man in whose veins flowed the blood of a most ancient and approved aristocracy. But John realized the fundamentalness and the lofty reach of another and deeper idea of aristocracy which sends light into the entire problem of man's advancement. He never was more true to the great past than when this fresh idea irradiated the mightier future. Some one had resisted the current of unapprehended truth as it flowed through his soul and toward other souls, by calling up from the past the great figure of Abraham. Some one thought to silence him of the present, with a ghost from the past. It was a mighty shade evoked from the sepulchre; and there is nothing that will stop the intellectual machinery of the ordinary man so instantly and so certainly as a great ghost. The wiseacres who stood about him, breathing uneasily, were sure that this imperious presence would turn the current of his fiery eloquence which was rapidly burning down many of

their revered positions. But he said to them, "*God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham.*" That is what aristocracy is, and that is what aristocracy in all the world is worth.

It would have been easy for John to have blown away most of the aristocracies which men have conceived or allowed—for aristocracy itself is an evolution, and its growth obeys all the laws of evolution. The first aristocracy was protoplasmic, but very coarse, and at length there emerged the aristocracy of the brute. The aristocrat of that time lived in a dug-out and argued with a club. What reasoning power or force of persuasion he had lay in his muscles and bones. Out of that aristocracy came the aristocracy of the brute's possessions. He could get what he desired, and he could keep what he got, when he mingled a little thought with his greedy strength. This is the aristocracy dependent upon estates, cash and stock and bonds; and it always worships huge acquirement. Growing out of this, is the aristocracy of family, for possessions may be passed on from one generation to the other. In our comparatively new country this aristocracy already appears, sometimes without any other coat save its coat of arms, and it is often found hanging itself upon the family tree. It is as pestilential and as undesirable among the isles where Burns and Goldsmith and Shakespeare sang, as it is in the land of Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow. Far above all these, is the true and noble aristocracy which has its life rooted in the life of God, the aristocracy of great and pervasive ideas, of all-

conquering sentiments, of energetic mind, and of supreme character. John objected even to the shade of the great Abraham ruling in the future, unless it was first understood that the Eternal God could take the least fortunate and hopeful material of time, and so fill it with Himself and re-create it, as to make the result as fine and worthy as the children of that high-souled aristocrat. This was the pith of his saying, "God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham." We must reverence this principle as the basis upon which shall stand the only aristocracy which advancing civilization may respect, or even tolerate. It must rule and inspire the thought of all true Anglo-Saxon confederations. Upon this alone, may we make any strong or permanent alliance. England's gentle and great Queen Victoria rose above all circumstances of birth and inherited privileges of blood, creating an almost new definition of queenliness, and entering into the accumulated moral ideal which humanity venerates and obeys, because of her relationship with the God of Justice and Truth. She was a Bible-woman before she was a queen. The very simplicity of her well-poised soul had a sublimity which exalted her above thrones and scepters, and the grandeur of her reign, which was the consequence and result of her energetic and luminous character, has proven that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And the very same faith appears indispensable, while it gives, on the one hand, a new glory to that lordship

which was beheld in Shaftesbury, as we have known in our untitled Charles Sumner. It will lift from the mass and give true pedestals of influence for such figures as Richard Cobden and Abraham Lincoln. There is no permanent place for an aristocracy of any sort which disassociates itself from the true aristocracy of God and Humanity. We must believe in ruling classes, and in privileged classes, and in high classes; the aristocracy must be our leaders; but they must be ruling classes because they are the servants of ruling ideas; privileged classes only because they have the privilege of entertaining generous sentiments which give the privilege of the same sort to all men; high classes only because of the loftiness of their purpose to increase the wealth of the world's beneficent power. Thus alone, and with certainty, shall their influence be perpetuated, either in a constitutional monarchy or amidst the growing problems of a fierce democracy.

II. When the Man of Galilee uttered his first word in the presence of Imperial Rome and a priestly aristocracy, he saw that man needed to be transformed through his prayer unto God, if ever he were to be reformed, and so conformed to the divine image, all of which was in the hope and ideal of Jesus. So he said, "When ye pray, say, '*Our Father.*'" If Jesus Christ is to be looked at merely as a philosopher, or a political thinker of the most noble type, we must see that he understood perfectly well that the most creative and re-creative factor in man's life is the power that expresses itself in prayer.

Prayer has been a stream which has flowed along in all centuries, and while it has borne the stars upon its bosom in all latitudes, this also is true that the meadow-lands of human fruitfulness are alluvial deposits, and they are fed from the skies. Build a Parthenon, or a Westminster Abbey, or a Capitol at Washington, at different points on the bank of that stream, and the very architecture and the associations of each will reveal everything concerning the sources of confluent rills making up the stream or the burden which it carries. These streams are fed from above. Tell me what kind of prayer which the people living anywhere offer up to what they think is the supreme power of the universe, and I will tell you what kind of power they will honor or permit, in practical politics, to rule over them. For their prayer will intimate the quality, nay, the character, of their idea of power. What they revere will project its or His character into them. If their idea of power enthroned, and of power to be adored, is such as will incite honor and worship to be given to autocratic force and tyrannical strength, and if their prayer intimates a conviction that this kind of deity may bear just rule over themselves, you may expect to find the earth below suffering under a horde of crowned autocrats and tyrants, little imitations of the Power Supreme. On the other hand, put into the sky of man's life an idea of God which inspires the best that is in him and stimulates his love and invites hope and glad obedience—let him trust that the Great Throne of the universe is the Great *White* Throne of God—and you have almost guaranteed that

such a disclosure of what constitutes a righteous and just government above will reflect itself in righteous and just government for the earth below. Its sovereign principle is the same in heaven and in the world of men. The order of progress, in the mind of Jesus, was first, "the new heavens" and then "the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." First a dream, then a duty, and then a deed; first the far-away vision, then a conviction to be obeyed, then the consequent and blessed reality; first a true idea of God, and ultimately the working out of that, a true idea of man.

He said, "When ye pray say, '*Our Father.*'" Sages and prophets of other religions had hinted the idea of Supreme Fatherhood; He made it an inspiring revelation. But no age or movement or man had given to men a commanding vision of the *Our Father*. At his best, in the desire to attain his full self, the isolated man stood praying, "*My Father.*" No man had yet felt the intense solidarity and vital unity of all the human race - the universal brotherhood. No one had known that profound Christian Socialism which quickens in the first expression of Our Lord's Prayer, "*Our Father.*" I may say, "*My Father,*" and ask only a personal blessing. I may be asking for something that separates me from other men, makes me unsocial, emphasizes me as a special favorite of heaven, and stimulates in me the thought that there may be a blessing which shall touch me alone. But when I say, "*Our Father,*" every man's destiny is bound up with my destiny, as mine is identified

with his; every ray of hope in my breast belongs to you and to the man beyond the sea; I have lifted up every human being with me, in my prayer, and the monarchy of my conquering soul, saying "My Father," has communicated itself to an aristocracy of my brothers in faith and achievement, and this aristocracy has widened into a pure democracy where each of my brother-men is praying with myself to "*Our* Father."

All beneficent revolutions which have enlarged and strengthened the privileges and opportunities of humanity have come and succeeded and left their unvanishing benefits because of the invincible power of this principle. It has overturned thrones of boastful privilege, and it has created constitutional governments upon the ruins of tyrannies. It has crowned the wrecks of old autocracies by forms of civilization, young and self-respectful. There is not a single throne on earth forgetful of the principle of the Eternal Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man which will not speedily be dissolved in the morning-time of the sure triumph of this idea. The mere forms of republican institutions, the gigantic experiments of democracy, will fail as surely and pass away as enchanting dreams if we neglect to put into legislation, into our commerce, into our education, and into our temples of politics and religion the sovereign idea that God is the Father of all, and that all men are brethren. Labor and capital will never be reconciled, even if capital should pray upon velvet carpets "*My* Father," and if at the same time labor should kneel down on its bare floor and pray "*My* Father."

In the spirit in which each of these classes is too likely to oppose the other, nothing but revolution lies in either of these prayers. It means revolution, because a false system of political economy entrenched strongly, and too often legislating for its own perpetuation, has not permitted the evolution of the practical principle that every man is a brother, and above all men is the government of God. Each must be willing and glad to pray to "OUR Father." He is the Father of us all, to Whom all government and all men must give their final account. For this idea of divine and human government, Jesus Christ lived and embodied in His perfect sonship the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Against the aristocracy of Pharisees, chief priests, and Roman arms He carried this idea through the agony of the Garden, and for it and its triumph stands His Cross, which will prove to be His Throne in the society and the nation which must be.

III. The Cross of Christ is the illuminative point in the Bible, and it stands for something more than this. When this man of Nazareth came into our world, he found a certain conception of liberty on which the world had built her institutions of politics, and largely her institutions of religion. What is liberty? Ask the Roman under whose eagles Jesus began his work. A Roman would tell you that liberty is a concession. Liberty was the property of thrones, and crowns, and scepters, and rulers, and if the man yonder was free, it was not because he had any right to himself, but it was because a permission

had been vouchsafed him, and the crown itself, in which were the sources of liberty, had allowed him something which was not a right of his own soul. It was a concession on the part of power. And therefore crowns and thrones, as I have said, appeared as the depositaries, nay, they were the owners in fee simple; and they doled out liberty, believing that liberty in the hands of the people is quite unsafe, and therefore to be kept safe it must be kept in the hands of the rulers or the crown.

Here came a man walking in the midst of the influences of Roman civilization, as they penetrated the Jewish life. One day, talking with that freedom which he exercised in the midst of a nation of traditions, he found himself addressed by one who informed him, "We be all Abraham's children, and we have never been in bondage to any man." Instantly there flashed from the breast of the young Jew words which are as living as they were then, and far more influential, "*Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*" What! Man made free by the truth? That is precisely the Christian notion of liberty. That conception of freedom is the characteristic conception of the whole scheme of the Nazarene. Freed by the truth? Yes. He knew that every inch of human liberty had been won by man's having won truth. He saw that every inch of freedom for man in the world had come first by truth's having come to the world. All the philosophers who ever enjoyed liberty in the intellectual realm possessed it because they first got truth, and by the wings of truth

they found the very home of light. All the brave thinkers who had preceeded him had realized in their own souls the truth, and so thoroughly had they adopted the truth, upon which the world was made, under which history was organized, and according to which the whole future was planned, that the whole world came to be their home; and they moved easily, intellectually and spiritually, within their righteous realm, because it is the truth. He saw distinctly that the old theory of freedom which lay in the Jewish church and in the Roman state was a theory which separated and confined the forces which belong to every man. There never was a more interesting lie in the world than that lie which we tell when we misquote from a fragment of our Declaration of Independence that isolated sentence, "All men are created free." Nobody was ever created free. We are born little slaves. We have around us the slavery of laws and customs. Nature holds us in bondage; and from the very moment that the little child finds the truth as to how to get its thumb to its mouth, and gets that consequent sense of liberty, up to the time that it stands before the living God, and in the truth that is in Christ Jesus, finds himself free from his sins, it is one long winning of truth and one long winning of freedom.

Freedom is not something that can be doled out by crowns or given in the lump to men by any sort of legislation. No kind of power can give it to the personal human soul. It is a personal achievement, and must be won through inspiration and by the enthusi-

asm and devotion of an eager spirit. When the Christ's notion of liberty came into the world, many crowns and thrones began to feel what successive crowns and thrones know, that part of their occupation was gone. The fact is, that the very instant you tell a crown that it has no right to keep, and, therefore, has no right to give, liberty, that very instant you remove the whole problem of getting freedom from the throne to the soul of the individual man. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Yonder, crouching in the forests, away back there in the darkness of the past, is a wretch groaning and trembling under the smitten air, when the thunders roll over his head, and great lightnings leap out of the black scabbard of the sky, and he is hiding in the dark cave; while down yonder at the station, a little, delicate-fingered girl touches a key that bears my thought quivering under the deep, far over the hills and valleys, across to America, round the world. What is the difference? One knows the truth about electricity, the other does not. One is free around the world, the other is a slave yonder in his cave.

This freedom must be attainable and generously fostered by every agency. Your Wilberforce and Clarkson were succeeded by our Garrison and Lincoln. So also must your Oliver's Latin secretary, John Milton, the author of the greatest of pleas for the liberty of the press, have his Franklin and Lovejoy. But in addition to legislation for emancipation, achieved by heroic men in war and peace, public

education must be so comprehensive and unfettered that the mind of empire and republic shall know the truth—the truth of God, that man may be free from iniquity and priestcraft; the truth of man, that men may be free from despair and dogmatism; the truth of nature, that men may make the material world the slave of his lofty purpose and the instrumentality of his progress. So only shall these nations live.

IV. The Cross of Christ stands for something more still. When He came into the world it was not only the era of traditionalism, it was the era of institutionalism also. Man was almost nothing; institutions were everything. Consider Jesus, will you, as a peasant in Galilee, standing between two most impressive and imperative institutions, the richness and glory of which I have no need to describe to you. On the one side were laws, arms, arts, literatures, traditions, legions, conquests, all massed together upon the Seven Hills in one gigantic and splendid fact, carven in marbles, and radiant with many a haughty victory. I mean, of course, the Roman State. On the other side there were exalted and enshrined upon the hills of Jerusalem a great ecclesiastical history and power, taking the form of an institution. All the spoil gathered in prophecies and in songs, by poets and priests, all the remembered achievements of profound thinkers and mighty captains, found a sacred treasury in that institution. This solemn thing was the Jewish church. On the one side was the Roman State in politics; on the other side was the Jewish Temple in ecclesiastics; between

them was humanity, shrunken and shriveled, proudly poor, dimly conscious of its latent energy, and almost hopeless. One day into the darkness and cold which abided thick between these vast institutions the Son of Man walked. Jesus was indeed the Son of *Man*. He was not then so much the Son of the Jew, as he was not the Son of the Roman, or of the Greek; but he was the Son of *humanity*. He saw and understood, and felt to his heart's core, the awful chill and gloom which beset humanity, whose true Son He was, as man moved between these institutions, afraid and awestricken. He took hold of one of these institutions with a vigorous hand. It was not the Roman State, for He was not a demagogue. If He had attacked the Roman State He might have led a revolution to a triumph, and been called the Messiah; and then He would have been crowned by the Jews. Had He conquered, He would not have been crowned by humanity. He must make His ideals sacred on His cross. He went to the duty lying next to Him, and He touched the Jewish church and told them that, in spite of the fact that institutionalism was as honored and entrenched there as it was in political Rome, there was a vast human movement on foot which would some day sweep one stone from above another. At another time he went into the Temple. Standing amid all its glory, and appreciating fully the immediate influence of its long past, He said, "There stands one here greater than the Temple." The day had come for the transference of the emphasis from institutions to humanity.

Once again He took an institution into his hands, one of that sort the hardest to reform. It was the old Jewish Sabbath. He saw its meaning, its prophecy, and its hope. He took it in his one hand for a moment, and put man in the other hand; He let His divine scales determine, and man outweighed it. And he said, when Pharisaism howled—(when man goes up and an institution comes down, Pharisaism always says it is unconstitutional or uninstitutional)—when Pharisaism objected there, he said, “The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.”

Did he come to destroy institutions? Behold Him on the cross. Look at the dark sky, and the veil of the Temple rent in twain from the top to the bottom. The dominance of the institution had gone, the reign of man had come. Had all institutions gone? No; for in the name of humanity, for the salvation of humanity, he went into that institution called the grave, fought death in his own castle, rose from the grave, and on the wreck of the Jewish Sabbath he placed the Christian Holy Day, with all the inspiring hopes of humanity. His idea was to teach men that institutions are to be the servants of men, and that constitutions, laws, traditions, methods, buildings, *everything* is to serve humanity. From that hour to this, it has been easy to reform institutions. From that hour to this, it has been possible even to amend constitutions. From that moment to this, men have been walking up in front of all institutions, and asking, “What are you doing for humanity?”

Yonder shines the name of Oliver Cromwell. It

is a wholesome and comprehensive statesmanship and a statesmanship making the throne of Edward VII. steadier and his scepter more powerful, which has at length placed under the shadow of your Houses of Parliament and in full view of kings and lords as they pass by to be crowned or to debate, an adequate statue of him to whom nothing of institutionalism was as sacred as the rights of mankind. His friends carried the seeds of a radical Puritanism across the sea, and these friends, the pilgrims, planted them in the fresh, wide field of America. Their children's children learned to ask pertinent questions of institutions and to abhor taxation without representation. Cromwell's sightless skull might rot in wind and rain, as it hung on the pinnacle of Westminster Hall. But he lived in his successor; and so thorough was the triumph of the finer ideas which once moved in that skull, that, at our Cambridge, which was named for your "hot-bed of Puritanism," the Continental armies saw a sword unsheathed by the descendant of a Cavalier. Its light flashed upon the reactionary institutionalism of King George and Lord North, in the name of humanity. It preserved the nobler English traditions which Burke was quoting from Hampden and the Bill of Rights, as Hampden quoted them from the great charter. It was the sword of our Washington.

V. Once more let this Cross of Jesus Christ dominate our thought with respect to the politics of the future. Up to the hour of His crucifixion, which was God's glorification of Himself, and the date of His establishing on earth a plan of government which shall

issue in the triumph of love and the abandonment of sword and spear, there was no spot on earth *where*, and there was no event in history *when*, all men were shown to be equal. "Liberty!" had been the cry of one race; "Equality!" had now and then emerged as the name of an idea wrought out from the too noisy discussions of half-suppressed dreamers; and "Fraternity" was the word of a blissful vision. But long ago spake the Man Who had talked most of true liberty. He had created the sentiment which must produce fraternity. He had so placed the divine government before the mind of man, that not only did His cross of death become His throne of life, but He made the word *equality* a name of something real in the experience of man and in the mind of God. The Jewish church could not preach equality of any world-wide significance, because it divided the Gentile world from itself. The Roman State did not champion it, for there were patricians and plebeians, masters and slaves. The intellectually proud and subtle Greek scorned the rest of the world as barbarians. The obvious differences in ability and fortune, in position and circumstances, which must always obtain to some extent amongst men, were cruelly accentuated, and they were used to create discord. No one had reason to believe that there is any point in the nature or experience or hope of men where they are equal.

Suddenly there lifted itself against that sullen sky the victorious cross. For the first time in human history appeared a commanding fact before which all men stood in awe. In the radiance of that reality appeared

a common need—for every human being cries out there, “Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” Here was a common inspiration, for any man who sees the cross feels the uplift of its divine charm. Here was a common hope, for no man has yet remained unstirred by the gleam of morning which falls from that signal of peace into his soul. Here was a common blessing, for here was a common redemptive power. Here, at last, all men were equal, and here they are equal. From the occasion of that sacrifice for all, the idea got into the air. It spread over the world with the advancing daylight; it was borne upon every breeze. It created an era of missionaries. It impelled the dream of true democracy. Then came the recurring thought, also, that *this spot was the very place at which God Almighty had exhibited the nature and method of His government*. A new system of politics was thus inspired. A new conception of what Church and State must mean in any true government was born. From that day to this, there has been a steady breaking down of adventitious and fantastic lines of demarcation and walls of separation between man and man. God’s love has flowed over all. The beggar has knelt at the same altar with the prince; the king has washed the feet of his slave. The valley has been exalted and the mountain and the hill are made low. And this is the perpetual programme of God. The so-called statesmanship which fails to arrange things in accordance with this plan throughout all the future will be execrated by man and broken to pieces by the hand of

God. Institutions of religion, systems of education, methods of commercial life, which forget that, *at this most vital point, all men are equal*, will have their brief day and cease to be. The event of Calvary has revealed the divine government, and it will increasingly impress men with the fact that any just government on earth will be like the government of God, and the world shall know equality of laws, equality of privileges, equality of responsibilities.

These five ideas are basic to Anglo-Saxon progress. We must cling to the faith which they inspire:

(1) That true aristocracy comes of relationship unto God and of God's relationship unto man. It is not an affair of human, but of divine pedigree.

(2) That God is the Father of all, and all men are brethren.

(3) That liberty is an achievement obtained by the knowledge and obedience of the truth of God, in nature and man.

(4) That institutions exist for humanity, and not humanity for institutions.

(5) That a just government guarantees equal rights and responsibilities.

These appear to me to be five imperial principles which are involved in our scheme and enterprise of civilization. They are so clearly set in the intention of God as revealed in Jesus Christ that we may fairly say that England the Mother, and the American Republic, her Daughter, confront a most beneficent and glorious future, if we shall invoke them as we would invoke the hand of Almighty God to guide us

and lead us on. In that hand have been crushed tyranny and oppression. In that hand anarchy and greed shall find their doom. In the palm of that hand lie the empire and the republic, safe from the alarms of foes and confident of "that far-off divine event towards which the whole creation moves." All reactionary politics may be sure of imminent disaster and complete overthrow, in view of the fact that the steady growth of these principles has furnished assurance that in this path alone our common history shall be perpetuated and our common duties be met with a sublime courage. For a time the glory of these principles may be obscured by the fitful appearance of the same malign powers which have so often opposed them. But their continuous and ultimate triumph is sure. We may well have confidence in them as permanent ideals. When avarice and ignorance, calculating ecclesiasticism or brutal greed, shall fall upon the fresh hope of civilization, these principles shall emerge, and they will lead us on to a permanent and most blessed victory for righteousness and truth.

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